



WATT'S
PSALMS and HYMNS,
Imitated in the Language
of the
NEW TESTAMENT,
And applied to the
Christian State and Worship.
1796



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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

READERS,

On the following Heads.

Of the different EDITIONS of this BOOK

THE large Edition is prefaced with a Discourse on the right way of fitting the PSALMS of David for Christian Worship, wherein a plain account is given of the Author's general Conduct in this Imitation of the PSALMS, together with some evident and convincing Arguments to support it.

At the request of many Friends, the Author has permitted this Edition in a smaller Form, to render it more portable and convenient for public Worship: He therefore desires and may reasonably demand this Piece of Justice of all his Readers, that they will not censure and condemn any Part of this Work without a diligent Perusal of the large Edition, wherein the Preface and Notes, in the Judgment

of many learned and pious Men, have given a sufficient Vindication of the whole performance.

Of the Use of this PSALM BOOK.

The chief Design of this Work was to improve Psalmody or Religious Singing, and to encourage the frequent Practice of it in public Assemblies and private Families with more Pleasure and Delight: yet the Author hopes the reading of it may also entertain in the Parlour and the Closet, with devout Pleasure and holy Meditation. Therefore he would request his Readers, at proper Seasons, to peruse it through; and among Three hundred and Forty sacred HYMNS, they may find out several that suit their own Case and Temper, or the Circumstances of their Families and Friends; they may teach their Children such as are proper for their Age, and by treasuring them in their Memory, they may be furnished for pious Retirement or may entertain their Friends with holy Melody.

Of choosing or finding the PSALM.

The Perusal of the whole Book will acquaint every Reader with the Author's Method, and by consulting the INDEX at the end he may find Hymns very proper for many Occasions of the Christian Life, and Worship; though no Copy of David's Psalter can provide for all, as I have shewn in the Preface to the last Edition.

Or if he remembers the first line of any Psalm, the Table of the first Lines at the End of the Book, will direct where to find it.

Or if any should think it best to sing all the Psalms in order in Churches or Families, it may be done with Profit; provided those Psalms be omitted that refer to special Occurrences of Nations, Churches, or single Christians.

Of Naming the PSALMS.

LET the Number of the Psalm be named distinctly, together with the particular Metre, and particular Part of it: As for Instance; Let us sing the 33d Psalm, 2d Part Common Metre: or, Let us sing the 91st Psalm 1st Part, beginning at the Pause or ending at the Pause: or, Let us sing the 84th Psalm as the 148th Psalm, &c. And then read over the first Stanza before you begin to sing, that the People may find it in their Books, whether you sing with or without reading Line by Line.

Of dividing the PSALMS.

If the Psalm be too long for the Time or Custom of Singing, there are Pauses in many of them, at which you may properly rest, or you may leave out these Verses which are included in Crotchets without disturbing the Sense: Or in some Places you may begin to sing at a Pause.

viii ADVERTISEMENT

Do not always confine yourselves to six Stanzas, but sing seven or eight, rather than confound the Sense, and abuse the Psalm in solemn Worship.

The various Measures of the Verse are fitted to the Tunes of the Old
PSALM BOOK.

To the Common Tunes sing all entitled Common Metre.

To the Tune of the 100th Psalm sing all entitled Long Metre.

To the Tune of the 25th Psalm sing Short Metre.

To the 50th Psalm sing one Metre of the 50th and 93d.

To the 111th or 117th Psalm sing one Metre of the 104th and 148th.

To the 113th Psalm sing one Metre of the 19th, 33d, 38th, 89th, last Part, 96th, 112th, 113th.

To the 112d Psalm sing one Metre of the 93d, 122d, and 133d.

To the 148th Psalm sing one Metre of the 84th, 121st, 136th, and 148th.

To a new Tune sing one Metre of the 50th and 115th.

December 1, 1718.

THE
PSALMS of *DAVID*

Imitated in the
LANGUAGE
OF THE
NEW TESTAMENT;

PSALM I. Common Metre.

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

1 **B**LEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffers seat:

2 But in the statutes of the LORD
Has plac'd his chief delight:
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

P S A L M I.

- 3 [He, like a plant of gen'rous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.]
Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profession shine,
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.
- 5 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form !
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.
- 6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ the judge at his right hand,
Appoints his saints a place.
- 7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well :
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

P S A L M I. Short Metre.

The Saint happy, and the Sinner miserable.

- 2 **T**HE man is ever blest
Who shuns the sinners ways,
Amongst their counsels never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place.
- 3 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.
- 5 He like a tree shall thrive
With waters near the root;

Fresh as the leaf his name shall live ;

His works are heav'nly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race,

They no such blessings find:

Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff

Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand

Before the judgment-seat,

Where all the saints at CHRIST's righthand

In full assembly meet?

6 He knows, and he approves

The way the righteous go ;

But sinners and their works shall meet

A dreadful overthrow.

PSALM I. Long Metre.

*The Difference between the Righteous and
the Wicked.*

1 **H** Appy the man whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way that sinners go,
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves to employ the morning light
Amongst the statutes of the LORD,
And spends the wakeful hours of night
With pleasure pond'ring o'er his word.

3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green :
And heav'n will shine with kindest beams
On ev'ry work his hands begin.

4 But sinners find their counsels crost ;
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

- 5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand
 In judgment with the pious race :
 The dreadful Judge with stern command,
 Divides him to a diff'rent place.
- 6 " Straight is the way my saints have trod,
 " I blest the path, and drew it plain ;
 " But you would choose the crooked road,
 " And down it leads, to endless pain."

PSALM II. Short Metre.

Translated according to the Divine Pattern, Acts iv. 24.

CHRIST Dying, Rising, Interceding, &c.

- 1 **M**AKER and sov'reign LORD
 Of heav'n, and earth, and seas,
 Thy providence confirms thy word,
 And answers thy decrees.
- 2 The things so long foretold
 By David are fulfill'd,
 When Jews and Gentiles join to slay
 JESUS, thine holy child.
- 3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
 And Jews with one accord
 Bend all their counsels to destroy
 Th' anointed of the Lord ?
- 4 Rulers and kings agree
 To form a vain design :
 Against the LORD their pow'rs unite,
 Against his CHRIST they join.
- 5 The LORD derides their rage,
 And will support his throne :
 He that hath rais'd him from the dead
 Hath own'd him for his Son.

PSALM II.

P A U S E.

- 6 Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the earth:
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly birth.
He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance:
Far as the world's remotest ends
His kingdom shall advance.
- 8 The nations that rebel,
Must feel his iron rod;
He'll vindicate those honours well,
Which he receiv'd from God.
- 9 [Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne;
With trembling joy, ye people, bow
To God's exalted Son.
- 10 If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place;
When blessed is the Soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.]

PSALM II. Common Metre.

- W**HY did the nations join to slay
The LORD's anointed Son?
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down?
- 2 The LORD that sits above the skies,
Derides their rage below;
He speaks with veng'ance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits thro'.
 - 3 "I call him my eternal Son,
"And raise him from the dead,

PSALM II.

- "I make my holy hill his throne,
 "And wide his kingdom spread.
 4 "Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
 "The utmost heathen lands:
 "Thy rod of iron shall destroy
 "The rebel that withstands."
 5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
 "Obey th' anointed LORD;
 Adore the King of heav'nly birth,
 And tremble at his word.
 6 With humble love address his throne;
 For if he frowns ye die:
 Those are secure and those alone,
 Who on his grace rely.

PSALM II. Long Metre.

CHRIST'S Death, Resurrection & Ascension.

- 1 WHY did the Jews proclaim their rage?
 The Romans why their swords em-
 Against the Lord their pow'rs engage (ploy
 His dear anointed to destroy?
 2 "Come, let us break his bands, (they say)
 "This man shall never give us laws:"
 And thus they cast his yoke away,
 And nail'd their Monarch to the cross.
 3 But God who high in glory reigns,
 Laughs at their pride, their rage controuls;
 He'll vex their hearts with inward pain,
 And speak in thunder to their souls.
 4 "I will maintain the King I made,
 "On Zion's everlasting hill:
 "My hand shall bring him from the dead,
 "And he shall stand your sov'reign still."

P S A L M III.

- 5 His wond'rous rising from the earth,
Makes his eternal Godhead known:
The LORD declares his heav'nly birth,
" This day have I begot my Son.
- 6 " Ascend, my Son, to my right hand,
" There thou shalt ask and I bestow
" The utmost bounds of heathen lands;
" To thee the northern Isles shall bow."
- 7 But nations that resist his grace,
Shall fall beneath his iron stroke;
His rod shall crush his foes with ease
As potters earthen work is broke.

P A U S E.

- 8 Now, ye that sit on earthly thrones,
Be wise, and serve the Lord the Lamb;
Now at his feet submit your crowns;
Rejoice and tremble at his name.
- 9 With humble love address the Son,
Lest he grow angry, and ye die;
His wrath will burn to worlds unknown;
If ye provoke his jealousy.
- 10 His storms shall drive you quick to hell;
He is a GOD, and ye but dust:
Happy the souls that know him well,
And make his grace their only trust.

PSALM III. Common Metre.

*Doubts and Fears suppress; or, GOD our
Defence from Sin and Satan.*

- 1 **M**Y God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

PSALM III.

- 2 The lying tempter would persuade
There's no relief in heav'n :
And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiv'n.
- 3 But thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread ;
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raise my drooping head.
- 4 I cry'd, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a list'ning ear ;
I call'd my Father and my God,
And he subdu'd my fear.
- 5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes ;
I woke, and wonder'd at the grace
That guarded my repose.]
- 6 What tho' the hosts of death and hell
All arm'd against me stood,
Terrors no more shall shake my soul ;
My refuge is my God.
- 7 Arise, O LORD, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory sing :
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost his sting.
- 8 Salvation to the LORD belongs,
His arm alone can save ;
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

PSALM III. 1—5, 8. Long Metre.

A Morning Psalm.

- 1 **O** LORD, how many are my foes
In this weak state of flesh and blood!

PSALM IV.

- My peace they daily discompose;
But my defence and hope is God.
- 2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd my ev'ning cry;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.
- 3 Supported by thine heav'nly aid,
I laid me down and slept secure:
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Tho' I should wake and rise no more.
- 4 But God sustain'd me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong:
He rais'd my head to see the light,
And makes his praise my morning song.

PSALM IV: 1—3, 5—7. Long Metre.

*Hearing of Prayer; or, God our Portion,
and CHRIST our Hope.*

- 1 **O** GOD of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain;
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress,
Bow down a gracious ear again.
- 2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into shame:
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name?
- 3 Know that the LORD divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside;
He hears the cry of penitents,
For the dear sake of CHRIST that dy'd.
- 4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,

P S A L M V.

- We put our trust in God alone,
 And glory in his pard'ning grace.
- 5 Let the unthinking many say,
 "Who will bestow some earthly good?"
 But, LORD, thy light and love we pray,
 Our souls desire this heav'nly food.
- 6 Then shall my cheerful pow'rs rejoice
 At grace and favour so divine;
 Nor will I change my happy choice
 For all their corn, and all their wine.

PSALM IV. 3, 4, 5, 8. Common Metre.

An Evening Psalm.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,
 I am for ever thine;
 I fear before thee all the day,
 Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head
 From cares and bus'ness free,
 'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
 With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice:
 And when my work is done,
 Great God! my faith and hope relies
 Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to
 I'll give mine eyes to sleep; (peace
 Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
 And will my slumbers keep.

PSALM V. Common Metre.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high;

PSALM V.

To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand :
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness ;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

PAUSE.

6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet to stray ;
They flatter with a base design
To make my soul their prey.

7 LORD, crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy :
While those that in thy mercy trust,
For ever shout for joy.

8 The men that love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd ;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

PSALM VI. Common Metre.

Complaint in Sickness, or, Diseases healed.

- 1 **I**N anger, LORD, rebuke me not,
Withdraw the dreadful storm:
Nor let thy fury grow so hot
Against a feeble worm.
- 2 My soul's bow'd down with heavy cares;
My flesh with pain oppress'd;
My couch is witness to my tears,
My fears forbid me rest.
- 3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
I waste the night with cries:
Counting the minutes as they pass
Till the slow morning rise.
- 4 Shall I be still tormented more?
My eyes consum'd with grief?
How long, my God, how long before
Thine hand affords relief?
- 5 He hears when dust and ashes speak,
He pities all our groans;
He saves us for his mercy's sake,
And heals our broken bones.
- 6 The virtue of his sov'reign word
Restores our fainting breath;
For silent graves praise not the LORD;
Nor is he known in death.

PSALM VII. Long Metre.

Temptation in Sickness overcome.

- 1 **L**ORD, I can suffer thy rebuke,
When thou with kindness dost chastise;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not against me rise.

P S A L M VII.

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- 2 Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows that I feel;
Th' wounds thine heavy hands hath made
O let thy gentler touches heal!
- 3 See how I pass my weary days
In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night
My bed is water'd with my tears;
My grief consumes and dims my sight.
- 4 Look how the pow'rs of nature mourn
How long, Almighty God, how long?
When shall thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make thy grace my song?
- 5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to despair;
But graves can never praise the LORD,
For all is dust and silence there.
- 6 Depart, ye tempters, from my soul:
And all despairing thoughts depart:
My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart.

P S A L M VII. Common Metre.

God's Care of his People, and Punishment of Persecutors.

- 1 **M**Y trust is in my heav'nly friend,
My hope in thee, my God;
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those that seek my blood.
- 2 With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear;
As hungry lions rend the prey,
When no deliv'rer's near.

3 If I had e'er provok'd them first,
Or once abus'd my foe,
Then let him tread my life to dust,
And lay mine honour low.

4 If there be malice hid in me,
I know thy piercing eyes ;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up thine hand,
Their pride and pow'r controul :
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliv'rance for my soul.

P A U S E .

6 [Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust :
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just ?

7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright :
His sharpest arrows he ordains
Against the sons of spite.

8 For me their malice digg'd a pit,
But there themselves are cast ;
My God makes all their mischief light
On their own heads at last.]

9 That cruel persecuting race,
Must feel his dreadful sword ;
Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
And justice of the Lord.

PSALM VIII.

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Short Metre.

*God's Sovereignty and Goodness: and Man's
Dominion over the Creatures.*

- 1 **O** LORD, our heav'nly King,
Thy name is all divine:
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.
- 2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon complete in light
Adorn the darksome skies:
- 3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms;
LORD, what is man! that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms!
- 4 LORD, what is worthless man?
That thou should'st love him so?
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And lord of all below.
- 5 Thine honours crown his head,
While beasts like slaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.
- 6 How rich thy bounties are!
And wond'rous are thy ways!
Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame
A monument of praise.
- 7 Out of the mouths of babes
And sucklings, thou canst draw
Surprising honours to thy name,
And strike the world with awe.

- 8 O LORD, our heavenly King,
 Thy name is all divine;
 Thy glories round the earth are spread,
 And o'er the heavens they shine.

PSALM VIII. Common Metre.

CHRIST'S *Condescension and Glorification;*
 or, *GOD made Man.*

- 1 O LORD, our GOD, how wond'rous
 Is thine exalted name! (great
 The glories of thy heav'nly state
 Let men and babes proclaim.
- 2 When I behold thy works on high,
 The moon that rules the night,
 And stars that well adorn the sky,
 Those moving worlds of light.
- 3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
 Who dwells so far below,
 That thou should'st visit him with grace,
 And love his nature so!
- 4 That thine eternal Son should bear
 To take a mortal form,
 Made lower than his angels are,
 To save a dying worm!
- 5 [Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
 And men would not adore,
 Th' obedient seas and fishes own
 His godhead and his pow'r.]
- 6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet,
 And fish at his command,
 Bring their large shoals to Peter's net,
 And tribute to his hand.

- 7 These lesser glories of the Son
 Shone through the fleshly cloud :
 Now we behold him on his throne,
 And men confess him God.]
- 8 Let him be crown'd with majesty,
 Who bow'd his head to death :
 And be his honours founded high
 By all things that have breath.
- 9 JESUS, our LORD, how wond'rous great
 Is thine exalted name !
 The glories of thy heav'nly state
 Let the whole earth proclaim.

PSALM VIII. ver. 1, 2. Paraphrased.
 First Part. Long Metre.

*The Hosanna of the Children : or, Infants
 praising God.*

- 1 **A**Lmighty Ruler of the skies, (spread,
 Thro' the wide earth thy name is
 And thine eternal glories rise
 O'er all the heav'nsthy hands have made,
- 2 To thee the voices of the young
 A monument of honour raise ;
 And babes with uninstructed tongue,
 Declare the wonders of thy praise.
- Thy power assists their tender age
 To bring proud rebels to the ground,
 To still the bold blasphemers rage,
 And all their policies confound.
- Children amidst thy temple throng
 To see their great Redeemer's face,
 The Son of DAVID, is their song,
 And young hosannas fill the place.

- 5 The frowning scribes and angry priests
In vain their impious cavils bring!
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
While Jewish babes proclaim their King.

PSALM VIII. ver. 3, &c. Paraphrased.
Second Part. Long Metre.

*Adam and CHRIST, Lords of the Old and
New Creation.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what was man when made at first!
Adam, the offspring of the dust!
That thou shouldst set him and his race,
But just below an angel's place?
- 2 That thou should'st raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below!
Make ev'ry beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet!
- 3 But O what brighter glories wait
'To crown the second ADAM's state!
What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born!
- 4 See him below his angels made,
See him in dust amongst the dead
To save a ruin'd world from sin,
But he shall reign with power divine.
- 5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The mis'ries that attend the fall,
New made, and glorious shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

P S A L M IX. First Part.

Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment-Seat.

- 1 **W**ith my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim,

PSALM IX.

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- Thou sov'reign Judge of right and wrong
Wilt put my foes to shame.
- 2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his veng'ance known.
- 3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppressed;
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.
- 4 The men that know thy name will trust
In thy abundant grace:
For thou hast ne'er forsok the just,
Who humbly sought thy face.
- 5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threat'ning word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

PSALM IX. ver. 12. Second Part.

The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.

- 1 W H E N the great Judge supreme and just,
Shall once enquire for blood,
The humble souls that mourn in dust,
Shall find a faithful God.
- 2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise:
In Zion's gates with cheerful breath
They sing their Father's praise.
- 3 His foes shall fall with heedless feet
Into the pit they made;
And sinners perish in the net
That their own hands had spread.

P S A L M X.

- 4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty God,
Are thy deep counsels known!
When men of mischief are destroy'd,
The snare must be their own.
- 5 The wicked shall sink down to hell:
Thy wrath devour the lands
That dare forget thee, or rebel
Against thy known commands.

P A U S E.

- 6 Tho' saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait, and long complain,
Their cries shall not be long forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.
- 7 Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
To judge and save the poor:
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And men prevail no more.
- 8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain:
Make them confess that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.]

P S A L M X.

*Prayer heard, and Saints saved: or, Pride,
Atheism, and Oppression punished.*

For a Humiliation Day.

- 1 WHY doth the LORD stand off so far,
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?
- 2 LORD, shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy pow'r?

- Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And still thy saints devour ?
- 3 They put thy judgments from their sight,
And then insult the poor ;
They boast in their exalted height
That they shall fall no more.
- 4 Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,
Attend our humble cry :
No enemy shall dare to stand,
When God ascends on high.

P A U S E.

- 5 Why do the men of malice rage
And say with foolish pride,
“ The God of heaven will ne’er engage
“ To fight on Zion’s side ?”
- 6 But thou for ever art our LORD,
And pow’rful is thine hand :
As when the heathens felt thy sword,
And perish’d from thy land.
- 7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ears to hear :
He hearkens what his children say,
And puts the world in fear.
- 8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just :
And mighty sinners shall confess
They are but earth and dust.

P S A L M XI.

*G O D loves the Righteous, and bates the
Wicked.*

MY refuge is the God of love !
Why do my foes insult and cry,

- “Fly like a tim’rous trembling dove?
 “To distant woods or mountains fly?”
- 2 If government be all destroy’d,
 (That firm foundation of our peace)
 And violence make justice void,
 Where shall the righteous seek redress?
- 3 The LORD in heav’n hath fix’d his throne,
 His eye surveys the world below;
 To him all mortal things are known:
 His eyelids search our spirits thro’.
- 4 If he afflicts his saints so far,
 To prove their love, and try their grace,
 What may the bold transgressors fear?
 His very soul abhors their ways.
- 5 On impious wretches he shall rain
 Tempests of brimstone, fire and death,
 Such as he kindled on the plain
 Of Sodom, with his angry breath.
- 6 The righteous LORD loves righteous souls
 Whole thoughts and actions are sincere,
 And with a gracious eye beholds
 The men that his own image bear.

P S A L M XII. Long Metre.

*The Saints Safety and Hope in evil Times; or,
 sins of the Tongue complained of; namely,
 Blasphemy, Falshood, &c.*

- 1 LORD, if thou dost not soon appear
 Virtue and truth will flee away;
 A faithful man amongst us here
 Will scarce be found if thou delay.
- 2 The whole discourse when neighbors meet
 Is fill’d with trifles loose and vain;

- Their lips are flatt'ry and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.
- 3 But lips that with deceit abound,
Shall not maintain their triumph long;
'The God of veng'ance will confound
The flatt'ring and blaspheming tongue.
- 4 'Yet shall our words be free, they cry;
'Our tongue shall be controul'd by none:
Where is the Lord will ask us why?
'Or say our lips are not our own?'
- 5 The Lord who sees the poor oppress,
And hears th' oppressors haughty strain,
Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.
- 6 Thy word, O Lord, tho' often try'd,
Void of deceit shall still appear:
Not silver sev'n times purify'd
From dross and mixture, shine so clear.
- 7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
Defend the holy soul from harm;
'Tho' when the vilest men have pow'r,
On ev'ry side will sinners swarm.

P S A L M XII. Common Metre.

*Complaint of a general Corruption of Man-
ners; or, the Promise and Sign of Christ's
coming to Judgment.*

- 1 **H**ELP, LORD, for men of virtue fail.
Religion loses ground;
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

- 2 Their oaths and promises they break,
 Yet act the flatt'rer's part :
 With false deceitful lips they speak,
 And with a double heart.
- 3 If we reprove some hateful lye,
 How is their fury stir'd :
 " Are not our lips our own, they cry,
 " And who shall be our LORD ?"
- 4 Scoffers appear on ev'ry side,
 Where a vile race of men
 Is rais'd to seats of power and pride,
 And bear the sword in vain.

P A U S E

- 5 LORD, when iniquities abound,
 And blasphemy grows bold,
 When faith is hardly to be found,
 And love is waxing cold,
- 6 Is not thy chariot hast'ning on ?
 Hast thou not given the sign ?
 May we not trust and live upon
 A promise so divine ?
- 7 " Yes, (saith the LORD) now will I rise
 " And make oppressors flee ;
 " I shall appear to their surprise,
 " And set my servants free."
- 8 Thy word, like silver seven times try'd,
 Thro' ages shall endure !
 The men that in thy truth confide
 Shall find thy promise sure.

PSALM XIII. Long Metre.

*Pleading with GOD under Desertion; or,
Hope in Darkneſs.*

- 1 **H**ow long, O LORD, ſhall I complain
Like one that ſeeks his GOD in vain!
Canſt thou thy face for ever hide?
And I ſtill pray and be deny'd?
- 2 Shall I for ever be forgot
As one whom thou regardeſt not?
Still ſhall my ſoul thine abſence mourn?
And ſtill deſpair of thy return?
- 3 How long ſhall my poor troubled breaſt
Be with theſe anxious thoughts oppreſt?
And ſatan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to ſee me ſunk ſo low?
- 4 Hear, LORD, and grant me quick relief
Before my death concludes my grief:
If thou withholdſt thy heav'nly light,
I ſleep in everlaſting night.
- 5 How will the pow'rs of darkneſs boaſt,
If but one praying ſoul be loſt!
But I have truſted in thy grace,
And ſhall again behold thy face.
- 6 Whate'er my fears or foes ſuggeſt,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my reſt:
My heart ſhall feel thy love, and raiſe
My cheerful voice to ſongs of praiſe.

P S A L M XIII. Common Metre.

Complaint under Temptations of the Devil.

- 1 **H**ow long wilt thou conceal thy face,
My GOD, how long delay?

- When shall I feel those heav'nly rays
That chase my fears away ?
- 2 How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain ?
Thy word can all my foes controul,
And ease my raging pain.
- 3 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts ;
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.
- 4 Be thou my sun, be thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep ;
Make haste, before mine eyes are seal'd
In death's eternal sleep.
- 5 How would the tempter boast aloud,
If I became his prey !
Behold the sons of men grow proud
At thy so long delay.
- 6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And satan hide his head :
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.
- 7 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace
Where all my hopes have hung ;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And vict'ry shall be sung.

P S A L M XIV. First Part. C. M.

By Nature all Men are Sinners.

- 1 **F**OOLS in their hearts believe and say
" That all religion's vain,
" There is no God that reigns on high,
" Or minds th' affairs of men."

- 2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane,
Corrupt discourse proceeds ;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.
- 3 The LORD, from his celestial throne,
Look'd down on things below
To find the man that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.
- 4 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same ;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There's none that loves his name.
- 5 Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit ;
Their flanders never cease ;
How swift to mischief are their feet !
Nor know the paths of peace.
- 6 Such seeds of sin, that bitter root
In ev'ry heart are found :
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

P S A L M XIV. Second Part. C. M.

The Folly of Persecutors.

- 1 ARE sinners now so senseless grown,
That they the saints devour :
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful pow'r ?
- 2 Great God ! appear to their surprise,
Reveal thy dreadful name :
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hope to shame.
- 3 Dost thou not dwell among the dust ?
And yet our foes deride

That we should make thy name our trust:
Great God ! confound their pride.

- 4 O that the joyful day were come
To finish our distress !
When God shall bring his children home,
Our songs shall never cease.

P S A L M XV. Common Metre.

*Characters of a Saint ; or, a Citizen of Zion ;
or, the Qualifications of a Christian.*

- 1 **W**HO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness ?
Whom will the LORD admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace ?
- 2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands ;
That trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.
- 3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue :
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.
- 4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fears the LORD ;
And tho' to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.
- 5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripes the poor ;
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heav'n secure.

P S A L M XV. Long Metre:

*Religion and Justice, Goodness and Truth ;
or, Duties to GOD and Man.*

- 1 **W**HO shall ascend thy heav'nly place
Great God! and dwell before thy
The man that minds religion now (face?
And humbly walks with God below.
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean;
Whose lips still speak the things they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue ;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.
- 3 [Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt ;
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.
- 4 Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good :
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.
- 5 He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold:
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.]
- 6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face :
And doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.
- 7 Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone ;
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, LORD, with thee.

PSALM XVI. First Part. Long Metre.

Confession of our Poverty, and Saints the best Company; or, good Works profit Men not GOD.

- 1 **P**Reserve me, LORD, in time of need:
For succour to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead,
My goodness cannot reach to thee.
- 2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess
How empty and how poor I am;
My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy name.
- 3 Yet, LORD, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.
- 4 Let others choose the sons of earth
To give a relish to their wine;
I love the men of heav'nly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

PSALM XVI. Second Part L.M.

CHRIST'S All-sufficiency.

- 1 **H**OW fast their guilt and sorrows rise
Who haste to seek some idol-god!
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their off rings of forbidden blood.
- 2 My GOD provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon;
He for my life has offer'd up
JESUS, his best beloved son.
- 3 His love is my perpetual feast,
By day his counsels guide me right,

And be his name for ever blest,
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

- 4 I set him still before mine eyes :
At my right hand he stands prepar'd
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

PSALM XVI. Third Part. Long Metre
Courage in Death, and Hope of the Resurrection.

- 1 **W**HEN GOD is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop :
Be glad, my heart, rejoice, my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 Tho' in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious GOD, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.
- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high ;
Then shalt thou lead the wond'rous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasures flow ;
And full discov'ries of thy grace,
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heav'nly joys thro' all the place.

PSALM XVI. 1—8. First Part. C. M.
Support and Counsel from GOD without Merit.

- 1 **S**Ave me, O LORD, from ev'ry foe,
In thee my trust I place ;
Tho' all the good that I can do,
Can ne'er deserve thy grace.

- 2 Yet if my God prolong my breath,
The saints may profit by't ;
The saints, the glory of the earth,
The men of my delight.
- 3 Let heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood and stone ;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.
- 4 His hand provides me constant food ;
He fills my daily cup :
Much am I pleas'd with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.
- 5 God is my portion and my joy,
His counsels are my light ;
He gives me sweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.
- 6 My soul should all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye :
Nor death, nor hell, my hope shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

PSALM XVI. Second Part. C M.

The Death and Resurrection of CHRIST,

- 1 " I Set the LORD before my face,
" He bears my courage up ;
" My heart and tongue their joy express,
" My flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 " My spirit, LORD, thou wilt not leave
" Where souls departed are :
" Nor quit my body to the grave,
" To see corruption there.
- 3 " Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
" And raise me to thy throne ;

“ Thy courts immortal pleasures give,
 “ Thy presence joys unknown.”

- 4 Thus in the name of CHRIST the LORD
 The holy David sung ;
 And providence fulfils the word
 Of his prophetic tongue.
- 5 JESUS, whom ev'ry saint adores,
 Was crucify'd and slain ;
 Behold. the tomb its prey restores !
 Behold, he lives again !
- 6 When shall my feet arise and stand
 On heav'n's eternal hills !
 There sits the Son at GOD's right hand,
 And there the Father smiles.

PSALM XVII. ver 13, &c. Short Metre.

*Portion of Saints and Sinners ; or, Hope and
 Despair in Death.*

- 1 **A**RISE, my gracious God,
 And make the wicked flee ;
 They are but thy chastising rod
 To drive the saints to thee.
- 2 Behold the sinner dies,
 His haughty words are vain ;
 Here in this life his pleasure lies,
 And all beyond is pain.
- 3 Then let his pride advance,
 And boast of all his store ;
 The LORD is my inheritance,
 My soul can wish no more.
- 4 I shall behold the face
 Of my forgiving GOD ;

And stand complete in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.

- 5 There's a new heav'n begun
When I awake from death,
Drest in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

P S A L M XVII. Long Metre.

*The Sinner's Portion and Saint's Hope; or,
The Heaven of separate Souls, and the
Resurrection.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.
- 2 Their hope and portion lies below;
'Tis all the happiness they know;
'Tis all they seek: they take their shares
And leave the rest among their heirs.
- 3 What sinners value I resign,
Loose, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake and find me there?
- 5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;

Then burst the chains with sweet surprise
And in my Saviour's image rise.

PSALM XVIII. ver. 1—6, 15—18.

First Part. Long Metre.

Deliverance from Despair: or, Temptations overcome.

- 1 **T**Hee will I love, O LORD my strength,
My rock, my tow'r, my high defence!
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.
- 2 Death and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with a dismal shade:
While floods of high temptations rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.
- 3 I saw the op'ning gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there;
Which none but they that feel can tell,
While I was hurried to despair.
- 4 In my distress I call'd my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine;
He bow'd his ear to my complaint,
Then did his grace appear divine.
- 5 With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rose;
Awful and bright as light'ning shone
The face of my deliverer God.
- 6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his almighty breath;
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.
- 7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength, and more their
rage;

BUT CHRIST my LORD, is conqu'ror still,
In all the wars that devils wage.

- 3 My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the LORD,
Due to his mercy and his pow'r.

P S A L M XVIII. ver. 20—26.

Second Part. L. M.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear
Before mine eyes; I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.
- 2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy face;
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked heart.
- 3 What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and strugglings in my breast!
But thro' thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin;
- 4 That sin that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will;
When shall thy Spirit's sov'reign pow'r
Destroy it that it rise no more?
- 5 [With an impartial hand, the LORD
Deals out to mortals their reward;
The kind and faithful souls shall find
A GOD as faithful and as kind.
- 6 The just and pure shall ever say
Thou art more pure, more just than they:

And men that love revenge shall know
God hath an arm of veng'ance too.

PSALM XVIII. Third Part. ver. 30, 31,
33, 45, 46, &c. Long Metre.

Rejoicing in God; or, Salvation and Triumph.

- 1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great rock of my secure abode:
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?
- 2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield:
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.
- 3 He lives, (and blessed be my rock)
The God of my salvation lives:
The dark designs of hell are broke:
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.
- 4 Before the Scoffers of the age,
I will exalt my Father's name:
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.
- 5 To David and his royal seed,
Thy grace for ever shall extend:
Thy love to saints in CHRIST our head,
Knows not a limit nor an end.

PSALM XVIII. First Part. Com Metre
Victory and triumph over our temporal Enemies.

- 1 WE love thee, Lord, and we adore,
Now is thine arm reveal'd;
Thou art our strength, our heav'nly tow'r
Our bulwark and our shield.

- 2 We fly to our eternal rock,
And find a sure defence;
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.
- 3 When God, our leader, shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms;
The light'ning of his spear.
- 4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array
In millions wait to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey,
- 5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismay'd;
His voice, his frown, his angry look,
Strikes all their courage dead.
- 6 He forms our gen'als for the field,
With all their dreadful skill;
Gives them his awful sword to wield
And make their hearts of steel.
- 7 [He arms our captains to the fight,
(Tho' there his name's forgot;
He girded Cyrus with his might,
But Cyrus knew him not.)
- 8 Oft has the Lord whole nations bless'd
For his own church's sake:
The pow'rs that give his people rest,
Shall of his care partake.]

PSALMXVIII. Second Part. Com. Metre.

The Conqueror's Song.

1 **T**O thine Almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day:

Thy terrors, LORD, confound the foe,
And melt their strength away.

'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
And break united pow'rs,
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their tow'rs.

3 How have we chas'd them thro' the field
And trod them to the ground,
While thy salvation was our shield,
But they no shelter found !

4 In vain to idol saints they cry,
And perish in their blood ;
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So pow'rful, as our God !

5 The rock of Israel ever lives,
His name be ever blest :
'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,
And gives his people rest.

6 On kings that reign as David did,
He pours his blessings down ;
Secures their honours to their seed,
And well supports their crown.

PSALM XIX. First Part. Short Metre.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

For a LORD's Day Morning.

1 **B**EHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its Maker God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same :

While night to day, and day to night
Divinely teach his name.

3 In ev'ry different land
Their general voice is known ;
They shew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 Ye British lands rejoice ;
Here he reveals his word ;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the LORD.

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes :
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit ;
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

7 [Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight,
Nor gold that has the furrance past
So much allures the sight.

8 While of thy works I sing
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.]

PSALM XIX. Second Part. Short Metre.
God's Word most excellent : or, Sincerity
and Watchfulness.

For a LORD's Day Morning.

1 **B**EHOLD the morning-sun
Begins his glorious way :

His beams thro' all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

But where the gospel comes,

It spreads diviner light:

It calls dead sinners from their tombs,

And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!

And all thy judgments just:

For ever sure thy promise, LORD,

And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain

Are thy directions giv'n!

O may I never read in vain,

But find the path to heav'n.

P A U S E.

5 I hear thy word with love,

And I would fain obey;

Send thy good Spirit from above,

To guide me lest I stray.

6 O who can ever find

The errors of his ways?

Yet with a bold presumptuous mind,

I would not dare transgress.

7 Warn me of ev'ry sin;

Forgive my secret faults:

And cleanse this guilty soul of mine

Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While with my heart and tongue

I spread thy praise abroad,

Accept the worship and the song.

My Saviour and my God.

PSALM XIX. Long Metre.

*The Books of nature and scripture compared
or, the Glory and Success of the Gospel.*

- 1 **T**He heav'ns declare thy glory, LORD
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun the changing light,
And night and day thy pow'r confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world thy truth has run,
'Till CHRIST hath all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n:
LORD, cleanse my sins, my soul renew
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

PSALM XIX. To the Tune of the 113th

The Books of Nature and Scripture.

- 1 **G**reat GOD, the heaven's well order'd frame
Declare the glories of thy name;

- There thy rich works of wonder shine,
 A thousand starry beauties there,
 A thousand radiant marks appear.
 Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
 The dawning and the dying light,
 Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read :
 With silent eloquence they raise
 Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
 And neither sound nor language need.
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run
 Far as the journies of the sun,
 And ev'ry nation knows their voice :
 The sun, like some young bridegroom in dress
 Breaks from the chambers of the east,
 Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.
- 4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
 He smiles and speaks his maker God ;
 All nature joins to shew thy praise,
 Thus God in ev'ry creature shines :
 Fair is the book of nature's lines,
 But fairer is the book of grace.

P A U S E.

- 5 I love the volumes of thy word ;
 What life and Joy those leaves afford
 To souls benighted and distress'd !
 Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
 Thy fear to bids my feet to stray,
 Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
- 6 From the discoveries of thy law,
 The perfect rule of life I draw ;
 These are my study and delight :

- Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 7 Thy threatnings wake my slumb'ring eyes
And warn me where my danger lies,
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, LORD,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.
- 8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My GOD, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

P S A L M XX.

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

For a Day of Prayer in Time of War.

- 1 **N**OW may the GOD of pow'r and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
JEHOVAH hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliv'rance from on high.
- 2 The name of Jacob's GOD defends,
Better than shields or brazen walls:
He from his sanctuary sends
Succour and strength when Zion cal's.
- 3 Well he remembers all our fights;
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.
- 4 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Israel's GOD,

Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the LORD of heav'nly hosts.

6 [O may the mem'ry of thy name,
Inspire our armies for the fight!
Our foes shall fall and die with shame.
Or quit the field with shameful flight.]

in: 7 Now save us, LORD, from slavish fear;
Now let our hope be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

P S A L M XXI. Common Metre.

Our King is the Care of Heaven.

THE King, O LORD, with songs of
Shall in thy strength rejoice: (praise
And blest with thy salvation, raise
To heav'n his cheerful voice.

gh. Thy sure defence, thro' nations round
Has spread his glorious name;
And his successful actions crown'd
With majesty and fame.

al's. Then let the King on God alone,
For timely aid rely;
His mercy shall support the throne,
And all our wants supply.

arts. But, righteous LORD, his stubborn foes
Shall feel thy dreadful hand;
Thy vengeful arm shall smite out those
That hate his mild command.

- 5 When thou against them dost engage,
 Thy just but dreadful doom,
 Shall like a fiery oven's rage,
 Their hopes and them consume.
- 6 Thus, LORD, thy wond'rous pow'r declare
 And thus exalt thy fame:
 Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare
 For thine almighty name.

PSALM XXI. ver. 1—9. Long Metre.

CHRIST exalted to the Kingdom.

- 1 **D**AVID rejoic'd in God his strength,
 Rais'd to the throne by special grace;
 But CHRIST his Son appears at length,
 Fulfills the triumph and the praise.
- 2 How great is the Messiah's joy,
 In the salvation of thy hand!
 LORD, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
 And giv'n the world to his command.
- 3 Thy goodness grants what'er he will,
 Nor doth the least request withhold:
 Blessings of love prevent him still,
 And crowns of glory not of gold.
- 4 Honour and Majesty divine
 Around his sacred temples shine:
 Blest with the favour of thy face,
 And length of everlasting days.
- 5 Thy hand shall find out all his foes;
 And as a fiery oven glows
 With raging heat and living coals,
 So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

PSALM XXII. ver. 1—16. First Part.
Common Metre.

The Sufferings and Death of CHRIST.

- 1 "WHY has my God my soul forsook,
"Nor will a smile afford?"
(Thus David once in anguish spoke,
And thus our dying LORD.)
- 2 Tho' 'tis thy chief delight to dwell
Among thy praising saints,
Yet thou canst hear a groan as well,
And pity our complaints:
- 3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliv'rance found:
But I'm a worm despis'd of men,
And trodden to the ground.
- 4 Shaking the head, they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn;
"In vain he trusts in God," they cry,
"Neglected and forlorn."
- 5 But thou art he who form'd my flesh
By thine almighty word:
And since I hung upon the breast,
My hope is in the LORD.
- 6 Why will my Father hide his face,
When foes stand threat'ning round
In the dark hour of deep distress,
And not an helper found?

P A U S E,

- 7 Behold thy darling left among
The cruel and the proud,
As bulls of Bashan fierce and strong,
As lions roaring loud.

- 8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet
 To multiply the smart ;
 They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
 And try to vex my heart.
- 9 Yet if thy sov'reign hand let loose
 The rage of earth and hell,
 Why will my heav'nly Father bruise
 The Son he loves so well ?
- 10 My God, if possible it be,
 Withhold this bitter cup ;
 But I resign my will to thee,
 And drink the sorrows up.
- 11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown,
 In groans I waste my breath ;
 Thy heavy hand has brought me down
 Low as the dust of death.
- 12 Father, I give my spirit up,
 And trust it in thy hand ;
 My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
 And rise at thy command.

PSALM XXII 20, 21, 27—31. Sd. Part.
 Common Metre.

CHRIST'S Sufferings and Kingdom.

- 1 “ **N**OW from the roaring lion's rage,
 “ O LORD, protect thy Son :
 “ Nor leave thy darling to engage
 “ The pow'rs of hell alone.”
- 2 Thus did our suff'ring Saviour pray
 With mighty cries and tears ;
 God heard him in that dreadful day,
 And chas'd away his fears.

- 3 Great was the vict'ry of his death,
His throne exalted high :
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship or shall die.
- 4 A num'rous offspring must arise
From his expiring grones :
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.
- 5 The meek and humble ~~sons~~ shall see
His table richly spread :
And all that seek the LORD, shall be
With joys immortal fed.
- 6 The Isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God,
And nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in his blood.

PSALM XXII. Long Metre.

CHRIST'S Sufferings and Exaltation.

1. **N**OW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our LORD,
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.
- 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads, and laugh'd in
'He rescu'd others from the grave, (scor);
'Now let him try himself to save.
- 3 'This is the man did once pretend
'God was his father and his friend ;
'If God the blessed, lov'd him so,
'Why doth he fail to help him now ?'
- 4 Barbarous people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like savage beasts;

- Like lions gaping to devour,
 When God had left him in their pow'r.
 5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
 Till streams of blood each other meet;
 By lot his garments they divide,
 And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.
 6 But God, his father, heard his cry :
 Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high;
 'The nations learn his righteousness,
 And humble sinners taste his grace.

PSALM XXIII. Long Metre.

God our Shepherd.

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd is the living LORD :
 Now shall my wants be well sup-
 His providence and holy word (ply'd;
 Become my safety and my guide :
 2 In pastures where salvation grows,
 He makes me feed, he makes me rest :
 There living water gently flows,
 And all the food's divinely blest.
 3 My wand'ring feet his ways mistake,
 But he restores my soul to peace,
 And leads me for his mercy's sake,
 In the fair paths of righteousness.
 4 Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale
 Where death and all its terrors are,
 My heart and hope shall never fail,
 For God, my shepherd's with me there.
 5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps,
 Thou art my comfort, thou my stay ;
 Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
 Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

- 6 The sons of earth and sons of hell,
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine
'To see thy table spread so well,
With living bread and cheerful wine.
- 7 [How I rejoice, when on my head
Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
'Tis a divine anointing shed
Like oil of gladness at a feast.
- 8 Surely the mercies of the Lord,
Attend his household all their days:
'There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face, and sing his praise.]

P S A L M XXIII. Common Metre.

MY Sepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk thro' the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay!
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in fight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread:
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God,
Attend me all my days:

O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.

- 6 There would I find a settled rest;
(While others go and come)
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

P S A L M XXIII. Short Metre.

- 1 **T**HE LORD my shepherd is,
I shall be well supply'd:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear:
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark
My Shepherd's with me there. (shade,
- 5 In sight of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days:
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

P S A L M XXIV.

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PSALM XXIV. Common Metre.

Dwelling with God.

- 1 **T**HE earth for ever is the LORD's,
With Adam's num'rous race;
He rais'd its arches o'er the flood,
And built it on the seas.
- 2 But who among the sons of men,
May visit thine âbode?
He that has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.
- 3 This is the man may rise and take
The blessings of his grace:
This is the lot of those that seek
The God of Jacob's face.
- 4 Now let our souls, immortal pow'rs,
To meet the LORD, prepare:
Lift up their everlasting doors,
The King of glory's near.
- 5 The King of glory! who can tell
The wonders of his might!
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints, is his delight.

P S A L M XXIV. Long Metre.

*Saints dwell in Heaven; or, CHRIST'S
Ascension.*

- 1 **T**His spacious earth is all the LORD's,
And men, and worms, and beasts, and
He rais'd the building on the seas, (birds;
And gave it for their dwelling place.
- 2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, LORD, above the sky;
Who shall ascend that blest'd abode,
And dwell so near his maker, God?

- 3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean;
Him shall the LORD the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.
- 4 These are the men of pious race,
That seek the God of Jacob's face;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

P A U S E.

- 5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh!
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty LORD, the Saviour's He.
- 6 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display
To make the LORD the Saviour's way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.
- 7 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heaven's eternal door
To give his saints a bless'd abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

PSALM XXV. — 11. 1st Part. Short Metre.

Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

- 1 **I** Lift my soul to God,
My trust is in his name:
Let not my foes that seek my blood,
Still triumph in my shame.
- 2 Sin, and the pow'rs of hell,
Persuade me to despair:
LORD, make me know thy cov'nant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.

- 3 From the first dawning light,
Till the dark ev'ning rise,
For thy salvation, LORD, I wait
With ever longing eyes.
- 4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.
- 5 The LORD is just and kind;
The meek shall learn his ways;
And ev'ry humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.
- 6 For his own goodness sake,
He saves my soul from shame:
He pardons (tho' my guilt be great)
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

PSALM XXV. 12, 14, 10, 13. Sd. Part.
Divine Instruction.

- 1 **W**Here shall the man be found
'That fears t' offend his God?
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?
- 2 The LORD shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his cov'nant show,
And all his love impart.
- 3 The dealings of his hands
Are truth and mercy still
With such as to his cov'nant stand,
And love to do his will.
- 4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face,

Their seed shall taste the promises,
In their extensive grace.

PSALM XXV. 15—22. Third Part.
Distress of Soul; or, Backsliding and Desertion.

- 1 **M**INE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the LORD;
I love to plead his promises,
And trust upon his word,
- 2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near:
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?
- 3 When shall the sov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dang'rous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod?
- 4 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe:
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.
- 5 With ev'ry morning light
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

P A U S E.

- 6 Behold the hosts of hell!
How cruel is their hate!
Against my life they rise and join
Their fury with deceit.
- 7 O! keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame,

P S A L M XXVII.

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For I have plac'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

8 With humble faith I wait
'To see thy face again ;
Of Isr'el it shall ne'er be said
" He sought the LORD in vain."

P S A L M XXVI.

Self-Examination ; or, Evidences of Grace.

1 JUDGE me, O LORD, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart ;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.
I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lies ;
The scoffer and the hypocrite,
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.
3 Amongst thy saints will I appear
With hands well wash'd in innocence ;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of CHRIST is my defence.
4 I love thy habitation, LORD,
The temple where thine honours dwell ;
'There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.
5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints, and near my God.

PSALM XXVII. 1—6. First Pt. C. M.

The Church is our Delight and Safety.

1 THE LORD of glory is my light
And my salvation too ;

God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

- 2 One privilege my heart desires ;
Of grant me an abode

Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still :
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there enquire thy will.

- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide :
God has a strong pavilion where
He makes my soul abide.

- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

PSALM XXVII. ver. 8, 9, 13, 14.
Second Part.

Prayer and Hope.

- 1 **S**OON as I heard my Father say
“ Ye children, seek my grace ;”
My heart reply'd without delay,
“ I'll seek my Father's face.”

- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away ;
God of my life, I fly to thee,
In a distressing day.

- 3 Should friends and kindred near and dear,
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

- 4 My fainting flesh had dy'd with grief,
 Had not my soul believ'd,
 To see thy grace provide relief;
 Nor was my hope deceiv'd.
- 5 Wait on the LORD, ye trembling saints,
 And keep your courage up;
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
 And far exceed your hope.

PSALM XXIX. Long Metre.

Storm and Thunder.

- 1 **G**IVE to the LORD, ye sons of fame,
 Give to the LORD renown and pow'r:
 Ascribe due honours to his name,
 And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The LORD proclaims his pow'r aloud,
 Over the ocean and the land;
 His voice divides the war'ry cloud,
 And light'nings blaze at his command.
- 3 He speaks, and tempest, hail and wind,
 Lay the wide forest bare around;
 The fearful hart and frightened hind,
 Leap at the terror of the sound.
- 4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
 And lo! the stately cedars break;
 The mountains tremble at the noise,
 The vallies roar, the deserts quake.
- 5 The LORD sits sov'reign on the flood:
 The Thund'rer reigns for ever King;
 But makes his church his blest abode,
 Where we his awful glories sing.
- 6 In gentler language, there the LORD
 The counsels of his grace imparts;

Amidst the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM XXX. First Part. Long Metre
Sickness healed, and sorrows removed.

- 1 **I** Will extol thee, LORD, on high,
At thy command diseases fly;
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?
- 2 Sing to the LORD, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your pow'rs rejoice and bless,
While you record his holiness.
- 3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days;
Tho' grief and tears the night employ,
The morning-star restores the joy.

PSALM XXX. ver. 6. Second Part.
Health, Sickness and Recovery.

- 1 **F**irm was my health, my day was bright
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er benight;
Fondly I said within my heart,
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."
- 2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts dy'd.
- 3 I cry'd aloud to thee, my God,
"What canst thou profit by my blood?
"Deep in the dust can I declare
"Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?"
- 4 "Hear me, O God of grace, I said,
"And bring me from among the dead;

- Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
 Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.
 5 My groans and tears, and forms of woe
 Are turn'd to joy and praises now;
 I throw my sackcloth on the ground;
 And ease and gladness gird me round.
 6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
 Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
 Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and
 heaven,
 For sickness heal'd and sins forgiv'n.

PSALM XXXI. 5, 13—19. 22 23.

First Part. Common Metre.

Deliverance from Death.

- 1 **I** NTO thine hand, O God of truth,
 My spirit I commit ;
 Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
 And sav'd me from the pit.
 2 The passions of my hope and fear,
 Maintain'd a doubtful strife,
 While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd
 To take away my life.
 3 " My times are in thy hand," I cry'd,
 " Tho' I draw near the dust ;"
 Thou art the refuge where I hide,
 The God in whom I trust.
 4 O make thy reconciled face
 Upon thy servant shine,
 And save me for thy mercy's sake,
 For I'm entirely thine.

P A U S E.

- 5 ["'Twas in my haste," my spirit said,
 " I must despair and die,

“ I am cut off before thine eyes ;
“ But thou hast heard my cry.”

- 6 Thy goodness ! how divinely free !
How wond'rous is thy grace
To those that fear thy Majesty,
And trust thy promises.
- 7 O love the LORD, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud ;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

PSALM XXXI. 7—31, 18—12.

Second Part. Common Metre.

Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.

- 1 **M**Y heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my help, my trust ;
Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,
Mine honour from the dust.
- 2 “ My life is spent in grief,” I cry'd ;
“ My years consume in groans ;
“ My strength decays, mine eyes are dry'd,
“ And sorrow wastes my bones.”
- 3 Among mine enemies, my name
Was a mere proverb grown ;
While to my neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.
- 4 Slander and fear on every side,
Seiz'd and beset me round .
I to the throne of grace apply'd,
And speedy rescue found.

P A U S E .

- 5 How great deliv'rance thou hast wrought
Before the sons of men !

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The lying lips to silence brought
And made their boastings vain !

- 6 Thy children from the strife of tongues,
Shall thy pavillion hide ;
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And crush the sons of pride.
- 7 Within thy secret presence, LORD,
Let me for ever dwell ;
No fenced city, wall'd and barr'd,
Secures a saint so well.

PSALM XXXII. Short Metre.

Forgiveness of Sin, upon Confession.

- 1 **O** Blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are cover'd o'er ;
Divinely blest, to whom the LORD
Imputes his guilt no more !
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care ;
Their lips and lives without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound ;
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne ;
Our help in time of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

PSALM XXXII. Common Metre.

*Free Pardon and sincere Obedience: or,
Confession and Forgiveness.*

- 1 **H**APPY the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin:
But wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean.
- 2 Happy beyond expression, he
Whose debts are thus discharg'd;
And from the guilty bondage free,
He feels his soul enlarg'd!
- 3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all sincere;
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes
To keep his conscience clear.
- 4 While I my inward guilt suppress,
No quiet could I find:
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.
- 5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts
My secret sins reveal'd;
Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon seal'd.
- 6 This shall invite thy saints to pray;
When like a raging flood
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

PSALM XXXII. First Part. Long Metre.

Repentance and free Pardon: or, Justification and Sanctification.

- 1 BLESS'D is the man, for ever bless'd,
 Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God ;
 Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
 And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.
- 2 Bless'd is the man to whom the LORD
 Imputes not his iniquities :
 He pleads no merit of reward,
 And not on works, but grace relies.
- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free :
 His humble joy, his holy fear,
 With deep repentance well agree,
 And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 4 How glorious is that righteousness
 That hides and cancels all his sins !
 While a bright evidence of grace
 Thro' his whole life appears and shines.

PSALM XXXII. Sd. Part. Long Metre.

Guilt conscience eased by confession and pardon.

W HILE I keep silence and conceal
 My heavy guilt within my heart,
 What torments doth my conscience feel !
 What agonies of inward smart !
 I spread my sins before the LORD,
 And all my secret faults confess ;
 Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word,
 Thy holy Spirit seals the grace.
 For this shall ev'ry humble soul
 Make swift addresses to thy seat ;

- When floods of huge temptations roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.
- 4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and storms appear!
And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from ev'ry snare.

P S A L M XXXIII. First Part. C. M.
Works of Creation and Providence.

- 1 **R**Ejoice, ye righteous in the LORD,
This work belongs to you:
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true!
- 2 His mercy and his righteousness,
Let heav'n and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace,
Reveal his wond'rous name.
- 3 His wisdom and almighty word,
The heav'nly arches spread;
And by the Spirit of the LORD,
Their shining hosts were made.
- 4 He bid the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.
- 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand:
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.
- 6 He scorns the angry nations rage,
And breaks their vain designs:
His counsel stands thro' ev'ry age,
And in full glory shines.

PSALM XXXIII. Second Part. C. M.

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

- 1 **B**lest is the nation where the LORD
Hath fix'd his gracious throne ;
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,
And calls their tribes his own.
- 2 His eye with infinite survey
Does the whole world behold ;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.
- 3 Kings are not rescu'd by the forte
Of armies from the grave ;
Nor speed, nor courage of an horse,
Can the bold rider save.
- Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
To hope for safety thence ;
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.
- God is their fear, and God their trust,
When plagues or famine spread ;
His watchful eye secures the just,
Among ten thousand dead.
- LORD, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne ;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

SALM XXXIII. As the 113th Ps. 1st Part.
Works of Creation and Providence.

YE holy souls, in God rejoice, (voice ;
Your Maker's praise becomes your
Great is your theme, your song be new :

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Sing of his name, his word, his ways,

His works of nature and of grace,

How wise and holy, just and true !

2 Justice and truth he ever loves,

And the whole earth his goodness proves:

His word the heav'nly arches spread:

How wide they shine from north to south,

And by the spirit of his mouth,

Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide flowing seas,

(Those watry treasures know their place)

In the vast storehouse of the deep ;

He spake, and gave all nature birth,

And fires and seas, and heav'n and earth,

His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble and adore

A God of such resistless pow'r,

Nor dare indulge their feeble rage ;

Vain are your thoughts, and weak your

But his eternal counsel stands, (hands,

And rules the world from age to age.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113th. 2d. Part.

Creatures vain, and GOD all-sufficient.

1 **O** Happy nation, where the LORD
Reveals the treasures of his word,

And build his church his earthly throne.

His eye the heathen world surveys,

He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways.

But GOD, their maker, is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their host,

And of his strength the champion boast

In vain they boast, in vain rely,

In vain we trust the brutal force,

Or speed, or courage of an horse,

To guard his rider, or to fly.

- 3 'The eye of thy compassion, LORD,
Doth more secure defence afford,
Whendeathordangersthreat'ningstand:
'Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars or famine waste the land.
- 4 In sickness or the bloody field,
Thou our physician, thou our shield,
Send us salvation from thy throne:
We wait to see thy goodness shine:
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

PSALM XXXIV. First Part. Long Metre
*God's Care of the Saints: or, Deliverance
by Prayer.*

- 1 LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue,
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.
- 2 Come, magnify the LORD with me;
Come, let us all exalt his name;
I sought the eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.
- 3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groanings reach'd his ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.
- 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heav'nly shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies,
Fills them with light and joy divine.
- 5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the LORD;

O fear and love him, all ye saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word!

- 6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
And hunger, roar thro' all the wood;
But none shall seek the LORD in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

PSALM XXXIV. 1:—20. Second Part.
Long Metre.

Religious Education: or, Instructions of Piety.

- 1 CHILDREN in years and knowledge young,
Your parents hope, your parents joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your minds employ
- 2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.
- 3 The eyes of GOD regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries:
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.
- 4 To humble souls, and broken hearts,
GOD, with his grace, is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
Where men in deep contrition lie.
- 5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death,
His Spirit heals their broken bones,
They in his praise employ their breath.

PSALM XXXIV. 1—10. First Part.

Common Metre.

Prayer and Praise for eminent Deliverances.

- 1 I'LL bless the LORD, from day to day:
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls, that use to pray,
Come, help my lips to praise.
- 2 Sing to the honour of his name,
How a poor suff'rer cry'd:
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
Nor was his suit deny'd.
- 3 When threat'ning sorrow round me stood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes.
- 4 I told the LORD my fore distress,
With heavy groans and tears;
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenc'd all my fears.

P A U S E.

- 5 [O sinners! come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways:
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.
- 6 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell,
What ills their heav'nly care prevents,
No earthly tongue can tell!
- 7 O love the LORD, ye saints of his!
His eye regards the just:
How richly blest their portion is
Who make the LORD their trust.

- 8 Young lions pinch'd with hunger, roar
 And famish in the wood ;
 But God supplies his holy poor
 With ev'ry needful good.]

PSALM XXXIV. 11—22. Second Part.

Exhortation to Peace and Holiness.

- 1 **C**OME, children, learn to fear the LORD,
 And that your days be long,
 Let not a false and spiteful word
 Be found upon your tongue.
- 2 Depart from mischief, practise love,
 Pursue the works of peace ;
 So shall the LORD your ways approve,
 And set your souls at ease.
- 3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
 His ears attend their cry ;
 When broken spirits dwell in dust,
 The God of grace is nigh.
- 4 What tho' the sorrows here they taste,
 Are sharp and tedious too,
 The LORD, who saves them all at last,
 Is their supporter now.
- 5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead,
 But God secures his own ;
 Prevents the mischief when they slide,
 Or heals the broken bone.
- 6 When desolation, like a flood,
 O'er the proud sinner rolls,
 Saints find a refuge in their God,
 For he redeem'd their souls,

P S A L M XXXV. 1—9. First Part.
*Prayer and Faith of persecuted Saints ; or,
 Imprecations mixed with Charity.*

- 1 **N**ow plead my cause, Almighty God,
 With all the Sons of strife :
 And fight against the men of blood,
 Who fight against my life.
- 2 Draw out thy spear and stop their ways,
 Lift thy avenging rod :
 But to my soul in mercy say,
 "I am thy Saviour God."
- 3 They plant their snares to catch my feet,
 And nets of mischief spread ;
 Plunge the destroyers in the pit
 That their own hands have made.
 Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
 And slippery be their ground ;
 Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
 And all their rage confound.
- They fly like chaff before the wind,
 Before thine angry breath :
 The Angel of the Lord behind,
 Pursues them down to death.
- They love the road that leads to hell :
 Then let the rebels die,
 Whose malice is implacable
 Against the Lord on high.
- But if thou hast a chosen few
 Amongst that impious race,
 Divide them from the bloody crew,
 By thy surprising grace.

- 8 Then will I raise my tuneful voice,
 To make thy wonders known:
 In their salvation I'll rejoice,
 And bless thee for my own.

PSALM XXXV. 21—14. Second Part.

*Love to Enemies; or, The Love of CHRIST
 to Sinners typified in David.*

- 1 **B**Ehold the love! the gen'rous love,
 That holy David shows:
 Hark, how his sounding bowels move
 To his afflicted foes!
- 2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
 And seems to feel the smart:
 The spirit of the Gospel reigns,
 And melts his pious heart.
- 3 How did his flowing tears condole
 As for a brother dead!
 And fasting mortify'd his soul
 While for their lives he pray'd.
- 4 They groan'd and curs'd him on their
 Yet still he pleads and mourns: (bed,
 And double blessings on his head,
 The righteous God returns.
- 5 O glorious type of heav'nly grace!
 Thus CHRIST the LORD appears;
 While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
 And pities them with tears.
- 6 He the true David Israel's King,
 Bless'd and belov'd of God,
 To save us rebels dead in sin,
 Pay'd his own dearest blood.

PSALM XXXVI. 5—9. Long Metre.

*The Perfections and Providence of God; or,
General Providence and special Grace.*

- 1 **H**IGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines,
Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep:
Wise are the wonders of thine hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs,
The sons of Adam in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings,
- 5 From the provisions of thy house,
We shall be fed with sweet repast
Thy mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord:
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

PSALM XXXVI. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9 Com. Met.

*Practical Atheism exposed: or, the Being
and Attributes of God asserted.*

- 1 **W**HILE men grow bold in wicked
And yet a God they own, (ways

My heart within me often says,
 " Their thoughts belive there's none."

2 Their thoughts and ways at once declar^e
 (Whate'er their lips profess,)
 God hath no wrath for them to fear,
 Nor will he seek his grace.

3 What strange self-flat'ry blindst their eyes!
 But there's an hast'ning hour
 When they shall see with sore surprise
 The terrors of thy pow'r.

4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
 Tho' mountains melt away;
 Thy judgments are a world unknown,
 A deep unfathom'd sea.

5 Above these heav'ls created rounds,
 Thy mercy, LORD, extends;
 Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
 Where time and nature ends.

6 Saftey to man thy goodness brings,
 Nor overlooks the beast;
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
 Thy children choose to rest.

7 [From thee, when creature-streams run
 And mortal comforts die, (low,
 Perpetual springs of life shall flow
 And raise our pleasures high.

8 Though all created light decay
 And death close up our eyes;
 Thy presence makes eternal day,
 Where clouds can never rise.

PSALM XXXVI. 1—7. Short Metre.

*The Wickedness of Man, and the Majesty of
God : or, Practical Atheism exposed.*

- 1 **W**HEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,
“He hath no faith of God within,
Nor fear before his eyes.”
- 2 He walks awhile conceal'd
In a self-flatt'ring dream,
‘Till his dark crimes at once reveal'd,
Expose his hateful name.
- 3 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair ;
Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.
- 4 He plots upon his bed,
New mischiefs to fulfil :
He sets his heart, his hand, and head,
To practice all that's ill.
- 5 But there's a dreadful God,
Tho' men renounce his fear ;
His justice hid behind the cloud,
Shall one great day appear.
- 6 His truth transcends the sky ;
In heav'n his mercies dwell ;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.
- 7 How excellent his love !
Whence all our safety springs ;
O never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings.

PSALM XXXVII. 1—15. First Part.

*The Cure of Envy, Fretfulness, and Unbelief;
or, The Reward of the Righteous and the
Wicked, and the Saints Patience.*

- 1 **W**HY should I vex my soul and fret
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners waxing great
By violence and lies?
- 2 As flow'ry grass cut down at noon
Before the evening fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon
In everlasting shades.
- 3 Then let me make the LORD my trust,
And practice all that's good;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.
- 4 I to my GOD my ways commit,
And chearful wait his will;
Thy hand which guides my doubtful feet
Shall my desires fulfil.
- 5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.
- 6 The meek, at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heav'n:
True riches with abundant peace
To humble souls are giv'n.

P A U S E

- 7 Rest in the LORD, and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise,
Tho' providence should long delay
To punish haughty vice.

- 8 Let finners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam :
The LORD derides them, for he sees
Their day of veng'ance come.
- 9 They have drawn out the threat'ning
Have bent the murd'rous how (sword,
To slay the men that fear the LORD,
And bring the righteous low.
- 10 My God, shall break their bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts ;
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pain surprise their hearts.

PSALM XXXVII. 16, 21, 26-31. Sd. Part.
*Charity to the Poor ; or, Religion in Words
and Deeds.*

- 1 WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold ?
The meanest portion of the just,
Excels the sinner's gold.
- 2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay :
The faint is merciful and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.
- 3 His alms with lib'ral heart he gives
Amongst the sons of need ;
His mem'ry to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.
- 4 His lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander or defraud ;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.
- 5 The law and gospel of the LORD,
Deep in his heart abide :

Led by the Spirit and the Word,
His feet shall never slide.

- 6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand
Preserv'd from ev'ry snare ;
They shall possess the promis'd land,
And dwell for ever there.

PSALM XXXVII. 23—37. Third Part.
The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

- 1 **M**Y God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will :
Tho' they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The LORD delights to see their ways,
Their virtues he approves :
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.
- 3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs ;
Their portion and their home.
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.
- 4 Wait on the LORD, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown,
Ye shal' confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

P A U S E.

- 5 There haughty sinners have I seen,
Not fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.
- 6 And lo ! he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen,

Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found
Where all that pride had been.

- 7 But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend ;
True pleasure runs thro' all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

P S A L M XXXVIII.

*Guilt of Conscience and Relief; or, Repentance
and Prayer for Pardon and Health.*

- 1 **A** Midst thy wrath, remember love :
Restore thy servant, LORD :
Nor let a father's chast'ning prove
Like an avenger's sword.

- 2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,
My flesh is sorely prest :
Between the sorrow and the smart,
My spirit finds no rest.

- 3 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone :
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.

- 4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
My head still bending down ;
And I go mourning all the day,
Beneath my father's frown.

- 5 LORD, I am weak, and broken sore,
None of my pow'rs are whole ;
The inward anguish makes me roar,
The anguish of my soul.

- 6 All my desire to thee is known,
Thine eye counts ev'ry tear ;
And ev'ry sigh, and ev'ry groan
Is notic'd by thine ear.

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- 7 Thou art my God, my only hope;
My God will hear my cry;
My God will bear my spirit up,
When satan bids me die.
- 8 [My foot is ever apt to slide,
My foes rejoice to see't:
They raise their pleasure and their pride
When they supplant my feet.
- 9 But I'll confess my guilt to thee,
And grieve for all my sin;
I mourn how weak my graces be,
And beg support divine.
- 10 O GOD, forgive my follies past,
And be for ever high;
O LORD of my salvation, haste
Before thy servant die!]

PSALM XXXIX. 1, 2, 3. First Part
*Watchfulness over the Tongue; or, Prudence
and Zeal.*

- 1 **T**HUS I resolv'd before the LORD,
"Now will I watch my tongue,
"Left I let slip one sinful word,
"Or do my neighbour wrong."
- 2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.
- 3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel,
Left scoffers should th' occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.

Yet if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be over-aw'd,
But let the scoffing sinner hear
That I can speak for God.

PSALM XXXIX 4—10. 2d Part.
The Vanity of Man as mortal.

Teach me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

What should I wish or wait for then?
From creatures earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall:
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And give my God my all.

PSALM XXXIX. 5—13. Third Part.

*Sick-bed Devotion; or, Pleading without
repining.*

- 1 **G**OD of my life, look gently down
Behold the pains I feel:
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Diseases are thy servants, LORD;
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word
Against thy chast'ning hand.
- 3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
"Remove thy sharp rebukes:
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Thro' thy repeated strokes."
- 4 Crush'd as the moth beneath thy hand
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand
And all our beauty's lost.
- 5 [This mortal life decays apace,
How soon the bubble's broke!
Adam, and all his num'rous race,
Are vanity and smoke.
- 6 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the summons hear.
- 7 But if my life be spar'd awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.]

P S A L M XL. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17.

First Part. Com. Metre.

Song of Deliverance from great Distress.

I Waited patient for the LORD,

He bow'd to hear my cry :

He saw me resting on his word,

And brought salvation nigh.

He rais'd me from a horrid pit,

Where mourning long I lay :

And from by-bonds releas'd my feet,

Deep bonds of miry clay.

Firm on a rock he made me stand,

And taught my cheerful tongue

To praise the wonders of his hand,

In a new thankful song.

I'll spread his works of grace abroad ;

The saints with joy shall hear,

And sinners learn to make my God

Their only hope and fear.

How many are thy thoughts of love !

Thy mercies, LORD, how great !

We have not words, nor hours enough

Their numbers to repeat.

When I'm afflicted, poor and low,

And light and peace depart :

My God beholds my heavy woe,

And bears me on his heart.

P S A L M XL. 6-9. Secd. Part. C. M.

*The Incarnation and Sacrifice of CHRIST.*THUS saith the LORD, 'your work is vain,
' Give your burnt-off'rings o'er ;

- ‘ In dying goats and bullocks slain,
‘ My soul delights no more.’
- 2 Then spake the Saviour, ‘ Lo, I’m here
‘ My God, to do thy will ;
‘ Whate’er thy sacred books declare,
‘ Thy servant shall fulfil.
- 3 ‘ Thy law is ever in my sight,
‘ I keep it near my heart ;
‘ My ears are open’d with delight
‘ To what thy lips impart.’
- 4 And see, the blest Redeemer comes !
Th’ eternal Son appears !
And at th’ appointed time assumes]
The body God prepares.
- 5 Much he reveal’d his Father’s grace,
And much his truth he shew’d,
And preach’d the way of righteousness
Where great assemblies stood.
- 6 His Father’s honour touch’d his heart,
He pity’d sinners cries,
And to fulfil a Saviour’s part,
Was made a sacrifice.

P A U S E.

- 7 No blood of beasts on altars shed,
Could wash the conscience clean :
But the rich sacrifice he paid,
Atones for all our sin.
- 8 Then was the great salvation spread,
And satan’s kingdom shook ;
Thus by the woman’s promis’d seed,
The serpent’s head was broke.

S A L M XL. 5—10. Long Metre.

CHRIST *our Sacrifice.*

THE wonders, LORD, thy love has wrought,

Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
But thou hast set before our eyes,
An all-sufficient sacrifice.

Lo! thine eternal Son appears:
To thy designs he bows his ears;
Assumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work so hard.

"Behold, I come," the Saviour cries,
(With love and duty in his eyes)

"I come to bear the heavy load
Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

" 'Tis written in thy great decree,

" 'Tis in thy book foretold of me,

" I must fulfil the Saviour's part:

" And lo! thy law is in my heart.

" I'll magnify thy holy law;

" And rebels to obedience draw,

" When on my cross I'm lifted high,

" Or to my crown above the sky:

" The Spirit shall descend and show

" What thou hast done, and what I do:

" The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,

" Thy wisdom and thy righteousness."

P S A L M XLI. 1, 2, 3. L. M.

Charity to the Poor; or, Pity to the Afflicted.

- 1 **B**lest is the man whose bowels move
And melt with pity to the poor,
Whose soul with sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief,
More good than his own hands can do
He in the time of gen'ral grief
Shall find the Lord hath bowels too;
- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drouth and pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.
- 4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n;
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

P S A L M XLII. 1—5. First Part.

Desertion and Hope: or, Complaint of Absence from public Worship.

- 1 **W**ith earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee, I look:
So pants the hunted hart to find,
And taste the cooling brook.
- 2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.
- 3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;

The foe insults without controul,
 "And where's your God at last?"
 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now,
 I think on ancient days:
 Then to thy house did numbers go,
 And all our work was praise.
 But why, my soul, sunk down so far
 Beneath this heavy load?
 Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
 And sin against my God?
 Hope in the LORD, whose mighty hand
 Can all my woes remove;
 For I shall yet before him stand,
 And sing restoring love.

PSALM XLII. 6-11. Sd. Part. L. M.

*Melancholy Thoughts removed; or, Hope
 in Affliction.*

MY spirit sinks within me, LORD,
 But I will call thy name to mind,
 And times of past distress record,
 When I have found my God was kind.
 Huge troubles with tumultuous noise,
 Swell like a sea, and round me spread:
 Thy water spouts drown all my joys,
 And rising waves roll o'er my head.
 Yet will the LORD command his love,
 When I address his throne by day;
 Nor in the night his grace remove,
 The night shall hear me sing and pray.
 I'll cast myself before his feet,
 And say, 'My God, my heav'nly rock;
 'Why doth thy love so long forget
 'The soul that groines beneath thy stroke?'

- 5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low,
 Why should my soul indulge her grief?
 Hope in the LORD, and praise him too,
 He is my rest, my sure relief.
- 6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still
 Thy words shall my best thoughts employ
 And lead me to thy heav'nly hill,
 My God, my most exceeding joy!

PSALM XLIV. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15—25. C.M.

The Church's Complaint in Persecution.

- 1 **L**ORD, we have heard thy works of old
 Thy works of pow'r and grace,
 When to our ears our fathers told
 The wonders of their days.
- 2 How thou didst build thy churches here
 And make thy gospel known;
 Amongst them did thine arm appear
 Thy light and glory shone.
- 3 In God they boasted all the day;
 And in a cheerful throng
 Did thousands meet to pray and praise
 And grace was all their song.
- 4 But now our souls are seiz'd with shame
 Confusion fills our face
 To hear the enemy blaspheme,
 And fools reproach thy grace.
- 5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
 Nor falsely dealt with heav'n;
 Nor have our steps declin'd the road
 Of duty thou hast giv'n,
- 6 Tho' dragons all around us roar
 With their destructive breath,

And thine own hand has bruis'd us sore
Hard by the gates of death.

P A U S E.

- 6 We are expos'd all day to die
As martyrs for thy cause,
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie,
By sharp and bloody laws.
7 Awake, arise, Almighty LORD!
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we look like men abhor'd,
Or banish'd from thy face?
9 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries?
For ever hide thy heav'nly love
From our afflicted eyes?
10 Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the ground;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their pow'r confound.
11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

PSALM XLV. First Part. Short Metre.

*The Glory of CHRIST: the Success of the
Gospel; and the Gentile Church.*

MY Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine!
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And ev'ry grace is thine.

Now make thy glory known;
Gird on thy dreadful sword;

- And ride in majesty to spread
The conquests of thy word.
- 3 Strike thro' thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t' obey;
While justice, meekness, grace and truth
Attend thy glorious way.
- 4 Thy laws, O God, are right;
Thy throne shall ever stand:
And thy victorious gospel proves
A sceptre in thy hand.
- 5 [Thy Father and thy God
Hath without measure shed
His Spirit like a joyful oil,
T' anoint thy sacred head.]
- 6 [Behold at thy right hand
The gentile church is seen,
Like a fair bride in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.]
- 7 Fair bride, receive his love:
Forget thy father's house;
For sake thy gods, thy idol-gods,
And pay the LORD thy vows.
- 8 O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
Thy children shall his honours sing
In palaces of joy.

PSALM XLV. First Pt. Common Metre
The Personal Glories and Government

C H R I S T.

- 1 I'LL speak the honours of my King
His form divinely fair:
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the LORD compare.

Sweet is thy speech, and heav'nly grace
Upon thy lips is shed :

Thy God with blessings infinite

Hath crown'd thy sacred head.

Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince

Ride with majestic sway :

Thy terror shall strike thro' thy foes,

And make the world obey.

Thy throne, O God, for ever stands :

Thy word of grace shall prove

A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,

To rule thy saints by love,

Justice and truth attends thee still,

But mercy is thy choice ;

And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill

With most peculiar joys.

PSALM XLV. First Part. Long Metre.

The Glory of CHRIST, and Power of his Gospel.

NOW be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Saviour king,

JESUS the LORD, how heav'nly fair

His form ! how bright his beauties are.

O'er all the sons of human race

He shines with a superior grace ;

Love from his lips divinely flows,

And blessings all his state compose

Dress thee in arms, most mighty LORD !

Gird on the terror of thy sword !

In majesty and glory ride,

With tuth and meekness at thy side.

Thine anger, like a pointed dart,

Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart ;

Or words of mercy, kind and sweet;
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Grace is a sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are thy delight."

6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head,
And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

PSALM XLV. Second Part. Long Metre.
*CHRIST and his Church; or, the Mystical
Marriage.*

1 **T**HE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold:
The world admires her heav'nly dress;
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own;
He calls and seats her near his throne;
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the fav'rite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies;
And all thy sons, a num'rous train,
Each like a prince in glory reign.

- 6 Let endless honours crown his head ;
 Let ev'ry age his praises spread :
 While we, with chearful songs approve
 The condescensions of his love.

PSALM XLVI. First Part. Long Metre.

*The Church's Safety and Triumph among
 National Desolations.*

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,
 When storms of sharp distress invade
 Ere we can offer our complaints,
 Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
 Down to the deep; and buried there :
 Convulsions shake the solid world,
 Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
 In sacred peace our souls abide :
 While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore,
 Trembles and dreads the swelling tide
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God :
 Life, love and joy, still gliding thro',
 And wat'ring our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
 That all our raging fear controuls :
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls
- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
 Secure against a threat'ning hour :
 Nor can her firm foundations move,
 Built on his truth and arm'd with power

PSALM XLVI. Second Part.

God fights for his Church.

- 1 **L**ET Sion in her King rejoice,
Tho' tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise;
He utters his Almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.
- 2 The LORD of old for Jacob fought !
And Jacob's God is still our aid;
Behold the works his hands has wrought !
What desolation he has made !
- 3 From sea to sea, thro' all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease :
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.
- 4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear ;
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame ;
Keep silence all the earth, and hear
The sound and glory of his name.
- 5 " Be still, and learn that I am God ;
" I'll be exalted o'er the lands ;
" I will be known and fear'd abroad,
" But still my throne in Zion stands."
- 6 O LORD of hosts, almighty King !
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our Faith shall sit secure and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

P S A L M XLVII. Common Metre

CHRIST Ascending and Reigning.

- 1 **O** For a shout of sacred joy
To God the sov'reign King !
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

- 2 JESUS, our GOD, ascends on high!
 His heav'nly guards around,
 Attend him rising thro' the sky
 With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
 Let mortals learn their strains:
 Let all the earth his honour sing;
 O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound;
 Let knowledge lead the song;
 Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
 Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In Isr'el stood his ancient throne;
 He lov'd that chosen race,
 But now he calls the world his own,
 And heathens taste his grace.
- 6 The British islands are the LORD'S,
 There Abraham's GOD is known,
 While pow'rs and princes, shields and
 Submit before his throne. (swords,

PSALM XLVIII. 1—8, First Part. S.M.

*The Church is the honour and safety of a
 Nation.*

- G**REAT is the LORD our GOD,
 And let his praise be great;
 He makes his churches his abode,
 His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of his grace,
 How beautiful they stand;
 The honours of our native place,
 And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Sion GOD is known,
 A refuge in distress,

How bright hath his salvation shone
Thro' all her palaces!

4 When kings against her join'd
And saw the LORD was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear.

5 When navies tall and proud
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempest roaring loud
And sinks them in the seas.

6 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

7 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wond'rous gr
And seek deliverance there.

PSALM XLVIII. 10—14. Second

*The Beauty of the Church : or, Gospel
Ship and Order.*

1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy pra
Thy saints, O LORD, before thy thr
Their songs of honour raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Sion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,

Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well.

4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The chearful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise !
How glorious to behold !
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die ;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

PSALM XLIX. 6—14. First Part. C. M.
*Pride and Death : or, The Vanity of Life
and Riches.*

1 **W**HY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride
To see his wealth and honours flow
With ev'ry rising tide ?

2 [Why doth he treat the poor with scorn
Made of the self-same clay,
And boast as tho' his flesh was born
Of better dust than they ?

3 Not all his pleasure can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

4 [Life is a blessing can't be sold,
The ransom is too high ;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,
That man may never die.]

- 5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
The tim'rous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.
- 6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
" My house shall ever stand :
" And that my name may long abide,
" I'll give it to my land."
- 7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost;
How soon his mem'ry dies !
His name is written in the dust
Where his own carcase lies.

P A U S E.

- 8 This is the folly of their way ;
And yet their sons, as vain,
Approve the words their fathers say,
And act their works again.
- 9 Men void of wisdom and of grace
If honour raise them high,
Live like the beasts a thoughtless race,
And like the beasts they die.
- 10 [Laid in the grave like silly sheep,
Death feeds upon them there,
Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep
In terror and despair.]

PSALM XLIX. 14, 15. Second Part.
Common Metre.

Death and the Resurrection.

- 1 Y E sons of pride, that hate the just,
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust
Your pomp shall rise no more.

The last great day shall change the scene;
 When will that hour appear?
 When shall the just revive and reign
 O'er all that scorn'd them here?

Gop will my naked soul receive,
 When sep'rate from the flesh,
 And break the prison of the grave,
 To raise my bones afresh.

Heav'n is my everlasting home:
 Th' inheritance is sure;
 Let men of pride their rage resume,
 But I'll repine no more.

P S A L M XLIX. Long Metre.

The Rich Sinner's Death, and the Saint's Resurrection.

- 1 **W**HY do the proud insult the poor,
 And boast the large estates they
 How vain are riches to secure (have?
 Their haughty owners from the grave!
- 2 They can't redeem one hour from death
 With all the wealth in which they trust,
 Nor give a dying brother breath,
 When God commands him down to dust.
- 3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
 Shall clasp their naked bodies round;
 That flesh so delicately fed,
 Lies cold and moulders in the ground.
- 4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
 Laid in the grave for worms to eat;
 The saints shall in the morning rise,
 And find th' oppressor at their feet.
- 5 His honours perish in the dust,
 And pomp and beauty, birth and blood,

That glorious day exalts the just,
To full dominion o'er the proud.

- 6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode:
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell for ever near my God.

PSALM L. 1—6. First Part.

Common Metre.

The last Judgment: or, The Saints rewarded.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge, before his throne,
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
“ Judgment will ne’er begin; ”
No more abuse his long delay,
To impudence and sin.
- 3 Thron’d on a cloud, our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.
- 4 Heav’n from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come;
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.
- 5 “ But gather all my saints,” he cries,
“ That made their peace with God,
“ By the Redeemer’s sacrifice,
“ And seal’d it with his blood.
- 6 “ Their faith and works brought forth to
“ Shall make the world confess (light
“ My sentence of reward is right,
“ And heav’n adore my grace.”

PSALM L. ver. 8, 10, 11. 14, 15, 23.

Second Part. Common Metre.

Obedience is better than Sacrifice.

- [fields
 1 **T**HUS saith the LORD, "The spacious
 " And flocks and herds are mine:
 " O'er all the cattle of the hills,
 " I claim a right divine.
- 2 " I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
 " Nor bullocks burnt with fire:
 " To hope and love, to pray and praise,
 Is all that I require.
- 3 " Call upon me when trouble's near,
 " My hand shall set thee free:
 " Then shall thy thankful lips declare
 " The honour due to me.
- 4 " The man that offers humble praise,
 " He glorifies me best:
 " And those that tread my holy ways
 " Shall my salvation taste."

P S A L M L. ver. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22

Third Part. Common Metre.

The Judgment of Hypocrites.

- W**HEN CHRIST to judgment shall descend
 And saints surround their LORD,
 He calls the nations to attend,
 And hear his awful word.
- 2 " Not for the want of bullocks slain
 " Will I the world reprove:
 " Altars and rites, and forms are vain,
 " Without the fire of love.

- 3 " And what have hypocrites to do
 " To bring their sacrifice?
 " They call my statutes just and true,
 " But deal in theft and lies.
- 4 " Could you expect to 'scape my sight
 " And sin without controul?
 " But I shall bring your crimes to light
 " With anguish in your soul."
- 5 Consider ye, that slight the LORD,
 Before his wrath appear;
 If once you fall beneath his sword,
 There's no deliv'rer there.

PSALM L. Long Metre.

Hypocrisy exposed.

- 1 **T**he Lord the Judge his churches warns,
 Let hypocrites attend and ear,
 Who place their hopes in rites and form
 But make not faith nor love their care.
- 2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name,
 With lips of falsehood and deceit!
 A friend or brother they defame,
 And sooth and flatter those they hate.
- 3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong
 Yet dare to seek their neighbour's face
 They take his cov'nant on their tongue,
 But break his laws, abuse his grace.
- 4 To heav'n they lift their hands unclean
 Desi'd with lust, desi'd with blood:
 By night they practise every sin,
 By day their mouths draw near to God.
- 5 And while his judgments long delay,
 They grow secure and sin the more;

They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

O dreadful hour! when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes:
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliv'rer dare to rise.

P S A L M L. To a new Tune.

The last Judgment.

THE LORD, the Sov'reign, sends his sum-
mons forth,

Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sounding orders spread,
Thro' distant worlds, and regions of the dead.
No more shall atheists mock his long delay:
His vengeance sleeps no more; Behold the day

Behold! the Judge descends: his guards are nigh;
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky.
Heav'n, earth and hell, draw near; let all things
come

To hear his justice, and the sinner's doom:
"But gather first my saints," (the Judge com-
mands)

"Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands,

Behold my cov'nant stands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the Jew
That paid the ancient worship or the new:
There's no distinction here; come, spread their
thrones,

And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons.

I, their Almighty SAVIOUR and their God,
I am their Judge: Ye heav'ns, proclaim abroad
My just eternal sentence, and declare
Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear,
Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire:
I doom thee, painted hypocrite, to fire,

- 5 Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain,
Do I condemn thee : bulls and goats are vain
Without the flames of love ; in vain the store
Of brutal off' rings that were mine before :
Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
Flocks, herds and fields and forests where they feed
- 6 If I were hungry, would I ask thee food ?
When did I thirst or drink thy bullock's blood ?
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows ?
Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold.
- 7 Unthinking wretch : how could'st thou hope
 please
A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these,
While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue
Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and adult'ers are thy chosen friends.
- 8 Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love,
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove ?
And cherish such an impious thought within,
That God the righteous would indulge thy sin
Behold my terrors now ! my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul."
- 9 Sinners, awake betimes ; ye fools, be wise :
Awake before this dreadful morning rise,
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked ways
 amend,
Fly to the SAVIOUR, make the Judge your friend
Lest like a lion his last veng'ance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliverer near.

P S A L M L. To the old proper Tune.

The last Judgment.

THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
 Calls the south nations and awakes the north;
 From east to west his sov'reign orders spread,
 Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead.
 The Trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices,
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
 His veng'ance sleeps no more: Behold the day!
 Behold the Judge descends, his guards are nigh;
 Tempests and fire attend him down the sky.
 When God appears, all nature shall adore him:
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

"Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near: Let all
 things come,

"To hear my justice and the sinner's doom:

"But gather first my saints: (the Judge commands)

"Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands."

When CHRIST returns wake ev'ry cheerful passion;
 And shout, ye saints! he comes for your salvation.

"Behold! my cov'nant stands for ever good,

"Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood, (Jew,

"And sign'd with all their names, the Greek, the

"That paid the ancient worship or the new."

There's no distinction here, join all your voices,
 And raise your heads, ye saints, for heav'n rejoices.

"Here (saith the Lord) ye angels, spread your
 thrones,

"And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons,

"Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd
 "Ere time began; 'tis your divine reward."
 When CHRIST returns, wake ev'ry cheerful passion
 And thou, ye saints, he comes for your salvation,

PAUSE the First.

- 6 "I am the SAVIOUR, I th' Almighty God,
 "I am the Judge. Ye Heaven's proclaim abroad
 "My just eternal sentence, and declare
 "Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear."
 When GOD appears, all nature shall adore him;
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.
- 7 "Stand forth thou bold blasphemer, and profane,
 Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat'nings vain
 "Thou hypocrite, once dress'd in saint's attire,
 "I doom thee, painted hypocrite, to fire."
 Judgment proceeds; Hell trembles; Heaven rejoices
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.
- 8 "Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
 "Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
 "Without the flames of love. In vain the store
 "Of brutal offerings that were mine before."
 Earth is the LORD's, all nature shall adore him,
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.
- 9 "If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
 "When did I thirst or drink thy bullocks blood?
 "Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
 "Flocks, herds and fields, and forests where they
 feed."
 All is the LORD's, he rules the wide creation;
 Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation,

" Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows;
 " Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows?
 " Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
 " Glaring in gems, and gay in woyen gold?
 God is the Judge of hearts, no fair disguises
 Can screen the guilty when his veng'ance rises.

PAUSE the Second.

1 " Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to
 please
 " A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these?
 " While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
 " Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong?"
 Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.
 2 " In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends;
 " Thieves and adult'ers are thy chosen friends;
 " While the false flatt'rer at my altar waits,
 " His harden'd soul divine instruction hates."
 God is the Judge of hearts, no fair disguises
 Can screen the guilty when his veng'ance rises.

13 " Silent I waited with long-suffering love;
 " But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove;
 " And cherish such an impious thought within,
 " That the All-holy would indulge thy sin?"
 See God appears, all nations join t' adore him,
 Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

14 " Behold my terrors now! my thunders roll,
 " And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul:
 " Now like a lion shall my veng'ance tear
 " Thy bleeding heart, and so deliv'rer near."

Judgment concludes, hell trembles; hear
rejoices; (voices)

Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheer

E P I P H O N E M A.

‘ Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wi

‘ Awake before this dreadful morning ri

‘ Change your vain thoughts, your crook
works amend, (friend

Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge yo

Then join the saints, wake ev’ry cheer
passion, (salvation

When CHRIST returns, he comes for yo

PSALM LI. First Part. ~ Long Met

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

1 **S**HEW pity, LORD! O LORD, forgive
Let a repenting sinner live:

Are not thy mercies large and free?

May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don’t surpa
The pow’r and glory of thy grace:
Great God! thy nature hath no bound
So let thy pard’ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clea
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
LORD, should thy judgments grow seve
I am condemn’d, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden veng’ance seize my brea
I must pronounce thee just in death;

And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

Yet save a trembling sinner, LORD,
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

P S A L M LL. Sd. Part. Long Metre.

Original and actual Sin confessed.

LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin;
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

[Great God! create my soul anew.
And form my spirit pure and true:
O make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.

Behold, I fall before thy face,
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

Jesus, my God! thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow:
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

- 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace
Nor flesh, nor soul, hath rest or ease
LORD, let me hear thy pard'ning voice
And make my broken bones rejoice.

PSALM LI. Third Part. Long Metre

*The Backslider restored; or, Repentance and
Faith in the Blood of CHRIST.*

- 1 **O** Thou that hear'st when sinners cry
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light:
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
'Thine holy joys my God restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.
- 4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, LORD
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just
Look down, O LORD! with pitying eye
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

Then will I teach the world thy ways:
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace:
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

O may thy love inspire my tongue
Salvation shall be all my song!
And all my powers shall join to bless
The LORD my strength and righteousness.

PSALM LI. 3—13. First Part, Com. Met.

Original and actual Sin confessed and pardoned.

LORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes;
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!

Shouldst thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.

I from the stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.

Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;
And as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juster prey for death;

Cleanse me, O LORD, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love;
O make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.

Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;

Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

7 Then wilt I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

PSALM LI. 14—17. Sd. Part. Com. M

Repentance and Faith in the Blood of CHR

14 O God of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifers slain
For sin, could e'er atone;
The death of CHRIST shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise:
A humble groan, a broken heart
Is our best sacrifice.

PSALM LIII. 4—6. Common Met

Victory and Deliverance from Persecu

1 ARE all the foes of Sion fools,
Who thus devour her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise
For God's revenging arm

PSALM LV.

Scatters the bones of them that rise
To do his children harm.
In vain the sons of satan boast
Of armies in array;
When God hath first despis'd their host,
They fall an easy prey.
O for a word from Sion's King,
Her captives to restore!
Jacob, with all the tribes, shall sing,
And Judah weep no more.

PSALM LV. 1, 8, 16, 18, 22. Com. Met.

Support for the afflicted and tempted Soul.

O God, my refuge! hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears;
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.
Their rage is levell'd at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.
With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
I groan with ev'ry breath:
Horror and fear beset me round,
Amongst the shades of death.
O were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings,
I'd fly and make a long remove
From all these restless things.
Let me to some wild desert go
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all
To 'scape the rage of hell !
The mighty God on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.

PAUSE.

7 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry;
The night shall hear me ask his grace
Nor will he long deny.

8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear,
If he commands their aid.

9 I cast my burdens on the LORD,
The LORD sustains them all;
My courage rests upon his word,
That saints shall never fall.

10 My highest hopes shall not be vain,
My lips shall spread his praise :
While cruel and deceitful men
Scarce live out half their days.

PSALM LV. 15—17, 19, 22. Short M
*Dangerous Prosperity ; or, Daily Devotion
encouraged.*

1 **L**ET sinners take their course
And choose the road to death
But in the worship of my God,
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light,
I seek his blessing ev'ry noon,
And pay my vows at night.

Thou wilt regard my cries,
 O my eternal God !
 While sinners perish in surprise
 Beneath thine angry rod.
 Because they dwell at ease,
 And no sad changes feel,
 They neither fear nor trust thy name,
 Nor learn to do thy will.
 But I with all my cares,
 Will lean upon the LORD :
 I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
 And rest upon his word.
 His arm shall well sustain
 The children of his love,
 The ground on which their safety stands
 No earthly pow'r can move.

S A L M LVI. Common Metre.

*Deliverance from Oppression and Falsehood,
 GOD'S Care of his People, in answer to
 their Faith and Prayer.*

O Thou whose justice reigns on high,
 And makes th' oppressor cease,
 Behold how envious sinners try
 To vex and break my peace.
 The sons of violence and lies,
 Join to devour me, LORD :
 But as my hourly dangers rise,
 My refuge is thy word.
 O God, most holy, just and true,
 I have repos'd my trust :
 Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
 The offspring of the dust.

- 4 They wroſt my words to miſchief ſtill,
 Charge me with unknown faults;
 Miſchief doth all their counſels fill,
 And malice all their thoughts.
- 5 Shall they eſcape without thy frown?
 Muſt their devices ſtand?
 O caſt the haughty ſinner down,
 And let him know thy hand.

P A U S E.

- 6 God counts the ſorrows of his ſaints,
 Their groans affect his ears;
 Thou haſt a book for my complaints,
 A bottle for my tears.
- 7 When to thy throne I raiſe my cry,
 The wicked fear and flee,
 So ſwift is prayer to reach the ſky,
 So near is God to me.
- 8 In thee, moſt holy, juſt, and true,
 I have repos'd my truſt:
 Nor will I fear what man can do,
 The offspring of the duſt.
- 9 Thy ſolemn vows are on me, LORD,
 Thou ſhalt receive my praiſe:
 I'll ſing, "How faithful is thy word,
 "How righteous all thy ways!"
- 10 Thou haſt ſecur'd my ſoul from death,
 O ſet thy priſ'ner free;
 That heart and hand, and life and breath
 May be employ'd for thee.

PSALM LVII. Long Metre.

Prayer for Protection, Grace, and Truth.

MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace un-
known,

Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is over-blown.

Up to the heav'ns I send my cry,
The LORD will my desires perform :

He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

Be thou exalted, O my God!

Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;

Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,

And land to land thy wonders tell.

My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name :

Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,

My tongue, the glory of my frame.

High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,

And reaches to the utmost sky,

His truth to endless years remain;

When lower worlds dissolve and die.

Be thou exalted, O my God!

Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;

Thy power on earth be known abroad,

And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM LVIII. As the 113th Psalm.

Warning to Magistrates.

JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,

Will ye despise the righteous cause

When th' injur'd poor before you stands ?

Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
 And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
 While gold and greatness bribeyour hands

- 2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,
 That God will judge the judges too?
 High in the heav'ns his justice reigns,
 Yet you invade the rights of God,
 And send your bold decrees abroad,
 To bind the conscience in your chains.

- 3 A poison'd arrow is your tongue,
 The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
 And death attends where'er it wounds;
 You hear no counsels, cries, or tears,
 So the deaf adder stops her ears
 Against the pow'rs of charming sounds.

- 4 Break out their teeth, eternal God!
 Those teeth of lions dy'd in blood;
 And crush the serpents in the dust:
 As empty chaff when whirlwinds rise,
 Before the sweeping tempest flies,
 So let their hopes and names be lost.

- 5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky,
 Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
 As hills of snow dissolve and run;
 Or snails that perish in their slime,
 Or births that come before their time,
 Vain births that never see the sun.

- 6 Thus shall the veng'ance of the Lord,
 Safety and joy to saints afford:

And all that hear shall join and say,
 "Sure there's a God that rules on high,
 "A God that hears his children cry,
 "And will their suff'rings well repay."

PSALM LXI.

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PSALM LX. 1—5, 10—12. Com. Metre.

*On a Day of Humiliation for Disappointment
in War.*

LORD, hast thou cast the nation off?

Must we for ever mourn?

Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?

Shall mercy ne'er return?

The terror of one frown of thine,

Melts all our strength away;

Like men that totter drunk with wine,

We tremble in dismay.

Great Britain shakes beneath thy stroke,

And dreads thy threat'ning hand,

O heal the island thou hast broke,

Confirm the wav'ring land.

Lift up a banner in the field,

For those that fear thy name;

Save thy beloved with thy shield,

And put our foes to shame.

Go with our armies to the fight,

Like a confed'rate God;

In vain confed'rate pow'rs unite

Against thy lifted rod.

Our troops shall gain a wide renown

By thine assisting hand:

'Tis God that treads the mighty down,

And makes the feeble stand.

PSALM LXI. 1—6. Short Metre.

Safety in God.

WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,

My heart within me dies,

Helpless and far from all relief,

To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

- 2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings,
My shelter and my shade!
- 3 Within thy presence, LORD,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name:
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM LXII. 5—12. Long Metre.
No Trust in the Creatures: or, Faith in Divine Grace and Power.

- 1 **M**Y spirit looks to GOD alone:
My rock and refuge is his throne
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.
- 2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
GOD is our all-sufficient aid.
- 3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust:
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke
And not believe what GOD hath spoke?
- 5 Once hath his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,

"All pow'r is his eternal due,
 "He must be fear'd and trusted too."

For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,
 Grace is a part'ner of the throne:
 Thy grace and justice, mighty LORD,
 Shall well divide our last reward.

PSALM LXIII. 1, 2, 5, 3, 4. First Part.

Common Metre,

The Morning of a LORD's Day.

EARLY, my GOD, without delay,

I haste to seek thy face,

My thirsty spirit faints away

Without thy cheering grace.

So pilgrims on the scorching sand,

Beneath a burning sky,

Long for a cooling stream at hand,

And they must drink or die.

I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r,

Thro' all thy temple shine;

My GOD, repeat that heav'nly hour,

That vision so divine!

Not all the blessings of a feast,

Can please my soul so well

As when thy richer grace I taste

And in thy presence dwell.

Not life itself with all its joys,

Can my best passions move,

Or raise so high my cheerful voice,

As thy forgiving love.

Thus till the last expiring day,

I'll bless my GOD and King;

Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

PSALM LXIII. 6—10. Second Part.
Common Metre.

Midnight Thoughts recollected.

1 **T**WAS in the watches of the night,
I thought upon thy pow'r;
I kept thy lovely face in sight,
Amidst the darkest hour.

2 My flesh lay resting on my bed:
My soul arose on high;
"My God, my life, my hope," I said,
"Bring thy salvation nigh."

3 My spirit labours up thine hill,
And climbs the heav'nly road:
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.

5 But the destroyers of my peace,
Shall fret and rage in vain:
The tempter shall for ever cease,
And all my sins be slain.

6 Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or to the deeps of hell.

PSALM LXIII. Long Metre.

*Longing after God; or, The Love of God
better than Life.*

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest,
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God!

And I am thine by sacred ties:

Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood,

With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,

For thee I long, to thee I look,

As travellers in this sty lands

Pant for the cooling water-brook.

With early feet I love to appear

Among thy saints and seek thy face.

Oft have I seen thy glory there,

And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.

Not fruits, nor wines that tempt our taste;

Nor all the joys our senses know,

Could make me so divinely blest,

Or raise my cheerful passions so.

My life itself, without thy love,

No taste of pleasure could afford;

'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,

If I were banish'd from the LORD.

Amidst the wakeful hours of night,

When busy cares afflict my head,

One thought of thee gives new delight,

And adds refreshment to my bed.

- 3 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

PSALM LXIII. Short Metre.

Seeking God.

- 1 **M**Y GOD, permit my tongue
This joy to call thee mine;
And let my earthly cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

- 2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore:
Not travellers, in desert lands,
Can pant for water more.

- 3 Within thy churches, LORD,
I long to find a place
Thy pow'r and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.

- 4 For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the LORD.

- 5 To thee I lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live:
Not the rich dainties of a feast,
Such food or pleasure give.

- 6 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

- 7 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,

And on thy watchful Providence,
My cheerful hope relies.

- 8 The shadow of thy wings,
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

PSALM LXV. 1—5. First Part Long Met.

Public Prayer and Praise.

- 1 **T**HE praise of Sion waits for thee,
My God; and praise becomes thy
house;

There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

- 2 O thou whose mercy bends the skies,
To save, when humble sinners pray;
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And Islands of the northern sea.

- 3 Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away their stain:
The blood of CHRIST will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

- 4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee;
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

P A U S E.

- 5 Let Babel fear when Sion prays,
Babel, prepare for long distress,
When Sion's GOD himself arrays
In terror and in righteousness.

- 6 With dreadful glory, GOD fulfils
What his afflicted saints request;

And with Almighty wrath reveals
His love, to give his churches rest.

- 7 Then shall the flocking nations run
To Sion's hill, and own their LORD;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name ador'd.

PSALM LXV. 5—13. Second Part.
Long Metre.

*Divine Providence in Air, Earth and Sea; or
The GOD of Nature and Grace.*

- 1 **T**HE GOD of our salvation hears
The groans of Sion mixt with tears
Yet when he comes with kind designs,
Thro' all the way his terror shines.
- 2 On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known
By Nature's feeble light alone.
- 3 Sailors that travel o'er the flood,
Address their frightened souls to GOD;
When tempests rage, and billows roar,
At dreadful distance from the shore.
- 4 He bids the noisy tempests cease;
He calms the raging crowd to peace,
When a tumultuous nation raves,
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.
- 5 Whole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,
He settles in a peaceful form,
Mountains establish'd by his hand,
Firm on their old foundations stand.
- 6 Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly,

The heathen lands, with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

P A U S E.

At his command, the morning ray,
Smiles in the east, and leads the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels,
Over the tops of western hills.

Seasons and times obey his voice;
The ev'ning and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with show'rs,
Laden with fruit, and drest in flow'rs.
'Tis from his wat'ry stores on high,
He gives the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.

The desert grows a fruitful field;
Abundant food the vallies yield;
The vallies shout with chearful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

The pastures smile in green array;
There lambs and larger cattle play;
The larger cattle and the lamb,
Each in his language speaks thy name.

Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine;
O'er ev'ry field thy glories shine;
Thro' ev'ry month thy gifts appear;
Great GOD! thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM LXV. First Part. Common Metre
Prayer-bearing GOD, and the Gentiles called.

PRAISE waits in Sion, LORD, for thee,
There shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

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- 2 LORD, our iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning grace is thine;
And thou wilt grant us pow'r and skill
To conquer ev'ry sin.
- 3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face;
Give them a dwelling in thine house,
To feast upon thy grace.
- 4 In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.
- 5 Thus shall the wond'ring nations see
The LORD is good and just:
And distant Islands fly to thee,
And make thy Name their trust.
- 6 They dread thy glittering tokens, LORD,
When signs in heaven appear;
But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

PSALM LXV. Second Part. Com. Metre.

*The Providence of God in Air, Earth, and
Sea; or, The Blessing of Rain.*

- 1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand
God of eternal pow'r!
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and ev'ning shade,
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

Seasons, and times, and moons, and hours,

Heav'n, earth, and air, are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,

The author is divine.

Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,

Borne by the winds around,

With wat'ry treasures well supply

The furrows of the ground.

The thirsty ridges drink their fill,

And ranks of corn appear:

Thy ways abound with blessings still,

Thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM LXV. Third Part. Com. Metre.

The Blessings of the Spring: or, God gives Rain.

A Psalm for the Husband man.

GOOD is the LORD, the heav'nly King,

Who makes the earth his care:

Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,

And bids the grass appear.

The clouds like rivers rais'd on high,

Pour out at thy command

Their wat'ry treasures from the sky,

To cheer the thirsty land.

The soften'd ridges of the field,

Permit the corn to spring:

The vallies rich provisions yield,

And the poor lab'ers sing.

The little hills on ev'ry side,

Rejoice at falling show'rs:

The meadows, drest in all their pride,

Perfume the air with flow'rs.

- 5 The barren clods refresh'd with rain,
 Promise a joyful crop :
 The parched grounds look green again,
 And raise the reaper's hope.
- 6 The various months thy goodness crowns ;
 How bounteous are thy ways !
 The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
 And shepherds shout thy praise.

PSALM LXVI. First Part. Com. Metre.

*Governing Power, and Goodness : or, Our
 Graces tried by Afflictions.*

- 1 SING, all ye nations, to the LORD,
 Sing with a joyful noise :
 With melody of sound record
 His honours and your joys.

- 2 Say to the pow'r that shakes the sky,
 " How terrible art thou !
 " Sinners before thy presence fly,
 " Or at thy feet they bow."

- 3 [Come, see the wonders of our God,
 How glorious are his ways ;
 In Moses' hand he puts his rod,
 And cleaves the frightened seas.

- 4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
 While Isr'el pass'd the flood :
 There did the church begin their joy,
 And triumph in their God.]

- 5 He rules by his resistless might :
 Will rebel mortals dare
 Provoke th' eternal to the fight,
 And tempt that dreadful war?

- 6 O bless our God, and never cease ;
 Ye saints, fulfil his praise ;
 He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
 And guides our doubtful ways.
- 7 LORD, thou hast prov'd our suffering souls
 To make our graces shine :
 So silver bears the burning coals,
 The metal to refine.

- 8 Thro' wat'ry deeps and fiery ways,
 We march at thy command :
 Led to possess the promis'd place
 By thine unerring hand.

PSALM LXVI. 13—20 Second Part.

Praise to God for bearing Prayer.

- 1 **N**OW shall my solemn vows be paid
 To that Almighty pow'r,
 That heard the long requests I made
 In my distressful hour.
- 2 My lips and chearful heart prepare
 To make his mercies known :
 Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
 The wonders he hath done.
- 3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
 I sought his heav'nly aid :
 He sav'd my sinking soul from hell
 And death's eternal shade.
- 4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
 While pray'r employ'd my tongue,
 The LORD had shewn me no regard,
 Nor I his praises sung.
- 5 But God (his name be ever blest!)
 Hath set my spirit free,

Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

PSALM LXVII. Common Metre.

*The Nation's Prosperity and the Church's
Increase.*

1 **S**HINE, mighty GOD! on Britain's shore,
With beams of heav'nly grace;
Reveal thy pow'r thro' all our coasts,
And shew thy smiling face.

2 [Amidst our Isle exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand;
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround thy fav'rite land.]

3 When shall thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

4 Sing to the LORD, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
While British tongues exalt his praise,
And British hearts rejoice.

5 He, the great LORD, the sov'reign Judge
That sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the world he made,
In justice and in love.

6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen Isle,
With fruitfulness and peace.

7 God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here:
While the creation's utmost bound,
Shall see, adore, and fear.

PSALM LXVIII. First Part.

Long Metre. Verse 1—6, 32—35.

The Vengeance and Compassion of God.

LET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight;
As smoke, that sought to cloud the skies,
Before the rising tempest flies.

[He comes array'd in burning flames;
Justice and Veng'ance are his names:
Behold, his fainting foes expire,
Like melting wax before the fire.]

He rides and thunders thro' the sky:
His Name Jehovah sounds on high;
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace:
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

The widow and the fatherless,
Fly to his aid in sharp distress:
In him the poor and helpless find
A Judge that's just, a Father kind.

He breaks the captives heavy chain,
And pris'ners see the light again;
But rebels that dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

P A U S E.

Kingdoms and thrones to God belong:
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wond'rous names and pow'rs rehearse;
His honours shall enrich your verse.

He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms:
How terrible is God in arms!
In Isr'el are his mercies known,
Isr'el is his peculiar throne.

- 3 Proclaim him King, pronounce him ble
He's your defence, your joy, your rest,
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

PSALM LXVIII. ver. 17. 18. Second Part
CHRIST'S Ascension and the Gift of the Spirit

- 1 **L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait
Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the LORD was there
While he pronounc'd the dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
That thousand souls had captives made
Were all in chains like captives led.
- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd Spirit down
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM LXVIII. 3d. Part. 19, 9, 20, 21

*Praise for temporal Blessings; or, Communion
and special Mercies.*

- 1 **W**E bless the LORD, the just, the good
Who fill our hearts with joy and love
Who pours his blessings from the skies
And loads our days with rich supplies
- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground

He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
 Refresh the thirsty earth again.
 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
 And all our near escapes from death:
 Safety and health to God belong;
 He heals the weak and guards the strong.
 He makes the faint and sinner prove
 The common blessings of his love:
 But the wide difference that remains
 Is endless joy, or endless pains.

The LORD that bruis'd the serpent's head
 On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
 The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
 And smite him with a lasting wound.
 But his right hand his saints shall raise
 From the deep earth or deeper seas
 And bring them to his courts above,
 There shall they taste his special love.

P S A L M LXIX. 1—14. First Part.

Common Metre.

The Sufferings of CHRIST for our Salvation.

" Save me, O God; the swelling floods

" Break in upon my soul:

" I sink, and sorrows o'er my head

" Like mighty waters roll.

" I cry till all my voice be gone:

" In tears I waste the day:

" My God, behold my longing eyes,

" And shorten thy delay.

" They hate my soul without a cause,

" And still their number grows

" More than the hairs around my head,

And mighty are my foes.

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4 " 'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
 " That man could never pay,
 " And gave those honours to thy name
 " Which sinners took away."

5 Thus in the great MESSIAH'S name,
 The royal prophet mourns;
 Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
 And gives us joy by turns.

6 " Now shall the saints rejoice and find
 " Salvation in my name,
 " For I have borne their heavy load
 " Of sorrow, pain, and shame.

7 " Grief like a garment cloth'd me round
 " And sackcloth was my dress,
 " While I procur'd for naked souls
 " A robe of righteousness.

8 " Amongst my brethren and the Jews
 " I like a stranger stood,
 " And bore their vile reproach to boot
 " The Gentiles near to God.

9 " I came in sinful mortals stead
 " To do my Father's will;
 " Yet when I cleans'd my Father's house
 " They scandaliz'd my zeal.

10 " My fastings and my holy groans,
 " Were made the drunkard's song
 " But God from his celestial throne
 " Heard my complaining tongue.

11 " He sav'd me from the dreadful flood
 " Nor let my soul be drown'd;
 " He rais'd and fix'd my sinking feet
 " On well establish'd ground.

" 'Twas in a most accepted hour,
 " My prayer arose on high ;
 " And, for my sake, my God shall hear
 " The dying sinner's cry."

PSALM LXIX. 14—21, 26, 29, 32.

Second Part. Common Metre.

The Passion and Exaltation of CHRIST.

NOW let our lips with holy fear
 And mournful pleasure sing
 The sufferings of our great High Priest,
 The sorrows of our King.

He sinks in floods of deep distress ;

How high the waters rise !

While to his heav'nly Father's ear

He sends perpetual cries.

"Hear me, O LORD, and save thy Son,

" Nor hide thy shining face ;

" Why should thy fav'rite look like one

" Forsaken of thy grace ?

" With rage they persecute the man

" That groans beneath thy wound,

" While for a sacrifice I pour

" My life upon the ground.

" They tread my honour to the dust,

" And laugh when I complain :

" Their sharp insulting slanders add

" Fresh anguish to my pain.

" All my reproach is known to thee,

" The scandal and the shame ;

" Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,

" And lies defil'd my name.

- 7 " I look'd for pity, but in vzin :
 " My kindred are my grief :
 " I ask my friends for comfort round
 " But meet with no relief.
- 8 " With vinegar they mock my thirst
 " They give me gall for food ;
 " And sporting with my dying groans
 " They triumph in my blood.
- 9 " Shine into my distressed soul,
 " Let thy compassion save ;
 " And tho' my flesh sink down to dust
 " Redeem it from the grave.
- 10 " I shall arise to praise thy name,
 " Shall reign in worlds unknown ;
 " And thy salvation, O my God,
 " Shall seat me on thy throne."

PSALM LXIX. Third Part. Com. M.

CHRIST'S Obedience and Death; or,
glorified, and Sinners saved.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I sing thy wond'rous grace
 I bless my Saviour's name ;
 He bought salvation for the poor,
 And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress has rais'd us high,
 His duty and his zeal
 Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke
 And finish'd all thy will.
- 3 His dying groans, his living songs,
 Shall better please my God,
 Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound
 Than goats or bullocks blood.

This shall his humble follow'rs see,

And set their hearts at rest :

They by his death draw near to thee,

And live for ever blest.

Let heav'n and all that dwell on high,

To God their voices raise,

While lands and seas assist the sky,

And join t' advance the praise.

Lion is thine, most holy God ;

Thy Son shall bless her gates ;

And glory purchas'd by his blood,

For thy own Is'el waits.

PSALM LXIX. First Part. Long Metre.

CHRIST'S Passion and Sinners' salvation.

DEEP in our hearts let us record

The deeper sorrows of our LORD ;

Behold ! the rising billows roll,

To overwhelm his holy soul.

In loud complaints he spends his breath,

While hosts of hell and pow'rs of death,

And all the sons of malice join

To execute their curst design.

Yet, gracious God, thy pow'r and love

Has made the curse a blessing prove ;

Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son,

Atton'd for sins which we had done.

The pangs of our expiring LORD,

The honour of thy law restor'd ;

His sorrows made thy justice known,

And paid for follies not his own.

For his sake our guilt forgive

And let the mourning sinner live ;

The Lord will hear us in his name;
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

PSALM LXIX. ver. 7, &c. Second Part.
Long Metre.

CHRIST'S Sufferings and Zeal.

- 1 'T WAS for my sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
And shame defil'd his sacred face.
- 2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the man that check'd their sin;
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.
- 3 ["My Father's house, said he, was mine
"A place for worship, not for trade;
Then scatt'ring all their gold and brass
He scourg'd the merchants from the place.
- 4 [Zeal for the temple of his God
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood;
Reproaches at thy glory thrown,
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.
- 5 [His friends forsook, his follow'rs fled
While foes and arms surround his head
They curse him with a slanderous tongue
And the false judge maintains the wrong.
- 6 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blasphemies;
They nail him to the shameful tree;
There hung the man that dy'd for me.
- 7 [Wretches with hearts as hard as stone
Insult his piety and groans;
Gall was the food they gave him there
And mock'd his thirst with vinegar.]

But God beheld, and from his throne,
Marks out the men that hate his Son;
The hand that rais'd him from the dead,
Shall pour due veng'ance on their head.

PSALM LXXI 5—9. First Part. C. M.

The aged Saint's Reflection and Hope.

MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth:
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.

My flesh was fashion'd by thy pow'r,
With all these limbs of mine;
And from my mother's painful hour
I've been entirely thine.

Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated ev'ry year:

Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line thy praise.

P S A L M LXXI.

CHRIST our Strength and Righteousness.
Second Part. Common Metre.

MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace!

How shall I praise thee, Lord, how shall I praise thee?

- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
 Thy goodness I adore!
 And since I knew thy graces first,
 I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
 Of the celestial road,
 And march with courage in thy strength
 To see my Father God.
- 4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
 For some surprising sin,
 I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
 And mention none but thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
 The victories of my king!
 My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,
 Shall thy salvation sing.
- 6 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim
 My Saviour and my God,
 His death has brought my foes to shame,
 And drown'd them in his blood.
- 7 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs;
 With this delightful song
 I'll entertain the darkest hours,
 Nor think the season long.]

PSALM LXXI. 17—21. Third Part.

*The aged Christian's Prayer and Song; or,
 Old Age, Death, and the Resurrection.*

GOD of my childhood and my youth
 The guide of all my days,
 I have declar'd thy heavenly truth,
 And told thy wond'rous ways.

Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God my strength depart?

Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a favour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove:
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

P A U S E.

Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds,
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar
And oft endur'd the grief,
But when thy hand has press'd me fore,
Thy grace was my relief.

By long experience have I known
Thy sov'reign pow'r to save,
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These with'ring limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair,

PSALM LXXII.

The Kingdom of CHRIST.

- 1 **G**REAT GOD, whose universal sway
 The known & unknown worlds obey
 Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
 Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.
- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
 All heav'n submits to his commands;
 His justice shall avenge the poor,
 And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With pow'r he vindicates the just,
 And treads th' oppressor in the dust:
 His worship and his fear shall last
 'Till hours, and years, and time be past
- 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
 So shall he send his influence down;
 His grace on fainting souls distils
 Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
 The shades of overspreading death
 Revive at his first dawning light,
 And deserts blossom at the sight
- 6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
 Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
 Peace, like a river from his throne,
 Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PSALM LXXII. Second Part.

CHRIST'S Kingdom among the Gentiles.

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more

[Behold! the Islands with their kings,
And Europe her first tribute brings:
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his Feet.

There Persia, glorious to behold,
There India, shines in eastern gold;
And barb'rous nations at his word
Submit and bow and own their LORD.]

For him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfumes shall rise,
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

[Where he displays his healing pow'r,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.]

PSALM LXXIII. First Part. Com. Metre.
*Afflicted Saints happy, and prosperous Sinners
curst.*

NOW I'm convinc'd the LORD is kind
To men of heart sincere,

Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on despair.

2 I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
"And spoke with angry breath,
"How pleasant and profane they live!
"How peaceful is their death!

3 "With well-fed flesh and haughty eye
"They lay their fears to sleep;
"Against the heav'ns their slanders rise,
"While faints in silence weep.

4 "In vain I lift my hands to pray,
"And cleanse my heart in vain,
"For I am chasten'd all the day,
"The night renews my pain.

5 "Yet while my tongue indulg'd com-
"I felt my heart reprove: [plaint
"Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
"And grieve the men I love."

6 But still I found my doubts too hard,
'The conflict too severe,
Till I retir'd to search thy word,
And learn thy secrets there.

7 There, as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner's feet
High mounted on a slipp'ry place,
Beside a fiery pit.

8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,
Till at thy frown he fell,
His honours in a dream were lost,
And he awakes in hell.

9 Lord, what an envious fool I was,
How like a thoughtless beast,

Thus to suspect thy promis'd grace,
And think the wicked blest !

Yet was-I kept from fell despair,
Upheld by pow'r unknown :
That blessed hand that broke the snare,
Shall guide me to thy throne.

PSALM LXXIII. 23—28. Second Part.
Common Metre.

God our Portion here and hereafter.

GOD, my supporter, and my hope,
My help for ever near ;
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

Thy counsel, LORD, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness ;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face,

Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me ;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

What if the Springs of Life were broke
And flesh and heart should faint !
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of ev'ry saint.

Behold the finners that remove
Far from thy presence die ;
Not all the idol gods they love,
Can save them when they cry.

But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ ;

My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

P S A L M LXXIII. 22, 3, 6, 17—20

Long Metre.

The Prosperity of Sinners cursed.

- 1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I
To mourn, and murmur, and repine
To see the wicked plac'd on high,
In pride and robes of honour shine!
- 2 But O their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.
- 3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again,
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.
- 4 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when one awakes,
Their songs of softest harmony,
Are but a preface to their plagues.
- 5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine,
Too dear to purchase with my blood:
LORD, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

P S A L M LXXIII. Short Metre.

The Mystery of Providence unfolded.

- 1 SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Tho' men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.

I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools with scornful eyes,
In robes of honour shine.

[Pamper'd with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair:
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.

Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure,
Thro' all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.

Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God:
Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads their lies abroad.

But I with flowing tears
Indulge my doubts to rise;
"Is there a God that sees or hears
"The things below the skies?"]

The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.

Thy word with light and pow'r
Did my mistakes amend;
I view'd the sinner's life before,
But here I learnt their end.

On what a slipp'ry steep
The thoughtless wretches go;
And O that dreadful fiery deep,
That waits their fall below.

10 LORD, at thy feet I bow,
 My thoughts no more repine;
 I call my God my portion now,
 And all my pow'rs are thine.

PSALM LXXIV. Common Metre.

*The Church pleading with God under
 Persecution.*

1 **W**ILL God for ever cast us off?
 His wrath for ever smoke
 Against the people of his love,
 His little chosen flock?

2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
 With their Redeemer's blood;
 Nor let thy Zion be forgot
 Where once thy glory stood.

3 Lift up thy feet, and march in haste,
 Aloud our ruin calls:
 See what a wide and fearful waste
 Is made within thy walls.

4 Where once thy churches pray'd and sang
 Thy foes profanely roar:
 Over thy gates their ensigns hang,
 Sad tokens of their pow'r.

5 How are the seats of worship broke,
 They tear thy buildings down:
 And he that deals the heaviest stroke,
 Procures the chief renown.

6 With flames they threaten to destroy
 Thy children in their nest:
 "Come, let us burn atonce," they cry
 "The temple and the priest."

7 And still to heighten our distress,
 Thy presence is withdrawn:

They wanted signs of pow'r and gràce,
Thy pow'r and grace are gone.

No prophet speaks to calm our woes,
But all the teers mourn:
There's not a soul amongst us knows
The time of thy return.

P A U S E.

How long, eternal God! how long
Shall men of pride blaspheme?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame?

Canst thou for ever sit and hear
Thy holy name profan'd?
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thy hand?

What strange deliv'rance hast thou
In ages long before! (shown
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

Thou didst divide the raging sea,
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wond'rous way,
And then secure their flight.

Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?

- 15 And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred pow'r blaspheme?
Will not thy hand that form'd them first
Avenge thine injur'd name?
- 16 Think on the cov'nant thou hast made
And all thy words of love:
Nor let the birds of prey invade
And vex thy mourning dove.
- 17 Our foes would triumph in our blood
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thy own cause, almighty God!
And give thy children rest.

P S A L M LXXV. L. M.

Power and Government from God alone

Applied to the glorious Revolution,
King William, or the happy Accession
of King George to the Throne.

- 1 **T**O Thee, most Holy, and most High
To thee we bring our thanks
praise;
Thy works declare thy name is high,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.
- 2 Britain was doom'd to be a slave;
Her frame dissolv'd, her fears were great
When God a new supporter gave,
To bear the pillars of the state.
- 3 He from thy hand receiv'd his crown,
And swore to rule by wholesome laws
His foot shall tread th' oppressor down
His arm defend the righteous cause.
- 4 Let haughty sinners sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head;

But lay their foolish thoughts aside,
And own the king that God hath made.

Such honours never come by chance:
Nor do the winds promotion blow:
'Tis God the Judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

No vain pretence to royal birth,
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne:
God, the great Sov'reign of the earth,
Will rise and make his justice known.

His hand holds up the dreadful cup:
Of veng'ance, mix'd with various plagues
To make the wicked drink them up,
Wring out, and taste the bitter dregs.

Now shall the Lord exalt the just:
And while he tramples on the proud,
And lays their glory in the dust,
My lips shall sing his praise aloud.

PSALM LXXVI. Common Metre.

*Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed; or,
God's Vengeance against his Enemies
proceed from his Church.*

IN Judah God of old was known,
His name in Isr'el great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Sion was his seat.

Among the praises of his saints,
His dwelling there he chose:
There he receiv'd their just complaints
Against their haughty foes.

- 3 From Zion went his dreadful sword,
And broke the threat'ning spear,
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crush'd th' Assyrian war.
- 4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
But mighty hills of prey?
The hill on which JEHOWAH dwells,
Is glorious more than they.
- 5 'Twas Zion's King that stopp'd the breath
Of captains and their bands:
The men of might slept fast in death,
And never found their hands.
- 6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell!
Who knows the terrors of thy rod!
Thy veng'ance, who can tell!
- 7 What pow'r can stand before thy sight,
When once thy wrath appears?
When heav'n shines round with dreadful light,
The earth lies still and fears.
- 8 When God, in his own sov'reign ways,
Comes down to save th' oppress'd,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.
- 9 Vow to the LORD, and tribute bring:
Ye princes, fear his frown;
His terrors shake the proudest king,
And cut an army down.
- 10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke
Our haughty foes shall feel,
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
But dwells in Zion still.

PSALM LXXVI. First Part C M.
Melancholy assaulting, and Hope prevailing.

TO God I cry'd with mournful voice,
 I sought his gracious ear
 In the sad day when troubles rose,
 And fill'd the night with fear.

Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
 My soul refus'd relief;
 I thought on God, the just and wise,
 But thought increas'd my grief.

Still I complain'd, and still oppress'd,
 My heart began to break;
 My God, thy law forbid my rest,
 And kept my eyes awake.

My overwhelming sorrows grew
 Till I could speak no more,
 Then I within myself withdrew,
 And call'd thy judgments o'er.

I call'd back years and ancient times
 When I beheld thy face;
 My spirit search'd for secret crimes
 That might withhold thy grace.

I call'd thy mercies to my mind,
 Which I enjoy'd before;
 And will the Lord no more be kind?
 His face appear no more?

Will he for ever cast me off?
 His promise ever fail?
 Has he forgot his tender love?
 Shall anger still prevail?

But I forbid this hopeless thought,
 This dark, despairing frame,

138 PSALM LXXVII.

- Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought
 Thy hand is still the same.
 9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
 And talk thy wonders o'er :
 The wonders of recovering grace,
 When flesh could hope no more.
 10 Grace dwells with justice on the throne
 And men that love thy word,
 Have in thy sanctuary known
 The counsels of the LORD.

PSALM LXXVII. Second Part C.
*Comfort derived from ancient Providence
 or, Israel delivered from Egypt, and
 brought to Canaan.*

- 1 **H**OW awful is thy chast'ning rod
 (May thy own children say)
 "The great, the wise, the dreadful God
 "How holy is his way !"
 2 I'll meditate his works of old :
 The king that reigns above !
 I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
 And learn to trust his love.
 3 Long did the house of Joseph lie
 With Egypt's yoke oppress'd :
 Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
 Nor gave his people rest.
 4 The sons of good old Jacob seem'd
 Abandon'd to their foes :
 But his almighty arm redeem'd
 The nation that he chose.
 5 H'r'el his people and his sheep,
 Must follow where he calls ;

He bids them venture thro' the deep,
And makes the waves their walls.

The waters saw thee, mighty God !
The waters saw thee come ;
Backward they fled, and frighted stood,
To make thine armies room.

Strange was the journey thro' the sea ;
Thy footsteps, LORD, unknown :
Terrors attend the wond'rous way
That brings thy mercies down.

Thy voice with terror in the sound,
Thro' clouds and darkness broke ;
All heav'n in light'ning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.

Thine arrows thro' the skies were hurl'd,
How glorious is the LORD !
Surprize and trembling seiz'd the world,
And his own saints ador'd.

He gave them water from the rock :
And safe by Moses' hand
Thro' a dry desert led his flock
Home to the promis'd land.]

P S A L M LXXVIII. First Part. C. M.

*Providences of GOD recorded ; or, Pious
Education and Instruction of Children.*

LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old :
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

He bids us make his glories known,
His works of pow'r and grace,

And we'll convey his wonders down,
Thro' every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs :
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands :
That they may ne'er forget his work
But practice his commands.

PSALM LXXVIII. Second Part.

*Israel's Rebellion and Punishment; or, The
Sins and Chastisements of God's People*

1 **O** What a stiff rebellious house
Was Jacob's ancient race !
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.

2 They broke the cov'nant of his love,
And did his laws despise,
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His pow'r before their eyes.

3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light
From his avenging hand ;
What dreadful tokens of his might,
Spread o'er that stubborn land !

4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And march in safety through :
With wat'ry walls to guard the way,
Till they had 'scap'd the foe.

5 A wond'rous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of shade and light :

By day it prov'd a shek'ring cloud,
A leading fire by night.

He from the rock their thirst supply'd:
The gushing waters fell,
And rain in rivers by their side,
A constant miracle.

Yet they provok'd the Lord most high,
And dar'd distrust his hand:

"Can he with bread our host supply
"Amidst this desert land?"

The Lord with indignation heard,
And caus'd his wrath to flame;
His terrors ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate his name.

SALM LXXVIII. Third Part. C.M.

*the Punishment of Luxury and Intemperance;
or, Chastisement and Salvation.*

When Isr'el sins, the Lord reproves,
And fills their hearts with dread;
Yet he forgives the men he loves,
And sends them heav'nly bread.

He fed them with a lib'ral hand,
And made his treasures known:
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provision down.

The manna, like a morning shower,
Lay thick around their feet;
The corn of heav'n, so light so pure,
As tho' 'twere angels meat.

But they in mutm'ring language said,
"Manna is all our feast,"

"We took this light, this airy bread
 "We must have flesh to taste."

5 "Ye shall have flesh to please your lust
 The LORD in wrath reply'd;
 And sent them Quails like sand or do
 Heap'd up from side to side.

6 He gave them all their own desire;
 And greedy as they fed,
 His veng'ance burnt with secret fire,
 And smote the rebels dead.

7 When some were slain, the rest return
 And sought the LORD with tears;
 Under the rod they fear'd and mourn
 But soon forgot their fears.

8 Oft he chastis'd, and still forgave,
 Till by his gracious hand,
 The nation he resolv'd to save,
 Possess'd the promis'd land.

P S A L M LXXVIII. ver. 31, &c
 Fourth Part. Long Metre.

*Backsliding and Forgiveness: or, Sin purg'd
 and Saints saved.*

1 GREAT God! how oft did Isr'el pro
 By turns thine anger and thy love
 There in a glass our hearts may see
 How fickle and how false they be.

2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
 The dreadful wonders God had wrought
 Then they provoke him to his face,
 Nor fear his pow'r, nor trust his grace
 The LORD consum'd their years in pain
 And made their travels long and vain

tedious march thro' unknown ways,
Wore out their strength, and spent their days.

Oft when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourn'd and sought the Lord again;
Call'd him the rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer and their God.

Their prayers and vows before him rise
As flatt'ring words, or solemn lies;
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his cov'nant and his love.

Yet did his lov' reign grace forgive
The men who not deserv'd to live;
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.

He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail;
The God of Abra'm lov'd them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

PSALM LXXX. Long Metre.

*The Church's Prayer under Affliction: or,
the Vineyard of God wasted.*

Great Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell
And ledst the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe thro' the desert and the deep.

Thy church is in the desert now,
Shine from on high and guide us thro';
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

Great God! whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,

And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

- 4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

P A U S E I.

- 5 Hast thou not planted with thy hands,
A lovely vine in heathen lands?
Did not thy pow'r defend it round,
And heav'nly dews enrich the ground?
- 6 How did the spreading branches shoot
And bless the nations with the fruit!
But now, dear LORD, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.
- 7 Why is its beauty thus defac'd?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And ev'ry beast devours thy vine.
- 8 Return, Almighty God, return;
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

P A U S E II.

- 9 LORD, when this vine in Canaan grew
Thou wast its strength and glory too!
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair branch of promise rose.
- 10 Fair branch ordain'd of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root
Himself a noble vine, and we
The lesser branches of the tree.

'Tis thine own Son, and he shall stand
Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand;
Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and blest
With grace and pow'r above the rest.

O! for his sake, attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches, lest they die;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PSALM LXXXI. 1, 8—16. Sh.M.

*Warnings of God to his People: or,
spiritual Blessings and Punishments.*

Sing to the Lord aloud,
And make a cheerful noise;
God is our strength, our saviour-God,
Let Isr'el hear his voice.

"From vile idolatry

"Preserve my worship clean;

"I am the LORD who set thee free

"From slavery and sin.

"Stretch thy desires abroad,

"And I'll supply them well;

"But if ye will refuse your God,

"If Isr'el will rebel,

"I'll leave them," saith the LORD,

"To their own lusts a prey,

"And let them run the dang'rous road,

"'Tis their own chosen way.

"Yet O! that all my saints

"Would hearken to my voice!

"Soon I will ease their sore complaints,

"And bid their hearts rejoice.

- 6 " While I destroy'd their foes,
 " I'd richly feed my flock,
 " And they should taste the stream that flow
 " From their eternal rock."

PSALM LXXXII. Long Metre.

God the supreme Governor; or, Magistrate
 warned.

- 1 A MONG th' assemblies of the great,
 A greater ruler takes his seat;
 The God of heav'n as judge, surveys
 Those gods on earth, and all their way.
- 2 Why will ye then frame wicked laws?
 Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
 When will ye once defend the poor,
 That sinners vex the saints no more?
- 3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know
 Dark are the ways in which they go;
 Their name of earthly gods is vain,
 For they shall fall and die like men.
- 4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
 Possess his universal throne,
 And rule the nations with his rod;
 He is our Judge, and he our God.

P S A L M LXXXIII. Short Metre.

A Complaint against Persecutors.

- 1 A ND will the God of grace
 Perpetual silence keep?
 The God of justice hold his peace,
 And let his veng'ance sleep?
- 2 Behold, what cursed snares
 The men of mischief spread!
 The men that hate thy saints and thee
 Lift up their threat'ning head.

Against thy hidden ones,
 Their counsels they employ,
 And malice with her watchful eye,
 Pursues them to destroy.

The noble and the base
 Into thy pastures leap :
 The lion and the stupid ass
 Conspire to vex thy sheep.

" Come, let us join," they cry,
 " To root them from the ground,
 Till not the name of saints remain,
 ' Nor mem'ry shall be found."

Awake, Almighty God,
 And call thy wrath to mind ;
 Give them like forests to the fire,
 Or stubble to the wind.
 Convince their madness, LORD,
 And make them seek thy name ;
 Or else their stubborn rage confound,
 That they may die in shame.

Then shall the nations know
 That glorious, dreadful word,
 JEHOVAH is thy name alone,
 And thou the sov'reign LORD.

PSALM LXXXIV. First Part. Long Metre

The Pleasure of Public Worship.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair !
HOLORD of hosts, thy dwellings are !
 With long desire my spirit faints
 To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
 My panting heart cries out for God.

My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

- 3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest:
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which her children want?
- 4 Blest are the saints who sit on high
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 5 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength: and thro' the road
They lean upon their helper, God.
- 7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

PSALM LXXXIV. Second Part. L. M.

God and his Church: or, Grace and Glory

- 1 Great God! attend while Sion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace;

Nor tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,
Shall tempt my feet to leave thy door.

God is our sun, he makes our day :
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too ;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

O God, our king, whose sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey ;
And devils at thy presence flee ;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

SALM LXXXIV. ver. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10.
Paraphras'd. C. M.

*Delight in Ordinances of Worship: or, God
present in his Churches.*

MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts !
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,
Tho' in his earthly courts.

There the great Monarch of the skies,
His saving pow'r displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quick'ning rays.

With his rich gifts the heav'nly Dove
Defends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wond'rous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

- 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will ;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

P A U S E.

- 5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode ;
When shall I tread thy courts and see
My Saviour and my God ?
- 6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove ;
O make me like the sparrows blest,
To dwell but where I love.
- 7 To sit one day beneath thine eye
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.
- 8 LORD, at thy threshold I would wait,
While JESUS is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Or live in tents of sin.
- 9 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand,
I'd give them both away.

PSALM LXXXIV. As the 148th Psalm
Longing for the House of God.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are !

To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

The sparrow for her young,
With pleasure seeks a nest :
And wand'ring swallows long
To find their wonted rest :

My spirit faints
With equal zeal
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear !

O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !

They praise thee still ;

And happy they

That love the way

To Zion's hill !

They go from strength to strength

Thro' this dark vale of tears,

Till each arrives at length,

Till each in heav'n appears !

O glorious seat,

When God our King

Shall thither bring

Our willing feet !

P A U S E

To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside.

Where God resorts
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.

- 6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence;
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

- 7 The LORD his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls;
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

PSALM LXXXV. 1—8. First Part. L.M.

*Waiting for an Answer to Prayer; or, Deliv-
erance begun and completed.*

- 1 **L**ord, thou hast call'd thy grace to mine
Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom
So God forgave when Isr'el sinn'd,
And brogth this wand'ring captive home
- 2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate;
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.
- 3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;

Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word,
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

We wait to hear what God will say :
He'll speak and give his people peace :
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

SALM LXXXVI. ver. 9, &c. Second Part.

Salvation by CHRIST.

SALVATION is for ever nigh
The soul that fear and trust the Lord ;
And grace descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from
By his obedience so complete, (heav'n
Justice is pleas'd and peace is giv'n.

Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence blest the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God !
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

PSALM LXXXVI. ver. 8—13. C. M.

A general Song of Praise to God.

AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath pow'r divine ;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord !
Nor are their works like thine.

Thenations thou hast made, shall bring
Their offerings round thy throne ;

For thou alone dost wond'rous things;
For thou art God alone.

3 LORD, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thine heav'nly ways,
And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite
In God my father's praise.

4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace, my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

PSALM LXXXVII. L. M.

*The Church the Birth-place of the Saints: or,
Jews and Gentiles united in the Christian church*

1 GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundation for his heav'nly praise:
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were describ'd of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,

'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born or nourish'd there!

P S A L M LXXXIX. L. M.

First Part.

*The Covenant made with Christ: or, the
true David.*

FOR ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the LORD:
Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like heav'n, establish'd by his hand.
Thus to his Son, he sware and said,
' With thee my cov'nant first is made;
' In thee shall dying sinners live;
' Glory and grace are thine to give.
' Be thou my prophet, thou my priest;
' Thy children shall be ever blest;
' Thou art my chosen king: thy throne
' Shall stand eternal like my own.
' There's none of all my sons above
' So much my image or my love;
' Celestial powers thy subjects are;
' Then what can earth to thee compare?
' David, my servant, whom I chose
' To guard my flock, to crush my foes;
' And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,
' Was but a shadow of my Son.
Now let the church rejoice and sing,
Jesus her Saviour and her King!
Angels his heav'nly wonders show,
And saints declare his works below.

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PSALM LXXXIX. First Part. C. M.

The Faithfulness of God.

- 1 **M**Y never ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the LORD;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.
- 2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce,
Shall firm as heav'n endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.
- 3 How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler cov'nant seal
To David's greater Son.
- 4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.
- 5 LORD GOD of hosts, thy wond'rous way
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours rail
To thine unchanging love.

P S A L M LXXXIX. ver. 7. &c.

Second Part. C. M.

The Power and Majesty of God: or, reverential Worship.

- 1 **W**ith rev'rence let the saints appear
And bow before the LORD:
His high commands with rev'rence hear
And tremble at his word.
- 2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!

Where is the pow'r that vies with thee?
Or truth compar'd with thine?

The northern pole, and southern, rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day from east to west
Move round at thy command.

Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boist'rous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

Heav'n, earth and air, and sea are thine,
And the dark world of hell;
How did thine arm in veng'ance shine,
When Egypt durst rebel!

Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wond'rous is thy grace;
While truth and mercy join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

P S A L M LXXXIX. ver. 15, &c.

Third Part. C. M.

A Blessed Gospel

Blest are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name:
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and Salvation gives:
Isr'el, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM XXXIX. ver. 19, &c.
Fourth Part. C. M.CHRIST'S *mediatorial Kingdom*: or, *divine and human Nature*.

- 1 **H**EAR what the LORD in vision said
And made his mercy known :
‘ Sinners, behold, your help is laid
‘ On my almighty Son.
- 2 ‘ Behold the man my wisdom chose
‘ Among your mortal race ;
‘ His head my holy oil o’erflows,
‘ The spirit of my grace.
- 3 ‘ High shall he reign on David’s throne
‘ My peoples’ better king ;
‘ My arm shall beat his rivals down,
‘ And still new subjects bring.
- 4 ‘ My truth shall guard him in his way
‘ With mercy by his side,
‘ While in my name thro’ earth and sea
‘ He shall in triumph ride.
- 5 ‘ Me for his Father and his God,
‘ He shall for ever own ;
‘ Call me his rock, his high abode,
And I’ll support my Son.
- 6 ‘ My first-born Son array’d in grace
‘ At my right hand shall sit ;
‘ Beneath him angels know their place
‘ And monarchs at his feet.
- 7 ‘ My cov’nant stands for ever fast ;
‘ My promises are strong :
‘ Firm as the heav’ns his throne shall last
‘ His seed endure as long.’

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 30, &c.

Fifth Part. Common Metre.

*Covenant of Grace unchangeable: or,
Afflictions without Rejection.*

YET, (saith the LORD) if David's race,
"The children of my Son,
"Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
"And tempt mine anger down;
"Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
"And make their folly smart;
"But I'll not cease to be their God,
"Nor from my truth depart.
"My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
"But keep my grace in mind;
"And what eternal love hath spoke,
"Eternal truth shall bind.
"Once have I sworn (I need no more)
"And pledg'd my holiness
"To seal the sacred promise sure
"To David and his race.
"The sun shall see his offspring rise,
"And spread from sea to sea,
"Long as he travels round the skies,
"To give the nations day.
"Sure as the moon that rules the night,
"His kingdom shall endure,
"Till the fix'd laws of shade and light
"Shall be observ'd no more."

PSALM

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 47, &c.

Sixth Part. Long Metre.

Mortality and Hope.

A Funeral Psalm.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER, LORD, our mortal state,
How frail our life! how short the date
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?
- 2 LORD, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
"Must death for ever rage and reign?
"Or hast thou made mankind in vain?
- 3 "Where is thy promise to the just?
"Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.
- 4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word;
Awake, our souls! and bless the LORD.

PSALM LXXXIX. 47, &c. Last Part.

As the 183th Psalm.

Life, Death, and the Resurrection.

- 1 **T**HINK, mighty GOD, on feeble man,
How few his hours! how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave;
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly or pow'r to save?
- 2 LORD, shall it be for ever said,
"The race of man was only made

' For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?
Are not thy servants day by day,
Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay?

LORD, where's thy kindness to the just?
Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
And all his seed, a heav'nly crown?

But flesh and sense indulge despair:
For ever blessed be the LORD
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

For ever blessed be the LORD !

Who gives his saints a long reward

For all their toil, reproach and pain:
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wond'rous love,
And each repeat a loud Amen.

P S A L M XC.

Man mortal and God eternal.

A mournful Song at a Funeral.

THRO' ev'ry age, eternal God !
Thou art our rest, our safe abode ;
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd to a man ;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity :
Thy dreadful sentence, LORD, was just,
' Return, ye sinners, to your dust.'

- 4 [A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account ;
Like yellerday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.

P A U S E.

- 5 Death like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream,
An empty tale, a morning flow'r,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.]
- 6 Our age to seventy years is set :
How short the term ! how frail the state
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan, than live.
- 7 But O how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years !
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread
We fear the pow'r that strikes us dead.
- 8 Teach us, O LORD, how frail is man
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

P S A L M XC. ver. 1—5.

First Part. C. M.

Man mortal and GOD eternal.

- 1 **O**UR GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
'Return ye sons of men:'

All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

[The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their tribes and cares,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all his sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,
Pleas'd with the morning light:
The flow'rs beneath the mowers hand
Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.]

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

PSALM XC. ver. 8, 1, 11, 9, 10, 11

Second Part. Common Metre.

*Infirmities and Mortality the Effect of Sin
or Life, old Age, and preparation for Death*

1 LORD, if thine eyes survey our fall
And justice grows severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thought
And burn beyond our fear.

2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust,
By one offence to thee;
Adam, with all his sons have lost,
Their immortality.

3 Life like a vain amusement flies,
A fable or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

5 [Our vitals with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag those poor remains of life,
Along the tiresome road.]

6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

7 Our souls would learn the heav'nly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

PSALM XC. 13, &c. Third Part. C.M.

Breathing after Heaven

RETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place :

How long shall we thy children, mourn
Our abience from thy face ?

Let heav'n succeed our painful years ;

Let sin and sorrow cease :

And in proportion to our tears,

So make our joys increase.

Thy wonders to thy servants show,

Make thine own work complete ;

Then shall our souls thy glory know,

And own thy love is great.

Then shall we shine before thy throne,

In all thy beauty, LORD ;

And the poor service we have done

Meet a divine reward.

PSALM XC ver. 5, 10, 12. Short Metre.

The Frailty and Shortness of Life.

LORD, what a feeble piece

Is this our mortal frame ?

Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,

That scarce deserves the name !

Alas, the brittle clay

That built our body first !

And every month, and every day,

'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

Our moments fly apace,

Nor will our minute stay ;

Like a flood our hasty days

Are sweeping us away.

- 4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in fight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea :
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

PSALM XCI. 1—7. First Part.
Long Metre.

Safety in public Diseases and Dangers.

- 1 **H**E that hath made his refuge God
Shall find a most secure abode ;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.
- 2 Then will I say, " My God, thy power
" Shall be my fortress and my tower
" I that am form'd of feeble dust,
" Make thine almighty arm my trust.
- 3 'Thrice happy man ! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare
Satan the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.
- 4 Just as a hen protects her brood,
From birds of prey that seek their blood
Under her feathers ; so the LORD
Makes his own arm his peoples' guard.
- 5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life, his wings are spread
To shield them with an healthful shade.
- 6 If vapours with malignant breath,
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death.

He'll is safe : the poison'd air
Grows pure if Iſr'el's God be there.

P A U S E.

What tho' a thousand at thy ſide,
At thy right hand ten thousand dy'd,
Thy God his choſen people ſaves
Amongſt the dead, amidſt the graves.

So when he ſent his angels down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And ſlew their ſons, his careful eye
Paſs'd all the doors of Jacob by.

But if the fire, or plague, or ſword,
Receive commiſſion from the LORD,
To ſtrike his ſaints among the reſt,
Their very pains and deaths are bleſt.

O The ſword, the peſtilence or fire,
Shall but fulfil their beſt deſire ;
From ſins and ſorrows ſet them free,
And bring thy children, LORD, to thee.

P S A L M XCI. 9—16. Second Part. C. M.

*Protection from Death, Guard of Angels,
Victory and Deliverance.*

YE ſons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to every ſnare,
Come makethelORDyour dwellingplace
And try and truſt his care.

No ill ſhall enter where you dwell ;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And ſweep the wicked down to hell
'Twill raiſe his ſaints on high.

He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all your ways ;

- To watch your pillows while you sleep
And guard your happy days.
- 4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall
And dash against the stones :
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons ?
- 5 Adders and lions ye shall tread ;
The tempter's wiles defeat ;
He that hath broke the serp nt's head,
Puts him beneath your feet.
- 6 " Because on me they set their love,
" I'll save them, saith the LORD ;
" I'll bear their joyful souls above
" Destruction and the sword.
- 7 " My grace shall answer when they call,
" In trouble I'll be nigh :
" My pow'r shall help them when they fall,
" And raise them when they die.
- 8 " Those that on earth my name have known
" I'll honour them in heav'n ;
" There my salvation shall be shown,
" And endless life be giv'n.

PSALM XCII. First Part. Long Metre.
A Psalm for the LORD's Day.

- 1 Sweet is the work, my GOD, my King!
S To praise thy name, give thanks and
To shew thy love by morning light, [sing
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in my LORD,
 And bless his works, and bless his word :
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
 How deep thy counsels ! how divine !

Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;
 Like brutes they live, like brutes they die :
 Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
 Blast them in everlasting death.

But I shall share a glorious part
 When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil to cheer my head.

Sin (my worst enemy before)
 Shall vex my eyes and ears no more :
 My inward foes shall all be slain,
 Nor Satan break my peace again.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
 All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
 And every pow'r find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

P S A L M XCII. ver. 12, &c. Second Part.

The Church is the Garden of God.

LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
 In gardens planted by thy hand ;
 Let me within thy courts be seen
 Like a young cedar fresh and green.

There grow thy saints in faith and love,
 Blest with thine influence from above ;
 Not Lebanon with all its trees,
 Yields such a comely sight as these.
 The plants of grace shall ever live ;
 (Nature decays, but grace must thrive)

Time that doth all things else impair
Still makes them flourish strong and fair

- 4 Laden with fruits of age, they shew
The LORD is holy, just and true :
None that attend his gate shall find
A GOD unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM XCIII 1st. Metre, as the 100th
The eternal and sovereign GOD.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns : He dwells in light
Girded with Majesty and Might
The world created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.
- 2 But e'er this spacious world was made
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever living God.
- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise
And aim their rage against the skies ;
Vain floods that aim their rage so high
At thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 For ever shall thy throne endure ;
Thy promise stands for ever sure ;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

P S A L M XCIII. 2nd Metre. As the
old 50th Psalm.

- 1 **T**HE LORD of glory reigns: he reigns
His robes of state are strength & majesty
This wide creation rose at his command
Built by his word, and 'stablish'd by his hand
Long stood his throne ere he began creation
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation

God is th' eternal King: thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellion to confound thy reign:
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise
And roar, and toss their waves against the
skies:

Foaming at heaven, they rage with wild
commotion, [ocean.

But heav'n's high arches scorn the swelling
Ye tempests rage no more: ye floods be still;
And the mad world submissive to his will;
Built on his truth, his church must ever stand:
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand:
See his own sons, when they appear before
him,

Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

P S A L M XCIII. Third Metre.

As the old 122d Psalm.

THE LORD JEHOVAH reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd;
Array'd in robes of light,
Begin with sov'reign might,
And rays of majesty around.
Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands;
And skies and stars obey thy word:
Thy throne was fix'd on high
Before the starry sky;
Eternal is thy kingdom, LORD!
In vain the noisy croud,
Like billows fierce and loud
Against thine empire rage and roar:
In vain with angry spite
The surly nations fight
And dash like waves against the shore.

- 4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage :
Let swelling tides assault the sky ;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down ;
Thy throne for ever stands on high.
- 5 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new :
There fix'd, thy church shall ne'er remove
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

Repeat the forth Stanza to complete the Tune

PSALM XCIV. 1, 2, 7—14. 1st Part. C M
*Saints chastised, and Sinners destroyed ; or,
instructive Afflictions.*

- 1 **O** GOD, to whom revenge belongs
Proclaim thy wrath aloud ;
Let sov'reign pow'r redress our wrongs
Let justice smite the proud.
- 2 They say, 'The LORD nor sees nor hears ;
When will the fools be wise ?
Can he be deaf, who form'd their ears ?
Or blind, who made their eyes ?
- 3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain
And they shall feel his pow'r ;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
In some surprising hour.
- 4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
Thou hast a gentle rod ;
Thy providences and thy book,
Shall make them known their God.

Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
 And to his duty draw :
 Thy scourges make thy children wise,
 When they forget thy law.
 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
 Nor his own promise break ;
 He pardons his inheritance,
 For their Redeemer's sake.

PSALM XCIV. 16—23. 2d. Part.

God our Support and Comfort ; or, Deliverance from Temptation and Persecution.

WHO will arise and plead my right
 Against my num'rous foes,
 While earth and hell their force unite,
 And all my hopes oppose ?
 Had not the LORD, my rock, my help,
 Sustain'd my fainting head,
 My life had now in silence dwelt,
 My soul amongst the dead.
 " Alas ! my sliding feet ! " I cry'd,
 Thy promise was my prop :
 Thy grace stood constant by my side ;
 Thy spirit bore me up.
 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
 Within my bosom roll,
 Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
 Thy comforts cheer my soul.
 Pow'rs of iniquity may rise
 And frame pernicious laws ;
 But God my refuge rules the skies ;
 He will defend my cause.

- 6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
 Let bold blasphemers scoff;
 The LORD our God shall judge the proud
 And cut the sinners off.

P S A L M XCV. Common Metre.

A Psalm before Prayer.

- 1 **S**ING to the LORD JEHOVAH's name
 And in his strength rejoice;
 When his salvation is our theme,
 Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
 And psalms of honour sing;
 The LORD's a God of boundless might
 The whole creation's King!
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know
 How mean their natures seem,
 Those gods on high and gods below,
 When once compar'd with him.
- 4 Earth with its caverns dark and deep,
 Lies in his spacious hand;
 He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep
 And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore;
 Come, kneel before his face;
 O may the creatures of his pow'r,
 Be children of his grace!
- 6 Now is the time, he bends his ear,
 And waits for our request;
 Come, lest he rouse his wrath and swear
 "Ye shall not see my rest."

PSALM XCV. Short Metre.

A Psalm before Sermon.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing;
 JEHOVAH is the sov'reign God,
 The universal King.

He form'd the deeps unknown;
 He gave the seas their bound;
 The wat'ry worlds are all his own;
 And all the solid ground.

Come, worship at his throne:
 Come, bow before the LORD;
 We are his works, and not our own;
 He form'd us by his word.

To-day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod;
 Come, like the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God.

But if your ears refuse
 The language of his grace,
 And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
 That unbelieving race,

The LORD in veng'ance drest,
 Will lift his hand and swear,
 "You that despis'd my promis'd rest,
 "Shall have no portion there."

PSALM XCV. 1, 2, 3, 6—11. Long Metre.

Canaan lost through Unbelief; or, a Warning to delaying Sinners.

1 COME, let our voices join to raise
 A sacred song of solemn praise;

- God is a sov'reign King, rehearse
His honour in exalted verse.
- 2 Come, let our souls address the LORD,
Who fram'd our natures with his word
He is our shepherd : we the sheep
His mercy chose his pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey ;
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Isr'el knew.
- 4 Isr'el that saw his works of grace,
Tempted their Maker to his face ;
A faithless unbelieving brood,
That tired the patience of their God.
- 5 Thus saith the LORD, " How false the
" Forget my power, abuse my love : (prove
" Since they despise my rest, I swear
" Their feet shall never enter there."
- 6 [Look back, my soul, with holy dread
And view those ancient rebels dead ;
Attend the offered grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.
- 7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heav'nly gates :
Believe, and take the promis'd rest,
Obey, and be for ever blest.

PSALM XCVI. ver. ., 10, &c. Com. Metr

CHRIST'S first and second Coming.

- 1 SING to the LORD, ye distant lands
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue :
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

Say to the nations, JESUS reigns,
 God's own Almighty Son;
 His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
 And grace surrounds his throne.

Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
 Joy thro' the earth be seen;
 Let cities shine in bright array,
 And fields in cheerful green.

Let an unusual joy surprise
 The islands of the sea;
 Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
 Prepare the LORD his way.

Behold he comes! he comes to bless
 The nations as their God;
 To shew the world his righteousness,
 And send his truth abroad.

But when his voice shall raise the dead,
 And bid the world draw near,
 How will the guilty nations dread
 To see their Judge appear!

P S A L M XCVI. As the 113th Psalm

The God of the Gentiles.

LET all the earth their voices raise
 To sing the choicest psalms of praise,
 To sing and bless JEHOVAH's name:
 His glory let the heathens know,
 His wonders to the nations show,
 And all his saving works proclaim.

The heathens know thy glory, LORD:
 The wond'ring nations read thy word.
 In Britain is JEHOVAH known;

Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made
Our Maker is our God alone.

- 3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there
His beams are majesty and light ;
His beauties how divinely bright !
His temples how divinely fair !
- 4 Come, the great day, the glorious hour
When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,
And barb'rous nations fear his name
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim

PSALM XCVI. 1—5. First Part. L.M.

*CHRIST reigning in Heaven, and coming to
Judgment.*

- 1 **H**E reigns! the Lord the Savior reigns!
Praise him in evangelic strains:
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne
Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of Judgment, lo, he comes !
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the stones
Before him burns devouring fire, (tombs
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day:

Then lift your heads, ye saints on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

PSALM XCVII. 6—9. Second Part.

CHRIST'S Incarnation.

THE LORD is come; the heav'ns proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name;
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go worship where the Saviour lies:
Angels and kings before him bow,
'Those gods on high, and gods below.
Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound;
But Judah shout, and Zion sing,
And earth confess her sov'reign King.

PSALM XCVII.

Grace and Glory.

TH' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame:
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.
Immortal light and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the LORD;

None but the soul that feels his grace,
Can triumph in his holiness.

PSALM CXVII. 1, 3, 5—7, 11. Com. Metr.

CHRIST's Incarnation and the last Judgment

- 1 **Y**E islands of the northern sea
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
His word like fire prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.
- 2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the vallies rise ;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.
- 3 The heavens his rightful power proclaim
The idol-gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.
- 4 Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known ;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.
- 5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire ;
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world on fire.
- 6 The seeds of joy and glory sown,
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

PSALM XCVIII. First Part. Com. Metr.

Praise for the Gospel.

- 1 **T**O our Almighty maker God,
New honours be addrest ;

His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.

He spake the word to Abra'm first :

His truth fulfils the grace !

The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.

Let the whole earth his love proclaim

With all her different tongues ;

And spread the honours of his name

In melody and songs.

P S A L M XCVIII. Second Part. C: M.

The MESSIAH's Coming and Kingdom.

JOY to the world ! the LORD is come ;

Let earth receive her King :

Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,

And heav'n and nature sing.

Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns !

Let men their songs employ :

While fields and floods, rocks hills, and

Repeat the sounding joy. (plains

No more let sins and sorrows grow,

Nor thorns infest the ground ;

He comes to make his blessings flow

Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,

And makes the nations prove

The glories of his righteousness,

And wonders of his love.

P S A L M XCIX. First Part. Short Metre.

CHRIST's Kingdom and Majesty.

THE GOD JEHOVAH reigns,

Let all the nations fear :

Let finners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 JESUS the Saviour reigns;
Let earth adore its LORD;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion is his throne,
His honours are divine;
His church shall make his wonders
For there his glories shine. (know

4 How holy is his name,
How terrible his praise!
Justice and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

PSALM XCIX. Second Part. S. M.

A holy God worshipped with Reverence

1 EXALT the LORD our God,
And worship at his feet:
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Isr'el was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race:
And oft he made his vengeance known
When they abus'd his grace.

4 EXALT the LORD our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness
And jealous for his name.

ALM C. First Metre. A plain
Translation.

Praise to our Creator.

VE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the LORD your sov'reign King!
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

The LORD is GOD: 'Tis he alone
Both life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own,
The sheep that on his pastures live.

Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

The LORD is good, the LORD is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

ALM C. Second Metre. A Paraphrase.

SING to the LORD, with joyful voice,
Let every land his name adore;
The British Isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore.

Nations, attend before his throne,
With solemn fear, with sacred joy;
Know that the LORD is GOD alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men:
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

- 4 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!
- 5 We'll croud thy gates with thankful song
High as the heavens, our voices raise
And earth, with her ten thousand tongue
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise
- 6 Wide as the world is thy command!
Vast as eternity thy love!
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move

P S A L M C I. Long Metre.

The Magistrates Psalm.

- 1 **M**ercy and judgment are my song
And since they both to thee belong
My gracious God, my righteous King
To thee my songs and vows I'll bring
- 2 If I am rais'd to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsels from thy word
Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace,
Shall be the pattern of my ways.
- 3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside;
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.
- 4 No sons of slander, rage and strife,
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.
- 5 [I'll search the land, and raise the just
To posts of honor, wealth and trust;

The men that work thy holy will,
shall be my friends and fav'rites still.]
In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flatt'ring or malicious lies:
And while the innocent I guard,
The bold offenders shan't be spar'd.
The impious crew (that factious band)
shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all that break the public rest,
Where I have pow'r shall be suppress.

S A L M C I. Common Metre.

A Psalm for a Master of a Family.

O F justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows;
Thy grace and justice, heavenly King,
Teach me to rule my house.
Bow to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy servant wise:
I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thine eyes.
The man that doth his neighbour wrong
By falshood or by force,
The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue
I'll thrust them from my doors.
I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy;
These are the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.
The wretch that deals in sly deceit,
I'll not endure a night:
The liar's tongue I'll ever hate,
And banish from my sight.

- 6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM CII. 1—13, 20, 21. Fifth
Common Metre.

A Prayer for the Afflicted.

- 1 **H**ear me, O God, nor hide thy
But answer lest I die;
Hast thou not built a throne of glory
To hear when sinners cry?
- 2 My days are wasted like the smoke
Dissolving in the air;
My strength is dry'd, my heart is broken
And sinking in despair.
- 3 My spirits flag like with'ring grass
Burnt with excessive heat;
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.
- 4 As on some lonely building's top,
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I sit and grieve alone.
- 5 My soul is like a wilderness
Where beasts of midnight howl
There the sad raven finds her place
And there the screaming owl.
- 6 Dark dismal thoughts and boding
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my soul
Nor give my spirit rest.
- 7 My cup is mingled with my woes
And tears are my repast,

My daily bread like ashes grows
Unpleasant to my taste.

Sense can afford no real joy
To souls that feel thy frown;

LORD, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,
Thy hand hath cast me down.

My looks like wither'd leaves appear;
And life's declining light
Grows faint as ev'ning shadows are,
That vanish into night.

But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God!

Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

Thou wilt arise and show thy face,
Nor will my LORD delay

Beyond the appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
And by mysterious ways,

Redeems the pris'ners doom'd to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

S A L M CII. 13—21. Second Part.

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

LET Zion and her sons rejoice;
Behold the promis'd hour!

Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes to exalt his pow'r.

Her dust and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;

Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

- 3 The LORD will raise Jerus-lem,
And stand in glory there:
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.
- 4 He sits a sov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes:
He hears the dying pris'ners grone,
And sees their sighs arise.
- 5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said, "that praying breath
"Was ever spent in vain."
- 6 This shall be known when we are dead
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the LORD.

PSALM CII. 23—28. Third Part. L

Man's Mortality and CHRIST's Eternity: Saints die, but CHRIST and the Church live

- 1 **I**T is the LORD our SAVIOR's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race
Disease and death at his command
Arrest us, and cut short our days.
- 2 Spare us, O LORD, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?
- 3 Yet in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage;
"Our Father and our Saviour live;
"CHRIST is the same thro' ev'ry age."

'Twas he this earth's foundation laid;
 Heav'n is the building of his hand;
 This earth grows old, these heav'ns shall
 And all be chang'd at his command. (fade
 The starry curtains of the sky,
 Like garments shall be laid aside;
 But still thy throne stands firm and high,
 Thy church for ever must abide.
 Before thy face thy church shall live;
 And on thy throne thy children reign;
 This dying world they shall sur vive;
 And the dead saints be rais'd again.

P S A L M CIII. First Part. Long Metre.

Blessing God for his Goodness to Soul and Body.

BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
 Call home thy thoughts that rove
 Let all the pow'rs within me join (abroad!
 In work and worship so divine.

Bless, O my soul, the God of grace:
 His favours claim thy highest praise:
 Why should the wonders he has wrought
 Be lost in silence and forgot?
 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
 To die for crimes which thou hast done;
 He owns the ransom, and forgives
 The hourly follies of our lives.
 The vices of the mind he heals,
 And cures the pains that nature feels;
 Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
 Our wasting lives from hateful graves.
 Our youth decay'd, his pow'r repairs;
 His mercy crowns our growing years;

He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food

6 He sees th' oppressor and th' oppressed,
And often gives the sufferers rest ;
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

7 [His pow'r he shew'd by Moses' hands
And gave to Isr'el his commands!
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.

8 Let the whole earth his pow'r confess ;
Let the whole earth adore his grace ;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.]

P S A L M CIII, 8—18. Second Part
Long Metre.

*God's gentle Chastisement : or, His tender
Mercy to his People.*

1 THE Lord, how wond'rous are his ways
How firm his truth ! how large his grace
He takes his mercy for his throne, (grace
And thence he makes his glories known

2 Not half so high his pow'r hath spread
The starry heav'ns above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far hath nature plac'd
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise !
On swifter wings salvation flies :

And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn !
Amidst his wrath compassion shines ;
His strokes are lighter than our sins ;
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

So fathers their young sons chastise,
With gentle hands and melting eyes ;
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

P A U S E.

The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust ;
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.
He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by ev'ry wind that flies :
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or morning flowers that fade at noon.
But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure :
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor childrens children hope in vain.

PSALM CIII. 1-7. First Part, Short Metre
Praise for spiritual and temporal Mercies.

O Bless the LORD, my soul !
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine
O bless the LORD, my soul !
Nor let his mercies lie

Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell
Hath sov'reign power to save.

- 5 He fills the poor with good,
He gives the sufferers rest;
The LORD hath judgments for the proud
; And justice for the oppress'd.

- 6 His wond'rous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

PSALM CIII. 8—18. Second Part.
Short Metre.

*Abounding Compassion of God; or, Mercy
in the midst of Judgment.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,

So far the riches of his grace,
Our highest thoughts exceed.

His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,

Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

The pity of the LORD,
To those that fear his name,

Is such as tender parents feel;

He knows our feeble frame.

He knows we are but dust

Scatt'ed with ev'ry breath;

His Anger like a rising wind,

Can send us swift to death.

Our days are as the grass,

Or like the morning flower;

If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,

It withers in an hour.

But thy compassions, LORD,

To endless years endure!

And childrens children ever find

Thy words of promise sure.

P S A L M CIII: 19 22. 3d Part. Sh. Metre.

God's universal Dominion: or, Angels

praise the LORD.

THE LORD, the sov'reign King,

Hath fix'd his throne on high;

O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,

And all beneath the sky.

Ye angels, great in might,

And swift to do his will,

Bless ye the LORD, whose voice ye hear,

Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

- 3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray
Join in the praise they sing.
- 4 While all his wond'rous works,
Thro' his vast kingdom shew
Their Maker's glory, thou my soul,
Shall sing his graces too.

P S A L M CIV.

The Glory of God in Creation and Providence

- 1 **M**Y soul, thy great Creator praise
When cloth'd in his celestial rays
He in full majesty appears,
And, like a robe, his glory wears.

Note, This Psalm may be sung to the Tune of the Old-112th or 127th Psalm, by adding these two Lines to every Stanza; namely
Great is the Lord, what tongue can frame
An equal honour to his name?

Otherwise it must be sung as the 100th Psalm

- 2 The heavens are for his curtain spread
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed
Clouds are his chariots when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.
- 3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires
His ministers, are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance, or his love.
- 4 The world's foundations by his hand
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,
They spring on hills and drench the plains.

He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheer the vallies as they go;
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.
From pleasant trees that shade the brink,
The lark and linnet like to drink:
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

P A U S E I.

God, from his cloudy cistern pours
On the parch'd earth, enriching show'rs:
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies:
With herbs for man of various power,
To nourish nature, or to cure.

What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a shining juice;
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,
With inward joy our faces shine.

O bless his name, ye Britons, fed
With nature's chief supporter, bread;

While bread your vital strength imparts,
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

PAUSE II.

- 13 Behold the stately cedar stands,
Rais'd in the forest by his hands;
Birds in the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.
- 14 To craggy hills ascends the goat;
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feeble creatures make their cell:
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.
- 15 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face
And when thick darkness veils the day
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.
- 16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And roaring ask their meat from God:
But when the morning beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies.
- 17 Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repose:
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.
- 18 How strange thy works! how great thy skill
And ev'ry land thy riches fill;
Thy wisdom round the world we see,
This spacious earth is full of thee.
- 19 Not less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep
With wond'rous motions, swift or slow,
Still wand'ring in the paths below.

There ships divide their wat'ry way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;
There dwells the huge Leviathan,
And foams and sports in spite of man.

P A U S E . III.

Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord,
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stand
Waiting their portion from thy hand.

While each receives his diff'rent food,
The rich cheerful lips pronounce it good;
Eagles, and bears, and whales, and worms,
Rejoice and praise in diff'rent forms.

But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And dying to their dust return:
Both man and beast their souls resign;
Life, breath and spirit, all are thine.

Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beast and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight:
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke,
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.

In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;

Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expires in endless joy.

- 23 While haughty sinners die accurst,
Their glory bury'd with their dust,
I to my God, my heav'nly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

P S A L M CV. Abridged.

*God's Conduct to Israel, and the Plagues
of Egypt.*

- 1 **G**ive thanks to God, invoke his name
And tell the world his grace;
Sound thro' the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

- 2 His cov'nant which he kept in mind
For num'rous âges past,
To num'rous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.

- 3 He sware to Abra'm and his seed,
And made the blessing sure;
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

- 4 Thy seed shall make all nations blest,
(Said the Almighty voice)
"And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
"The type of heav'nly joys."

- 5 [How large the grant! how rich the grace
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were strangers in the place,
A little feeble band!

- 6 Like pilgrims thro' the countries round,
Securely they remov'd;
And haughty kings that on them frown'd
Severely he reprov'd.

“Touch mine anointed, and mine arm
“ Shall soon revenge the wrong :
“ The men that do my prophets harm
“ Shall know their God is strong.”

Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear :
Isr’el must live thro’ ev’ry age,
And be th’ Almighty’s care.

P A U S E I.

When Phar’oh dar’d to vex the saints,
And thus provok’d their God,
Moses was sent at their complaints,
Arm’d with his dreadful rod.

10 He call’d for darkness, darkness came
Like an o’erwhelming flood ;
He turn’d each lake and ev’ry stream
To lakes and streams of blood.

11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Thro’ the whole country spread ;
And frogs, in croaking armies rise
About the monarch’s bed.

12 Thro’ fields, and towns, and palaces,
The tenfold veng’ance flew ;
Locusts in swarms devour’d their trees,
And hail their cattle flew.

13 Then by an Angel’s midnight stroke,
The flow’r of Egypt dy’d ;
The strength of ev’ry house was broke,
Their glory and their pride.

14 Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear ;

Isr'el must live thro' ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

P A U S E II.

- 15 Thus were the tribes from bondage
And left the hated ground; (brought
Each some Egyptian spoil had got,
And not one feeble found.
- 16 The LORD himself chose out their way
And mark'd their journey right;
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.
- 17 They thirst; and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow;
And following still the course they took,
Ran all the desert thro'.
- 18 O wond'rous stream! O blessed type
Of ever-flowing grace!
So CHRIST our rock, maintains our life
Thro' all this wilderness.
- 19 Thus guarded by the Almighty's hand,
The chosen tribes possess
Canaan, the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.
- 21 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear;
Isr'el must live thro' ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

P S A L M CVI. 1—5. First Part.
Praise to God; or, Communion with Saints.

- 1 **T**O God the great, and ever blest,
Let songs of honour be address'd:

His mercy firm for ever stands ;
Give him the thanks his love demands !
Who knows the wonders of thy ways ?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise ?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.

Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed :
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice !
This is my glory, LORD, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

PSALM CVI. ver. 4, 8, 12—14, 43—48.

Second Part. Short Metre.

*Israel punished and pardoned : or, God's
unchangeable Love.*

GOD of eternal love,
How fickle are thy ways !
And yet how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy and grace !

They saw thy wonders wrought
And then thy praise they sung :
But soon thy works of pow'r forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.

Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow :
Now, with their lusts provoke the LORD,
And he reduc'd them low.

Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans

Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts
And call'd them still his sons.

- 5 Their names was in his book,
He say'd them from their foes:
Oft he chāstis'd, but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.

- 6 Let Isr'el bless the LORD,
Who lov'd their ancient race;
And christians join the solemn word
Amen, to all the praise.

PSALM CVII. First Part. Long Metre
Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to Heaven

- 1 **G** IVE thanks to God! he reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy ages' past have known, (love)
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 Let the redeemed of the LORD,
The wonders of his grace record;
Isr'el, the nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.
- 3 [When God's Almighty arm had broke
Their setters and th' Egyptian yoke,
They trac'd the desert, wand'ring round
A wild and solitary ground.
- 4 There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for a fix'd abode;
Nor food, nor fountain to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.
- 5 In their distress, to God they cry'd;
God was their Saviour and their guide
He led their march far wand'ring round
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

Thus when our first release we gain
 From sin's old yoke and satan's chain,
 We have this desert world to pass,
 A dang'rous and a tiresome place.
 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
 He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
 He guards us with a pow'rful hand,
 And brings us to the heav'nly land.
 O let the saints with joy record
 The truth and goodness of the LORD!
 How great his works! how kind his ways!
 Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

S A L M CVII. Sd. Part. L. M.

Correction for Sin and Release by Prayer.

FROM age to age exalt his name,
 God and his grace are still the same;
 He fills the hungry soul with food,
 And feeds the poor with ev'ry good.
 But if their hearts rebel, and rise
 Against the God that rules the skies;
 If they reject his heav'nly word
 And slight the counsels of the LORD,
 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
 And no deliv'rer shall be found;
 Laden with grief they lose their breath
 In darkness and the shades of death.
 Then to the LORD they raise their cries,
 He makes the dawning light arise,
 And scatters all that dismal shade
 That hung so heavy round their head.
 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
 And lets the smiling pris'ners thro'.

Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the lab'ring soul relief.

- 6 O may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the LORD,
How great his works! how kind his ways
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM CVII. Third Part. Long Metre

*Intemperance punished and pardoned; or,
Psalm for the Glutton and the Drunkard:*

- 1 VAIN man on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment;
What pains, what leathsome maladies,
From luxury and lust arise.
- 2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
Yet drowns his health to please his taste
Till all his active powers are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.
- 3 The glutton groans and lornes to eat:
His soul abhors delicious meat;
Nature, with heavy loads oppress'd,
Would yield to death to be releas'd.
- 4 Then how the frightened sinners fly
To God for help with earnest cry!
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath
And saves them from approaching death.
- 5 No med'cine could effect the cure
So quick, so easy, or so sure:
The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sov'reign word and heals.
- 6 O may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the LORD!

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and let their thankful off'rings prove
how they adore their Maker's love.

P S A L M CVII. Fourth Part.
Long Metre.

*Deliverances from Storms and Shipwreck :
or, The Seaman's Song.*

Would you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind,
Till God commands, and tempests rise,
That heaves the ocean to the skies.

Now to the heav'ns they mount amain,
Now sink to dreadful deeps again :
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a stagg'ring drunkard reel !

When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry ;
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
The furious waves forget their rage ;
'Tis calm, and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wish'd to be.

O may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the LORD !
Let them their private off'rings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

P S A L M CVII. Fifth Part.
Common Metre.*The Mariner's Psalm.*

- 1 **T**HY works of glory, mighty Lord
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who trade in floating ships.
- 2 At thy command the winds arise
And swell the towering waves;
The men astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.
- 3 Again they climb the wat'ry hills,
And plunge in deeps again;
Each like a tott'ring drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.
- 4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with flutt'ring breath;
And hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.
- 5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries
He hears their loud request;
And orders silence thro' the skies,
And lay the floods to rest.
- 6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd;
Now to their eyes the port appears;
There let their vows be paid.
- 7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land
Let stupid mortals know
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.
- 8 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!

And those who see thy wond'rous ways,
Thy wond'rous love record.

P S A L M CVII. Last Part. L. M.

Colonies planted; or, Nations blest and punished.

A Psalm for New England.

WHEN GOD provok'd with daring crimes
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns their fields to barren sand,
And drives the rivers from the land.

His word can raise the springs again,
And make the wither'd mountains green;
Send show'ry blessings from the skies,
And harvests in the desert rise.

[Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they;
He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.

They sow the fields, and trees they plant
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;
Their race grows up from fruitful flocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks.

Thus they are blest, but if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in;
A savage crew invades their lands,
Their princes die by barb'rous hands.

Their captive sons expos'd to scorn,
Wander unpity'd and forlorn;
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And desolation spreads the field.

Yet if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;

- Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.
- 8 The righteous with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of providence;
And tongues of atheists shall no more
Blaspheame the GOD that faints adore,
- 9 How few with pious care record
These wond'rous dealings of the LORD
But wise observers still shall find
The LORD is holy, just, and kind.

PSALM CIX. 1—5, 31. Common Metre

Love to Enemies from the Example of CHRIST

- 1 **G**OD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song;
Tho' sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.
- 2 When in the form of mortal man,
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders false and vain,
They compass'd him around.
- 3 Their mis'ries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursu'd;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice rag'd without a cause;
Yet with his dying breath
He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.
- 5 LORD, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a soul a-kin to thine,
To love mine enemies.

The LORD shall on my side engage,
 And in my Saviour's name
 I shall defeat their pride and rage,
 Who slander and condemn.

P S A L M CX. First Pt. Long Metre.

*CHRIST exalted, and Multitudes converted:
 or, The Success of the Gospel.*

THUS the eternal Father spake
 To **CHRIST** the son, 'Ascend and sit
 At my right hand, till I shall make
 Thy foes submissive at thy feet.
 From Zion shall thy word proceed:
 Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
 Shall make the heart of rebels bleed,
 And bow their wills to thy command.
 That day shall show thy pow'r is great
 When saints shall flock with willing minds
 And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
 Where holiness in beauty shines.
 O blessed pow'r! O glorious day!
 What a large vict'ry shall ensue!
 And converts who thy grace obey,
 Exceed the drops of morning dew.

P S A L M CX. Second Part. Long Metre.

The Kingdom and Priesthood of CHRIST.

THUS the great LORD of earth and sea,
 Spake to his Son, and thus he swore,
 Eternal shall thy Priesthood be,
 And change from hand to hand no more.
 Aaron, and all his sons must die,
 But everlasting life is thine,

- ' To save for ever those that fly
 ' For refuge from the wrath divine.
 3 ' By me Melchizedeck was made
 ' On earth a King and Priest at once;
 ' And thou, my heav'nly Priest, shall plead
 ' And thou, my King, shall rule my sons.
 4 JESUS, the Priest, ascends his throne,
 While counsels of eternal peace
 Between the Father and the Son,
 Preceed with honour and success.
 5 Thro' the whole earth his reign shall spread
 And crush the pow'rs that dare rebel;
 Then shall he judge the rising dead,
 And send the guilty world to hell.
 6 Tho' while he treads his glorious way,
 He drinks the cup of tears and blood,
 The suff'rings of that dreadful day,
 Shall but advance him near to God.

P S A L M CX. Common Metre.
 CHRIST'S Kingdom and Priesthood.

- 1 JESUS, our LORD, ascend thy throne,
 And near thy Father sit:
 In Zion shall thy pow'r be known,
 And make thy foes submit.
 2 What wonders shall thy gospel do?
 Thy converts shall surpass
 The num'rous drops of morning dew,
 And own thy sov'reign grace.
 3 GOD hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
 Nor changes what he swore;
 " Eternal shall thy Priesthood be
 " When Aaron is no more.

Melchizedeck, that wond'rous Priest,
 "That King of high degree,
 That holy man who Abr'am blest,
 "Was but a type of thee."

ESUS, our Priest, for ever lives
 To plead for us above;
 ESUS, our King, for ever gives
 The blessings of his love.

God shall exalt his glorious head,
 And his high throne maintain;
 Shall strike the powers and princes dead
 Who dare oppose his reign.

PSALM CXI. First Part. Common Metre.
The Wisdom of God in his Works.

SONGS of immortal praise belong
 To my Almighty God;
 He has my heart, and he my tongue,
 To spread his name abroad.
 How great the works his hand hath wrought!
 How glorious in our fight!
 And men in ev'ry age have sought
 His wonders with delight.
 How most exact is nature's frame!
 How wise th' eternal mind!
 His counsels never change the scheme
 That his first thoughts design'd.
 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
 He fix'd his cov'nant sure:
 The orders that his lips pronounce,
 To endless years endure.
 Nature and time, and earth and skies
 Thy heav'nly skill proclaim;

What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?

- 6 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race
That best obeys thy will.

PSALM CXI. Second Part. Com. Metr.
The Perfections of God.

- 1 GREAT is the LORD; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs:
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.
- 2 Great is the mercy of the LORD,
He gives his children food;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.
- 3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure;
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.
- 4 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry sin.

PSALM CXII. As the 113th Psalm
The Blessings of the liberal Man.

THE man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law
His seed on earth shall be renown'd
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An inexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd

His lib'ral favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
A gen'rous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's just to all mankind.

His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd:

The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;

His conscience holds his courage up:
The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brightest in affliction's night,
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

PAUSE.

[I'll tidings never can surprise

His heart that fix'd on God relies,

Tho' waves and tempests roar around:

Safe on the rock he sits and sees

The shipwreck of his enemies,

And all their hope and glory drown'd.

The wicked shall his triumph see,

And gnash their teeth in agony

To find their expectations cross'd:

They and their envy, pride and spite,

Sink down in everlasting night,

And all their names in darkness

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What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name?

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Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race
That best obeys thy will.

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 To some he gives, to others lends;
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 Yet what his charity impairs,
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 And thus he's just to all mankind.

His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
 His glory's future harvest sow'd:

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 A train of blessings for his heirs,
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To find their expectations cross'd:

They and their envy, pride and spite,

Sink down in everlasting night,

And all their names in darkness

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PSALM CXII. Long Metre.

The Blessings of the Pious and the Charitable

1 **T**Hrice happy man who fears the Lord
 Loves his commands, and trusts
 Honor and peace his days attend, (w
 And blessings to his seed descend.

2 Compassion dwells upon his mind;
 To works of mercy still inclin'd:
 He lends the poor some present aid,
 Or gives them not to be repaid.

3 When times grow dark, and tidings sp
 That fill his neighbours round with dre
 His heart is arm'd against the fear,
 For God with all his power is there.

4 His soul well fix'd upon the Lord,
 Draws heav'nly courage from his w
 Amidst the darkness light shall rise
 To cheer his heart and bless his eye

He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
 5 His works are still before his God;
 His name on earth shall long remain
 While envious sinners fret in vain.

PSALM CXII. Common Metre

Liberalty rewarded.

1 **H**APPY is he that fears the Lord
 And follows his commands
 Who lends the poor without reward
 Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
 To all the sons of need;
 So God shall answer his request
 With blessings on his seed.

No evil tidings shall surprise
 His well establish'd mind;
 His soul to God his refuge flies,
 And leaves his fears behind.

In times of general distress,
 Some beams of light shall shine,
 To shew the world his righteousness,
 And give him peace divine.

His works of piety and love
 Remain before the LORD:
 Honour on earth, and joys above,
 Shall be his sure reward.

PSALM CXIII. Proper Tune.

The Majesty and Condescension of God.

YE that delight to serve the LORD,
 The honors of his name record,

His sacred name for ever bless:
 Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising beams, or setting rays,
 Let lands and seas his power confess.

Nor time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
 Can give his vast dominion bounds;
 The heav'ns are far below his height;

Let no created greatness dare
 With our eternal God compare,
 Arm'd with his uncreated might.

He bows his glorious head to view
 What the bright hosts of angels do,
 And bends his ear to mortal things:

His sov'reign hand exalts the poor,
 He takes the needy from the door,
 And makes them company for kings.

- 4 When childless families despair,
 He sends the blessing of an heir,
 To rescue their expiring name;
 The mother, with a thankful voice,
 Proclaims his praises and her joys:
 Let every age advance his fame,

PSALM CXIII. Long Metre.

God sovereign and gracious.

- 1 **Y**E servants of th' almighty King
 In ev'ry age his praises sing,
 Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
 The nations shall his praise repeat.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
 Stands his high throne of majesty;
 Nor time, nor place, his pow'r restrain
 Nor bound his universal reign.
- 3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
 Or angels, with their God compare
 His glories how divinely bright
 Who dwells in uncreated light!
- 4 Behold his love: He stoops to view
 What saints above and angels do;
 And condescends yet more to know
 The mean affairs of men below.
- 5 From dust and cottages obscure,
 His grace exalts the humble poor;
 Gives them the honour of his sons
 And fits them for their heav'nly throne.
- 6 [A word of his creating voice,
 Can make the barren house rejoice
 Tho' Sarah's ninety years were past
 The promis'd seed is born at last.

With joy the mother views her son,
 And tells the wonders God has done ;
 Faith may go strong when sense despairs,
 If nature fails the promise bears.]

PSALM CXIV. Long Metre.

Miracles attending Israel's Journey.

WHEN Is'el freed from Pharaoh's hand
 Left the proud tyrant and his land,
 The tribes with cheerful homage own
 Their King, and Judah was his throne.
 Across the deep their journey lay ;
 The deep divides to make them way ;
 Jordan beheld their march, and fled
 With backward current to his head.
 The mountains shook like frightened sheep ;
 Like lambs the little hillocks leap ;
 Not Sinai on her base could stand,
 Conscious of sov'reign power at hand.
 What pow'r could make the deep divide ;
 Make Jordan backward roll his tide ?
 Why did ye leap, ye little hills,
 And whence the fright that Sinai feels ?
 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood
 Retire, and know th' approaching God,
 The King of Israel : See him here ;
 Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.
 He thunders, and all nature mourns,
 The rock to standing pools he turns ;
 Flints spring with fountains at his word
 And fires and seas confess the LORD.

PSALM CXV. First Metre.

*The true God our Refuge; or, Idolatry
reproved.*

- 1 **N**OT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due;
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise, and true.
- 2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful name:
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and to raise our shame (long?)
Say, "Where's the God you've serv'd for?"
- 3 The God we serve maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the skies:
Thro' all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.
- 4 But the vain idols they adore,
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood,
At best a mass of golden ore,
A silver saint, or golden god.
- 5 [With eyes and ears, they carve their heads;
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind;
In vain are costly off'rings made,
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.
- 6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray,
Mortals that pay them fear or love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]
- 7 O Israel, make the LORD thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest:
The LORD shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

The dead no more can speak thy praise,
They dwell in silence and the grave;
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy pow'r to save.

**P S A L M CXV. Second Metre. To the
New Tune of the 50th Psalm.**

Popish Idolatry reproved.

A Psalm for the 5th of November.

NOT to our names, thou only just and true,
Not to our worthless names is glory due;
Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and justice claim
Immortal honors to thy sov'reign name:
Shine thro' the earth from heav'n thy blest abode,
Nor let the Heathen say, 'And where's your God?

Heav'n is thine higher court, there stands thy throne,
And thro' the lower world: thy will is done:
Our God fram'd all this earth, these heav'n's shelter spread,
But fools adore the gods their hands have made,
The kneeling croud, with looks devout behold
Ther silver saviours, and their saints of gold.

[Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears,
The molten image neither sees nor hears;
Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move;
They have no speech, nor thought, nor pow'r, nor
(love,
Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
To their deaf idols, and their moveless saints.

The rich have statues well adorn'd with gold,
The poor content with gods of coarser mould,
With tools of iron carve the senseless stock,
Lopt from a tree, or broken from a Rock:
People and priest drive on the solemn trade,
And trust the gods that saws and hammers made.]

- 5 Be heav'n and earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to say
Which is more stupid, or their gods, or they:
O Is'el, trust the Lord! he hears and sees,
He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace;
His worship does a thousand comforts yield,
He is thy help, and he thy heav'nly shield.
- 6 O Britain, trust the Lord! Thy foes in vain
Attempt thy ruin and oppose his reign;
Had they prevail'd, darkness had clos'd our days,
And death and silence had forbid his praise,
But we are sav'd and I yet let songs arise,
And Britons bless the God that built the Skies.

PSALM CXVI. First Part. Com. Metre

Recovery from Sickness.

- 1 **I** Love the LORD: he heard my cries
And pity'd ev'ry groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the LORD: he bow'd his ear
And chas'd my griefs away:
O let my heart no more despair
While I have breath to pray!
- 3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead;
While inward pangs and fears of hell,
Perplex'd my wakeful head.
- 4 "My God! I cry'd, thy servant save
"Thou ever good and just:
"Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave
"Thy power is all my trust."
- 5 The LORD beheld me sore distress,
He bid my pains remove;

Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

6 My God has sav'd my soul from death,
And dry'd my falling tears;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

PSALM CXVI. ver. 12, &c. Second Part.

*Vows made in Trouble paid in the Church :
or, Public Thanks for private Deliverances.*

WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shewn ?

My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

Among the saints that fill thine house,
My off'rings shall be paid,
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God !

How dear thy servants in thy sight !
How precious is their blood !

How happy all thy servants are,
How great thy grace to me !

My life which thou hast made thy care,
LORD, I devote to thee.

Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move ;

Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

Here in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record ;

Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the LORD.

PSALM CXVII. Common Metre.

Praise to God from all Nations.

1 **O** All ye nations, praise the LORD,
Each with a different tongue,
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns thro' every land;
Proclaim his grace abroad;
For ever firm his truth shall stand,
Praise ye the faithful God.

PSALM CXVII. Long Metre.

1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise,
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Thro' every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, LORD,
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

PSALM CXVII. Short Metre.

1 **T**HY name, Almighty LORD,
Shall sound thro' distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 6—15. First Part.

Deliverance from a Tumult.

THE LORD appears my helper now,

Nor is my faith afraid

Of what the sons of earth can do,

Since heav'n affords me aid.

'Tis safer LORD, to hope in thee,

And have my GOD my friend,

Than trust in men of high degree,

And on their truth depend.

Like Bees my foes beset me round,

A large and angry swarm!

But I shall all their rage confound

By thine Almighty arm.

'Tis thro' the LORD my heart is strong,

In him my lips rejoice;

While his salvation is my song,

How cheerful is my voice?

Like angry bees they girt me round:

When God appears they fly:

So burning thorns with crackling sound

Make a fierce blaze and die.

Joy to the saints and peace belongs;

The LORD protects their days;

Let Isr'el tune immortal songs

To his Almighty grace.

PSALM CXVIII. 17—21. Second Part.

Public Praise for Deliverance from Death.

LORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,

And rescu'd from the grave;

Now shall he live: (and none can die,

If God resolve to save.)

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- 2 Thy praise more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath :
Thy hand that hath chastis'd him sore,
Defends him still from death.
- 3 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we shall worship there ;
The house where all the righteous go
Thy mercy to declare.
- 4 Amongst th' assemblies of thy saints,
Our thankful voice we raise :
There we have told thee our complaints,
And there we speak thy praise.

PSALM CXVIII. 22, 23. Third Pt. C. M.

CHRIST the Foundation of his Church,

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sure foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore thy name ;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe, and priest
Reject it with disdain ;
Yet on this rock, the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What tho' the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise ;
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God
And wond'rous in our eyes.

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PSALM CXVIII. v. 24, 26. Fourth Part.
Common Metre.

*Hosanna ; the Lord's Day : or, CHRIST'S
Resurrection, and our Salvation.*

THis is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;

Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

To-day he rose and left the dead,
And satan's empire fell ;

To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son !

Help us, O LORD, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

Blest be the LORD, who comes to men
With messages of grace :

Who comes in GOD his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains,

The church on earth can raise ;

The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

PSALM CXVIII. v. 22, 27. Short Met.

*An Hosanna for the Lord's-Day : or, A new
Song of Salvation by CHRIST.*

SEE what a living stone

The builders did refuse ;

Yet GOD hath built his church thereon

In spite of envious Jews.

- 2 The scribe and angry priest,
Reject thine only Son ;
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.
- 3 The work, O LORD, is thine,
And wond'rous in our eyes ;
This day declares it all divine ;
This day did JESUS rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made ;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.
- 5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood ;
Bless him, ye saints : he comes to bring
Salvation from our GOD.
- 6 We bless thine holy word
Which all this grace displays ;
And offer on thine altar, LORD,
Our sacrifice of praise.

PSALM CXVIII. 22—27. Long Metre.

*An Hosanna for the Lord's Day ; or, A new
Song of Salvation to CHRIST.*

- 1 **L**O ! what a glorious corner-stone !
The Jewish builders did refuse !
But GOD hath built his church thereon
In spite of envy and the Jews.
- 2 Great GOD ! the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes ;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

6 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad :
 Hosanna, let his name be blest ;
 A thousand honours on his head,
 With peace, and light, and glory rest.
 4 In God's own name he comes to bring
 Salvation to our dying race ;
 Let the whole church address their King
 With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

PSALM CXIX.

*I have collected and disposed the most useful
 verses of this Psalm, under eighteen different
 heads, and formed a divine song upon each
 of them. But the verses are much trans-
 posed to attain some degree of connection.*

*In some places, among the words, law,
 commands, judgments, testimonies, I have
 used gospel, word, grace, truth, promises,
 &c. as more agreeable to the New Testament,
 and the common language of Christians, and
 it equally answers the design of the Psalmist,
 which was to recommend the holy scriptures.*

PSALM CXIX. First Part. Com. Metre.

The Blessedness of Saints, and Misery of Sinners.

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 **B**LEST are the undefil'd in heart,
 Whose ways are right and clean ;
 Who never from thy laws depart,
 But fly from every sin.
 2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,
 And practice thy commands :
 With their wholeheart they seek the Lord
 And serve thee with their hands.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law,
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

Ver. 6.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my soul from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey
And honour all thy name.

Ver. 12. 118.

5 But haughty sinners God will hate,
The proud shall die accurst :
The sons of falshood and deceit
Are trodden to the dust.

Ver. 119, 155.

6 Vile as the dross the wicked are,
And those that leave thy way
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.

PSALM CXIX Second Part. C. M.

*Secret Devotion and Spiritual-mindedness
or, Constant converse with God.*

Ver. 147. 55.

1 **T**O thee before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy Name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

2 My spirit faints to see thy grace ;
Thy promise bears me up;
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

Ver 116.

3 Sev'n times a day I lift my hands
And pay my thanks to thee ;

Thy righteous Providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

Ver. 62.

When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind ;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

P S A L M CXIX. Third Part.

*Professions of Sincerity, Repentance and
Obedience.*

Ver. 57. 60, &c.

THOU art my portion, O my God,
Soon as I know thy way
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

I choose the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice ;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

The testimonies of thy grace,
I set before mine eyes,
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways :
Then turn my Feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O save thy servant, LORD :
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
My hope is in thy word.

Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil,

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And thus till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform thy will.

PSALM CXIX. Fourth Part. C.M.

Instruction from Scripture.

Ver. 9.

- 1 **H**ow shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

Ver. 130.

- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day;
And thro' the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 99, 100.

- 4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the LORD.

Ver. 104, 113.

- 5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinners road:
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

Ver 81, 90, 91.

- 6 The starry heav'ns thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these thy servants night and day,
Thy skill and pow'r express,

But still thy law and gospel, LORD,
 Have lessons more divine:
 Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
 Nor stars so nobly shine.]

Ver. 160, 140, 9, 116.

Thy word is everlasting truth,
 How pure is ev'ry page!
 That holy book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.

P S A L M CXIX. Fifth Part.

*Light in Scripture; or, the Word of God
 dwelling in us.*

O how I love thy holy law!
 'Tis daily my delight;
 And thence my meditations draw
 Divine advice by night.
 My waking eyes prevent the day
 To meditate thy word:
 My soul with longing melts away
 To hear thy gospel, LORD.
 How doth thy word my heart engage!
 How well employ my tongue!
 And in my tiresome pilgrimage,
 Yields me a heav'nly song.
 Am I a stranger, or at home?
 'Tis my perpetual feast;
 Not honey dropping from the comb,
 So much allures the taste.
 No treasures so enrich the mind;
 Nor shall thy word be sold
 For loads of silver well refin'd,
 Nor heaps of choicest gold.

6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop
 Thy promises of grace
 Are pillars to support my hope,
 And there I write thy praise.

P S A L M CXIX. Sixth Part.
Holiness and Comfort from the Word.
 Ver. 128.

1 **L**ORD, I esteem thy judgments right
 And all thy statutes just;
 Thence I maintain a constant fight
 With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.

2 Thy precepts often I survey:
 I keep thy law in sight
 Thro' all the business of the day
 To form my actions right.

3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
 "How sweet thy comforts be!"
 My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
 And bring their thanks to thee.

4 And when my spirit drinks her fill
 At some good word of thine,
 Not mighty men that share the spoil
 Have joys compar'd to mine.

P S A L M CXIX. Seventh Part.
*Imperfections of Nature, and Perfection
 Scripture.*

Ver. 96. Paraphrased.

1 **L**ET all the heathen nations join
 To form one perfect book;
 Great God, if once compar'd with thine
 How mean their writings look!

Not the most perfect rules they gave
 Could shew one sin forgiv'n,
 Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
 But thine conduct to heav'n.

I've seen an end to what we call
 Perfection here below:

How short the pow'rs of nature fall,
 And can no further go.

Yet men would fain be just with God
 By works their hands have wrought:
 But thy commands exceeding broad,
 Extend to ev'ry thought.

In vain we boast perfection here,
 While sin defiles our frame;
 And sinks our virtues down so far,
 They scarce deserve the name.

Our faith and love, and ev'ry grace,
 Fall far below thy word:

But perfect truth and righteousness
 Dwell only with the LORD.

PSALM CXIX. Eighth Part.

*The Word of God is the Saints Portion; or,
 The Excellency and Variety of Scripture.*

Ver. 111. Paraphrased.

LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
 My lasting heritage:

There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,
 My warmest thoughts engage.

I'll read the histories of thy love,
 And keep thy laws in sight,

While thro' the promises I rove
 With ever fresh delight.

- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest :
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

PSALM CXIX. Ninth Part.

*Desire of Knowledge : or, The Teaching
the Spirit with the Word.*

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

- 1 **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O Lord
How good thy works appear !
Open my eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.
- 2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due ;
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.
- 3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid ;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.
- 4 When I confess my wand'ring ways,
Thou heardst my soul complain :
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.
- 5 If God to me his statutes shew,
And heav'nly truth impart,

His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

[In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy law :
Nor let that blessed gospel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.

When I have learnt my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways :
My thankful lips, inspir'd with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

PSALM CXIX. Tenth Part.

Pleading the Promises.

Ver. 38, 49.

BEHOLD thy waiting servant, LORD,
Devoted to thy fear ;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

Hast thou not writ salvation down,
And promis'd quick'ning grace ?
Doth not my heart address thy throne ?
And yet thy love delays.

Mine eyes for thy salvation fail,
O bear thy servant up !
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my hope.

- 4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord
 Then let thy truth appear:
 Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
 And trust as well as fear:

PSALM CXIX. Eleventh Part.

Breathing after Holiness.

- 1 **O** That the Lord would guide my way
 To keep his statutes still!
 O that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will!
- 2 O send thy spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart!
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires arise
 Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray;
 My feet too often slip;
 Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
 Restore thy wand'ring sheep.
- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road:
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

SALM CXIX. Twelfth Part. Com. Met.

Breathing after Comfort and Deliverance.

MY GOD, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Though I have sinn'd against thy grace,
I can't forget thy laws.

Forbid, forbid, the sharp reproach
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

Be thou a surety, LORD, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

Mine eyes with expectation fail;
My heart within me cries,
"When will the LORD his truth fulfil
"And make my comforts rise?"

Look down upon my sorrows, LORD,
And shew thy grace the same
As thou art ever wont t' afford
To those that love thy name.

S A L M CXIX. Thirteenth Part.

Holy Fear, and Tenderness of Conscience.

With my whole heart I've sought thy
O let me never stray (face,
From thy commands, O GOD of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way.

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- 2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From ev'ry rising sin.
- 3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the LORD :
My sorrows rise, my nature faints
When men transgress thy word.
- 4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe ;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.
- 5 My heart with sacred rev'rence hears
The threat'nings of thy word ,
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the LORD.
- 6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still ;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

P S A L M CXIX. Fourteenth Part
Benefit of Afflictions, and Support under them

- 1 **C**ONSIDER all my sorrows, LORD,
And thy deliv'rance send ;
My soul for thy salvation faints,
When will my troubles end ?
- 2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my father's rod ;

Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins,
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins

Had not thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul oppress'd with sorrow's weight
Had sunk amongst the dead.

I know thy judgments, LORD, are right,
Tho' they may seem severe :
The sharpest suff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

Before I knew thy chast'ning rod,
My feet were apt to stray ;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

PSALM CXIX. Fifteenth Part.

Holy Resolutions.

O That thy statutes ev'ry hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And daily peace I find.

To meditate thy precepts, LORD,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

- 3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and satàn's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large !
- 4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name ;
I'll speak thy word tho' kings should hear
Nor yield to sinful shame.
- 5 Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right,
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.
- 6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill ;
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

P S A L M CXIX. Sixteenth Part.

Prayer for quickening Grace.

- 1 **M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust ;
LORD, give me life divine !
From vain desires, and ev'ry lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.
- 2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet àstray.
- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Thy word that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

Are not thy mercies sov'reign still,
And thou a faithful God ?

Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heav'nly road ?

Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face ?

And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enliv'ning grace !

Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word

When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r
To draw me near the LORD.

S A L M CXIX. Seventeenth Part.
Long Metre.

Courage and Perseverance under Persecution : or, Grace shining in Difficulties and Trials.

When pain and anguish seizeme LORD,

All my support is from thy word ;

My soul dissolves for heaviness

Uphold me with thy strength'ning grace

The proud have fram'd their scoff and lies

They watch my feet with envious eyes,

And tempt my soul to snares and sin,

Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

They hate me, LORD, without a cause,

They hate to see me love thy laws ;

But I will trust and fear thy name

Till pride and malice die with shame.

P S A L M CXIX. Last Part.

Sanctified Afflictions ; or, Delight in the Word of God.

- 1 **F**Ather, I bless thy gentle hand ;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forc'd my conscienc to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God.
- 2 Foolish and vain I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, LORD ;
I left my guide, and lost my way ;
But now I love and keep thy word.
- 3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell ;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.
- 4 Thy law that issues from thy mouth,
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or western hills of golden ore.
- 5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame
Thy spirit form'd my soul within ;
Teach me to know thy wond'rous name
And guard me safe from death and sin.
- 6 Then all that love and fear the LORD,
At my salvation shall rejoice ;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

P S A L M CXX. Common Metre.

*Complaint of quarrelsome Neighbours ; or,
A devout Wish for Peace.*

- 1 **T**HOU God of love, thou ever blest
Pity my suff'ring state ;

When wilt thou set my soul at rest
From lips that love deceit?

Hard lot of mine ! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life:

O might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell !

Peace is the blessing that I seek ;
How lovely are its charms !
I am for peace ; but when I speak
They all declare for arms.

New passions still their soul engage,
And keep their malice strong ;
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue !

Should burning arrows smite thee thro'
Strict justice would approve :
But I had rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

P S A L M CXXI. Long Metre.-

Divine Protection.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies,
There all her help my soul derives,
There my almighty refuge lives.

He lives, the everlasting God
That built the world, that spread the flood :
The heav'ns, with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way
His morning smiles bless all the day :
He spreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Isr'el sleeps.
- 4 Isr'el, a name divinely blest !
May rise secure, securely rest :
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch ! no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire from far.
- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn
Still thou shalt go and still return,
Safe in the LORD ; his heav'nly care
Defends thy life from every snare.
- 7 On thee foul spirits have no pow'r ;
And in thy last departing hour,
Angels that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

P S A L M CXXI. Common Metre
Preservation by Day and Night.

- 1 **T**O heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid :
The LORD, that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their feet shall never slide to fall,
Whom he designs to keep ;
His ear attends the softest call ;
His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest pow'rs
With his almighty arm,

And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

Isr'el rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the LORD,
His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r
For thine eternal guard.

Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

SALM CXXI. As the 148th Psalm.

God our Preserver.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes;
From God is all mine aid:
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made;
God is the tow'r
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.

My feet shall never slide,
Or fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.

Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep,
Shall Isr'el keep
When dangers rise.

- 3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there :

Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

- 4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word
To save my soul from death ?
And I can trust my LORD
To keep my mortal breath ;
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

P S A L M CXXII. Common Metre
Going to Church.

- 1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
“ In Zion let us all appear
“ And keep the solemn day.”
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road ;
The church adorn'd with grace
Stands like a palace built for God,
To shew his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair :
The son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints,
And while his awful voice

PSALM CXXII.

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Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants blest!

My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

PSALM CXXII. Proper Tune.

Going to Church.

HOW pleas'd and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come let us seek our God to-day!"

Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.

Zion, thrice happy place!
Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round.
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

There David's greater Son
Has fix'd his royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinners sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,

To bless the soul of ev'ry guest!
 The man that seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
 "Peace to this sacred house!"

For there my friends and kindred dwell;
 And since my glorious God
 Makes thee his blest abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

Repeat the fourth stanza to complete the tune.

P S A L M CXXIII. Common Metre.
Pleading with Submission.

1 **O** Thou whose grace and justice reign
 Enthron'd above the skies,
 To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
 To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As servants watch their master's hand
 And fear their angry stroke;
 Or maids before their mistress stand,
 And wait a peaceful look.

3 So for our sins we justly feel
 Thy discipline, O God:
 Yet wait the gracious moments still,
 Till thou remove thy rod.

4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live,
 Our daily groans deride,
 And thy delays of mercy give
 Fresh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
 In thy compassion lies;
 This thought shall bear our spirits up
 That God will not despise.

PSALM CXXIV. Long Metre.

A Song for the fifth of November.

HAD not the LORD, may Isr'el say,
 Had not the LORD maintain'd our
 When men to make our lives a prey (side
 Rose like the swelling of the tide;
 The swelling tide had stopt our breath,
 So fiercely did the waters roll,
 We had been swallow'd deep in death:
 Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.
 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
 Who just escap'd the fatal stroke,
 So flies the bird with cheerful wing
 When once the fowler's snare is broke.
 For ever blessed be the LORD,
 Who broke the fowler's cursed snare;
 Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword
 And made our lives and souls his care!
 Our help is in JEHOVAH's name,
 Who form'd the earth and built the skies;
 He that upholds that wond'rous frame,
 Guard his own church with watchful eyes.

PSALM CXXV. Common Metre.

The Saints Trial and Safety.

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
 And firm as mountains be,
 Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
 That leans, O LORD, on thee.
 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
 Old Salem's happy ground,
 As those eternal arms of love
 That ev'ry saint surround.

- 3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion does allay
The fury of the rod.
- 4 Deal gentle, LORD, with souls sincere;
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise
Where CHRIST their LORD is gone.
- 5 But if we trace those crooked ways
That the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove them first to hell
Shall smite his followers too.

P S A L M CXXV. Short Metre.
The Saints Trial and Safety ; or, Moderate Afflictions.

- 1 FIRM and unmov'd are they
That rest their souls on God ;
Firm as the mount, where David dwelt
Or where the ark abode.
- 2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So GOD, and his almighty love,
Embrace his saints around.
- 3 What tho' the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke;
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.
- 4 Deal gently, LORD, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and grace
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the faint :
The God of Isr'el will support
His children, lest they faint.
But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there,
Where bolder sinners dwell.

PSALM CXXVI. Long Metre.

Surprising Deliverance.

WHEN God restor'd our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme;
The grace beyond our hopes so great,
That joy appear'd a painted dream.
The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to thy name ;
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.
When we review'd our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so ;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.
The man that in his furrow'd field,
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

PSALM CXXVI. Common Metre.

*The Joy of a remarkable Conversion ; or,
Melancholy removed.*

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

- 2 The world beheld the glorious change
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains
And sung surprising grace!
- 3 "Great is the work!" my neighbor
"And own'd the pow'r divine; [cry
"Great is the work!" my heart reply
And be the glory thine.
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come,
They shall confess their sheaves are great
And shout the blessings home.
- 6 Tho' seed lie bury'd long in dust,
It shan't deceive their hope!
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

P S A L M CXXVII. Long Metre.

*The Blessing of God on the Business and
Comforts of Life.*

- 1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost
If God the city will not keep
The watchful guards as well may sleep
- 2 What tho' you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done;
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread;

Tis all in vain, till God hath blest :
 He can make rich, yet give us rest ;
 Children and friends are blessings too,
 If God our sov'reign make them so.
 Happy the man to whom he sends
 Obedient children, faithful friends !
 How sweet our daily comforts prove
 When they are season'd with his love.

PSALM CXXVII. Common Metre.
God All in All.

IF God to build the house deny,
 The builders work in vain ;
 And towns, without his wakeful eye,
 An useless watch maintain.
 Before the morning-beams arise,
 Your painful work renew,
 And till the stars ascend the skies,
 Your tiresome toil pursue.
 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare ;
 In vain till God has blest ;
 But if his smiles attend your care,
 You shall have food and rest.
 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
 Shall real blessings prove,
 Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
 If sent without his love.

PSALM CXXVIII. Common Metre.
Family Blessings.

O Happy man, whose soul is fill'd
 With zeal and rev'rend awe ;
 His lips to God their honours yield,
 His life adorns the law.

- 2 A careful providence shall stand,
And ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labours of thy hand,
Its kindly blessings shed.
- 3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine:
Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honour shine,
And learn to fear the LORD.
- 4 The LORD shall thy best hopes fulfil
For months and years to come:
The LORD who dwells in Zion's hill
Shall send thee blessings home.
- 5 This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase,
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

P S A L M CXXIX. Common Metre.
Persecutors punished.

- 1 **U**P from my youth, may Isr'el say,
Have I been nurs'd in tears;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.
- 2 Up from my youth, I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assail'd my riper age,
But not destroy'd my life.
- 3 Their cruel plough had torn my flesh
With furrows long and deep,
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afresh,
Nor let my sorrows sleep.
- 4 The LORD grew angry on his throne,
And with impartial eye

Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.

How was their insolence surpris'd

To hear his thunders roll !

And all the foes of Zion seiz'd

With horror to the soul !

Thus shall the men that hate the saints,

Be blasted from the sky .

Their glory fades, their courage faints,

And all their projects die.

What tho' they flourish tall and fair,

They have no root beneath ;

Their growth shall perish in despair,

And lie despis'd in death.

So corn that on the house-top stands,

No hope of harvest gives :

The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,

Nor binder fold the sheaves.

It springs and withers on the place :

No traveller bestows

A word of blessing on the grass,

Nor minds it as he goes.]

S A L M CXXX. Common Metre.

Pardoning Grace.

OUT of the deeps of long distress,

The borders of despair,

I sent my cries to seek thy grace,

My groans to move thine ear.

Great God ! should thy severer eye,

And thine impartial hand,

Mark and revenge iniquity,

No mortal flesh could stand.

- 3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree ;
Thy Son hath bought them with his blood
To draw us near to thee.
- 4 I wait for thy salvation, LORD,
With strong desires I wait ;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.
- 5 Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light
And meet them with their eyes :
- 6 So waits my soul to see thy grace ;
And more intent than they,
Meets the first op'nings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.
- 7 [Then in the LORD, let Isr'el trust,
Let Isr'el seek his face ;
The LORD is good as well as just,
And plenteous in his grace.
- 8 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd ;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Isr'el shall be sav'd.]

P S A L M CXXX. Long Metre
Pardoning Grace.

- 1 **F**ROM deep distress and troubled thought
To thee, my God, I raise my cries
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace
Free to dispense thy pardons there,

That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope, and love as well as fear.

As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate ;
When will my God his face display ?

My truth is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain :
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

Great is his love, and large his grace :
Thro' the redemption of his Son :
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

PSALM CXXXI. Com. Metre.

Humility and Submission.

IS there ambition in my heart ?
Search, gracious God, and see ;
Or do I act a haughty part ?
LORD, I appeal to thee.

I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild ;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward :
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM CXXXII. 5, 13—18. L. Me

*At the Settlement of a Church; or, The
Ordination of a Minister.*

- 1 **W** Here shall we go to seek and
An habitation for our God,
A dwelling for th' Eternal Mind
Amongst the sons of flesh and blood?
- 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence blest.
- 3 "Here will I fix my gracious throne
"And reign for ever," saith the Lord
"Here shall my pow'r and love be known
"And blessings shall attend my word.
- 4 "Here will I meet the hungry poor,
"And fill their souls with living bread
"Sinners that wait before my door,
"With sweet provision shall be fed.
- 5 "Girded with truth and cloth'd with grace
"My priests, my ministers, shall shine
"Not Aaron in his costly dress,
"Made an appearance so divine.
- 6 "The saints unable to contain
"Their inward joys, shall shout and sing
"The Son of David here shall reign
"And Zion triumph in her king.
- 7 "Jesus shall see a num'rous seed
"Born here to uphold his glorious name
"His crown shall flourish on his head
"While all his foes are cloth'd with shame.

ALM CXXXII. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17.

Common Metre.

A Church established.

NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David would afford,
Till he had found beneath the skies
A dwelling for the LORD.

The LORD in Zion plac'd his name,
His Ark was settled there;
To Zion the whole nation came
To worship thrice a year.

But we have no such lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for GOD.]

P A U S E.

Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest !

Lo ! thy church waits with longing eye
'Thus to be own'd and blest.

Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy Word ;
All that the Ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

Here, mighty GOD ! accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread ;
Bless the provision of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

Here let the Son of David reign ;
Let GOD's anointed shine ;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.

8. Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes

PSALM CXXXIII. Common Metre
Brotherly Love.

- 1 **L**O, what an entertaining sight,
Are brethren that agree;
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety!
- 2 When streams of love, from Christ
Descend to every soul, (spring)
And heavenly peace with balmy wing
Shades and bedews the whole:
- 3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet,
On Aaron's reverend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet
And o'er his garments spread.
- 4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dew
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews
And makes his grace distil.

PSALM CXXXIII. Short Metre
*Communion of Saints; or, Love and Unity
in a Family.*

- 1 **B**LEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Thro' all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled voice
Make their communion sweet.

Thus when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil thro' all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

Thus on the heav'nly hills
The saints are bless'd above,
Where joy like morning dew distills
And all the air is love.

PSALM CXXXIV. As the 122d Psalm.

The Blessings of Friendship.

HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in their proper station move,
And each fulfil their part,
With sympathising heart,
In all the cares of life and love!
'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet:
The oil thro' all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran down his robes, and blest his feet.
Like fruitful showers of rain
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring hills,
Such streams of pleasure roll
Thro' ev'ry friendly soul;
Where love like heav'nly dew distills.

P S A L M CXXXIV. L. M.

Daily and Nightly Devotion.

YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place,

N

Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
 And bless his wond'rous grace.
 Lift up your hands by morning light,
 And send your souls on high;
 Raise your admiring thoughts by night
 Above the starry sky.

- 3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
 With rays of quick'ning grace;
 The God that spreads the heav'ns abroad
 And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM CXXXV. 1—4, 14, 19—22
 First Part. Long Metre.

The Church is God's House and Care

- 1 **P**Raise ye the LORD, exalt his name
 While in his holy courts ye wait
 Ye saints that to his house belong,
 Or stand attending at his gate:
- 2 Praise ye the LORD; the LORD is good
 To praise his Name is sweet employ
 Isr'el he chose of old, and still
 His church is his peculiar joy.
- 3 The LORD himself will judge his saints
 He treats his servants as his friends
 And when he hears their sore complaints
 Repents the sorrows that he sends.
- 4 Thro' ev'ry age the LORD declares
 His name, and breaks th'oppressor's rod
 He gives his suffering servants rest,
 And will be known th'almighty God.
- 5 Bless ye the LORD, who taste his love
 People and priest exalt his name;

PSALM CXXXV. 283

Amongst his saints he ever dwells :
His church is his Jerusalem.

SALM CXXXV. ver. 5—12. 2d. Part:
The Works of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Israel, and Destruction of Enemies.

GREAT is the LORD, exalted high
Above all pow'rs and ev'ry throne;
Whate'er he please on earth or sea,
Or heav'n, or hell, his hand hath done.

At his command the vapours rise,
The light'nings flash, the thunders roar;
He pours the rain, he brings the wind
And tempest from his airy store.

'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, thro' thy stubborn land;
When all thy first-born, beasts and men
Fell dead by his avenging hand.

What mighty nations, mighty kings
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Isr'el, whom his hand redeem'd
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave!
His pow'r the same, the same his grace!
That saves us from the hosts of hell;
And heav'n he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

SALM CXXXV. (Common Metre.

Praise due to GOD, not to Idols.

AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your
Your sweetest passions raise, (King;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

- 2 Great is the LORD, and works unknown
Are his divine employ :
But still his saints are near his throne
His treasure and his joy.
- 3 Heav'n, earth and sea, confess his hand
He bids the vapours rise :
Light'ning and storm, at his command
Sweep thro' the sounding skies.
- 4 All pow'r that gods or kings have claim'd
Is found with him alone ;
But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd
Where our JEHOVAH'S known.
- 5 Which of the stocks or stones they trust
Can give them show'rs of rain ?
In vain they worship glitt'ring dust,
And pray to gold in vain.
- 6 [Their gods have tongues that cannot
Such as their makers gave : (talk)
Their feet were ne'er design'd to walk
Nor hands have pow'r to save.
- 7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf
Nor hear when mortals pray :
Mortals that wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]
- 8 O Britain, know thy living God,
Serve him with faith and fear ;
He makes thy churches his abode,
And claims thine honours there.

PSALM CXXXVI. Common Metre
*GOD'S Wonders of Creation, Providence,
 redemption of Israel and Salvation of his People*

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to GOD the sov'reign
His mercies still endure, (LORD)

And be the King of kings ador'd,
His truth is ever sure.

What wonders hath his wisdom done !
How mighty is his hand !

Heav'n, earth and sea, he fram'd alone :
How wide is his command !

The sun supplies the day with light :
How bright his counsels shine !

The moon and stars adorn the night !
His works are all divine.

He struck the sons of Egypt dead,
How dreadful is his rod !

And thence with joy his people led :
How gracious is our God !

He cleft the swelling sea in two ;
His arm is great in might ;

And gave the tribes a passage thro' ;
His pow'r and grace unite.

But Pharaoh's army there he drown'd ;
How glorious are his ways !

And brought his saints thro' desert
Eternal be his praise. (ground,

Great monarchs fell beneath his hand ;
Victorious is his sword :

While Isr'el took the promis'd land :
And faithful is his word.]

He saw the nations dead in sin ;
He felt his pity move :

How sad a state the world was in !
How boundless was his love !

He sent to save us from our woe ;
His goodness never fails ;

From death and hell, and ev'ry foe;
And still his grace prevails.

- 10 Give thanks to God the heav'nly King
His mercies still endure;
Let the whole earth his praises sing:
His truth is ever sure.

PSALM CXXXVI. As the 148th Psalm

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God most high
The universal LORD:
The sov'reign King of kings:
And be his grace ador'd,
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

- 2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, LORD,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

- 3 His wisdom fram'd the sun,
'To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

He smote the first-born sons,
The flow'r of Egypt dead ;
And thence his chosen tribes
With joy and glory lead.

Thy mercy, LORD,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

His pow'r and lifted rod
Cleft the red sea in two,
And for his people made
A wond'rous passage thro'.

His pow'r and grace
Are still the same ;
And let his name
Have endless praise,

But cruel Pharaoh there
With all his host he drown'd,
And brought his Isr'el safe
Thro' a long desert ground.

Thy mercy, LORD,
Shall still endure ;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

P A U S E .

The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand :
While his own servants took
Possession of their land.

His pow'r and grace
Are still the same ;
And let his name
Have endless praise.]

- 8 He saw the nations lie
 All perishing in sin,
 And pity'd the sad state
 The ruin'd world was in.
 Thy mercy, LORD,
 Shall still endure :
 And ever sure
 Abides thy word.
- 9 He sent his only Son
 To save us from our woe,
 From satan, sin, and death,
 And every hurtful foe.
 His pow'r and grace
 Are still the same ;
 And let his name
 Have endless praise:
- 10 Give thanks aloud to God,
 To God the heav'nly king ;
 And let the spacious earth
 His works and glories sing.
 Thy mercy, LORD,
 Shall still endure ;
 And ever sure
 Abides thy word.

PSALM CXXXVI. Abridged. Long Met.

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise!
 Mercy and truth are all his ways;
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the LORD of lords renown,
 The King of kings with glory crown;
 His mercies ever shall endure, (more.
 When lords and kings are known no

He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night :
His mercies ever shall endure
When sun and moon shall shine no more
The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity work within :
His mercies ever shall endure
When death and sin shall reign no more.

He sent his Son with pow'r to save
From guilt and darkness, and the graves
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat ;
His mercies ever shall endure
When this vain world shall be no more.

PSALM CXXXVIII. Long Metre.

Restoring and preserving Grace.

With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song :
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
Angels that make thy church their care
Shall witness my devotion there,

While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.

- 3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, LORD,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;
Not all thy works and name below,
So much thy pow'r and glory show.
- 4 To God, I cry'd when troubles rose,
He heard me and subdu'd my foes ;
He did my rising fears controul,
And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.
- 5 The God of heaven maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great;
But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.
- 6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;
Thy word my fainting soul receive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 7 Grace will compleat what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins ;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM CXXXIX. 1st Part. Long Metre.

The all-seeing God.

- 1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro'
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

Within thy circling pow'r I stand :

On every side I find thy hand :

Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

Amazing knowledge ! vast and great !

What large extent ! what lofty height !

My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

"O may these thoughts possess my breast !

"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,

"Nor let my weaker passions dare

"Consent to sin, for God is there."

P A U S E I.

Could I so false, so faithless prove,

To quit thy service and thy love,

Where LORD, could I thy presence shun,

Or from thy dreadful glory run ?

If up to heav'n I take my flight,

'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in
light ;

Or dive to hell, there veng'ance reigns,

And satan groans beneath thy chains.

If mounted on a morning ray,

I fly beyond the western sea,

Thy swifter hand would first arrive,

And there arrest thy fugitive.

Or should I try to shun thy sight

Beneath the spreading veil of night,

One glance of thine, one piercing ray,

Would kindle darkness into day.

"O may these thoughts possess my breast

"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;

“ Nor let my weaker passions dare
 “ Consent to sin, for God is there.”

P A U S E II.

- 11 The veil of night is no disguise,
 No screen from thy all-searching eyes
 Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
 Thro' midnight shades as blazing noon
- 12 Midnight and noon in this agree,
 Great God, they're both alike to thee
 Nor death can hide what God will spy,
 And hell lies naked to his eye.
- 13 “ O may these thoughts possess my breast
 “ Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
 “ Nor let my weaker passions dare
 “ Consent to sin, for God is there.”

PSALM CXXXIX. 2d. Part. Long Metre

The wonderful Formation of Man.

- 1 'T was from thy hand my God, I came
 A work of such a curious frame;
 In me thy fearful wonders shine,
 And each proclaims thy skill divine.
- 2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
 Which yet in dark confusion lay;
 Thou saw'st the daily growth they took
 Form'd by the model of thy book.
- 3 By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
 And what thy sov'reign counsels fram'd
 (The breathing lungs, the beating heart)
 Was copy'd with unerring art.
- 4 At last to shew my Maker's name,
 God stamp't his image on my frame;

And in some unknown moment join'd
 The finish'd members to the mind.
 There the young seedsofthought began,
 And all the passions of the man :
 Great God, our infant nature pays
 Immortal tribute to thy praise !

P A U S E.

LORD, since in my advancing age
 I've acted on life's busy stage,
 Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
 The pow'r of numbers to recount.
 I could survey the ocean o'er,
 And count each sand that makes the shore
 Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
 The num'rous wonders of thy grace.
 These on my heart are still impress'd:
 With these I give my eyes to rest,
 And at my waking hour I find
 God and his love possess my mind.

P S A L M CXXXIX. 3d Part. Long Met.
*Sincerity professed, and Grace tried : or, The
 Heart-searching God.*

MY God, what inward grief I feel
 When impious men transgress thy
 I mourn to hear their lips profane, (will
 Take thy tremendous name in vain.
 Does not my soul detest and hate
 The sons of malice and deceit ?
 Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
 I count them enemies to me.
 LORD, search my soul, try ev'ry thought
 Tho' my own heart accuse me not

Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

- 4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray
And lead me in thy perfect way!

PSALM CXXXIX. First Part. Com. Met.

GOD is every where.

- 1 **I**N all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, LORD, or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the LORD,
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce thy word,
He know the sense I mean.
- 4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still
And like a bulwark prove
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

P A U S E.

- 6 LORD, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?

In hell, the y meet thy dreadful fire,
 In heav'n, thy glorious throne.
 Should I suppress my vital breath,
 To 'scape the wrath divine,
 Thy voice would break the bars of death,
 And make the grave resign.
 If wing'd with beams of morning-light
 I fly beyond the west,
 Thy hand which must support my flight,
 Would soon betray my rest.
 If o'er my sins I think to draw
 The curtains of the night,
 Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
 Would turn the shades to light.
 The beams of noon, the midnight-hour
 Are both alike to thee?
 O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r
 From which I cannot flee.

P S A L M CXXXIX. Second Part:
 Common Metre.

Wise Wisdom of God in the Formation of Man.

W HEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
 And all my frame survey,
 L O R D, 'tis thy work; I own thy hand
 Thus built my humble clay.
 Thy hand my heart and reins possess,
 Where unborn nature grew;
 Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
 And all my members drew.
 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
 The growth of ev'ry part;
 Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had
 Was copy'd by thy art, (laid,

- 4 Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind
 Shew me thy wond'rous skill;
 But I review myself and find
 Diviner wonders still.
- 5 Thine awful glories round me shine,
 My flesh proclaims thy praise;
 LORD, to thy works of nature join
 Thy miracles of grace.

PSALM CXXXIX. 14, 17, 18. This
 Part. Common Metre.

The Mercies of God innumerable.

An Evening Psalm.

- 1 LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er
 They strike me with surprise;
 Not all the sands that spread the shore
 To equal numbers rise.
- 2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands
 The product of thy skill;
 And hourly blessings from thy hands
 Thy thoughts of love reveal.
- 3 These on my heart by night I keep,
 How kind, how dear to me!
 O may the hour that ends my sleep,
 Still find my thoughts with thee.

PSALM CXLI. ver. 2—5. L.M.
Watchfulness and brotherly Reproof.

A Morning or Evening Psalm.

- 1 MY God, accept my early vows,
 Like morning incense in thy house
 And let my nightly worship rise,
 Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.

Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
 From every rash and heedless word ;
 Nor let my feet incline to tread
 The guilty path where sinners lead.
 O may the righteous, when I stray,
 Smite, and reprove my wand'ring way !
 Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
 Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
 When I behold them prest with grief
 I'll cry to heaven for their relief ;
 And by my warm petitions prove
 How much I prize their faithful love.

P S A L M CXLII. Com. Metre.

God is the Hope of the Helpless.

TO God I made my sorrows known,
 From God I sought relief ;
 In long complaints before his throne
 I pour'd out all my grief.
 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,
 My heart began to break ;
 My God, who all my burdens knows,
 He knows the way I take.
 On ev'ry side I cast mine eye,
 And found my helpers gone ;
 While friends and strangers pass'd me by
 Neglected or unknown.
 Then did I raise a louder cry,
 And call'd thy mercy near :
 " Thou art my portion when I die,
 " Be thou my refuge here."
 LORD, I am brought exceeding low ;
 Now let thine ear attend,

And make my foes who vex me know
I've an Almighty friend.

- 6 From my sad prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy name :
And holy men shall join with me,
Thy kindness to proclaim.

PSALM CXLIII. Long Metre.
Complaint of heavy Affliction in Mind and Body

- 1 MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad
And cry for succour from thy throne
O make thy truth and mercy known
- 2 Let judgment not against me pass ;
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace :
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.
- 3 Look down in pity, LORD, and see
The mighty woes that burden me :
Down to the dust my life is brought
Like one long bury'd and forgot.
- 4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within :
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.
- 5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope,
To bear my sinking spirits up ;
I stretch my hands to GOD again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain
- 6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn :
When will thy smiling face return ?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And GOD for ever hide his love ?

My God, thy long delay to save,
Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
Make haste to help before I die.

The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears;
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my weary pow'rs rejoice!

In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my heavy soul on high;
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.

Break off my fetters, LORD, and show
Which is the path my feet should go:
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill;
Let the good spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

Then shall my soul no more complain,
The tempter then shall rage in vain;
And flesh that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

PSALM CXLIV. First Part. ver. 1. 2.
Assistance and Victory in the spiritual Warfare.

FOR ever blessed be the LORD,
My Saviour and my shield,
He sends his spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.
When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,

- Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A friend and helper so divine,
Does my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

PSALM CXLIV. Second Part. ver. 3, &c.
The Vanity of Man, and Condescension of God

- 1 **L**ORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first!
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hast'ning to the dust.
- 2 O what is feeble dying man,
Or any of his race!
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace!
- 3 That God who darts his lightnings down
Who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wond'rous is his love!

PSALM CXLIV. Third Part. ver. 12, 13.
Grace above Riches: or, The happy Nation

- 1 **H**APPY the city where their sons,
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters, bright as polish'd stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.
- 2 Happy the country, where the sheep,
Cattle and corn, have large increase,
Where men securely work or sleep,
Nor sons of plunder break their peace.
- 3 Happy the nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely blest are those

On whom the all-sufficient God,
Himself with all his grace bestows.

P S A L M CXLV. Long Metre.

The Greatness of God.

MY God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days :

Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;

And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;

Thy bounty flows an endless stream ;

Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,

But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,

And speak thy majesty divine ;

Let Britain round her shores proclaim

The sound and honour of thy name.

Let distant times and nations raise

The long succession of thy praise,

And unborn ages make my song

The joy and labour of their tongue.

But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds?

Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;

Vast and unsearchable thy ways !

Vast and immortal be thy praise !

P S A L M CXLV. 1, 7, 11, 13. 1st Part. C. M.

The Greatness of God.

LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love ;

My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the LORD, his pow'r unknown
And let his praise be great :
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways ;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date,
Shall thro' the world be known ;
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly fist
With public splendor shown.

6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love ;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Tho' rocks and hills remove.

PSALM CXLV. ver. 7. &c. Second Part
The Goodness of God.

1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace
My God, my heav'nly King !
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confin'd
His goodness to the skies :
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines
And ev'ry want supplies.

With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food ;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.
How kind are thy compassions, LORD !
How slow thine anger moves,
But soon he sends his pard'ning word
To cheer the souls he loves.
Creatures with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim ;
But saints that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

P S A L M CXLV. ver. 14, 17, &c. 3d. Part.

Mercy to Sufferers; or, GOD bearing Prayer.

LET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign LORD of all ;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak
And raise the poor that fall.

When sorrows bow the spirit down ;
Or virtue lies distressed
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

The LORD supports our tott'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth :
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

He knows the pain his servants feel
He hears his children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.

His mercy never shall remove,
From men of heart sincere,

He saves the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6. [His stubborn foes his sword shall slay
And pierce their hearts with pain;
But none that serve the Lord, shall say
"They sought his aid in vain."

7 My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad:
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.]

PSALM CXLVI. Long Metre.

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth

1 PRAISE ye the LORD, my heart shall joy
In work so pleasant, so divine:
Now while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest power
While immortality endures:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

3 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.

4 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On H'r'el's God: He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train
And none shall find his promise vain.

5 His truth for ever stands secure:
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

The LORD hath eyes to give the blind;
 The LORD supports the sinking mind;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless.

He loves his saints, he knows them well,
 But turns the wicked down to hell:
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

P S A L M CXLVI. As the cxliith Psalm.
Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

Why should I make a man my trust?
 Princes must die and turn to dust;

Vain is the help of flesh and blood,
 Their breath departs, their pomp & pow'r:
 And thoughts all vanish in an hour;
 Nor can they make their promise good.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God: He made the sky,

And earth, and seas, with all their train;
 His truth for ever stands secure;
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
 And none shall find his promise vain.

The LORD hath eyes to give the blind;
 The LORD supports the sinking mind:
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;

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- He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release;
- 5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.
- 6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last
Or immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII. First Part. Long Metre

The Divine Nature, Providence, and Grace

- 1 PRAISE ye the LORD: 'Tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 The LORD builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name:
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.
- 3 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His Wisdom's vast, and knows no bound
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Great is our Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite;

He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

PAUSE.

- 5 Sing to the LORD, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds all round the sky,
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn:
The beast with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 7 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man, the warlike horse?
The nimble wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.
- 8 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks, and loves his image there.

PSALM CXLVII. Second Part.

Summer and Winter.

A Song for Great Britain.

O Britain, praise thy mighty God,
And make his honors known abroad;
He bade the ocean round thee flow;
Not bars of brass could guard thee so.

Thy Children are secure and blest;
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest;
He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.

- 3 Thy changing seasons he ordains,
Thine early and thy latter rains:
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.
- 4 With hoary frost he strews the ground;
His hail descends with clatt'ring sound;
Where is the man so vainly bold,
That dares defy his dreadful cold?
- 5 He bids the southern breezes blow:
The ice dissolves, the waters flow:
But he hath nobler works and ways,
To call the Britons to his praise.
- 6 To all the Isle his laws are shown;
His gospel through the nation known:
He hath not thus reveal'd his word
To ev'ry land: Praise ye the LORD.

PSALM CXLVII. 7-9. 13-18.

The Seasons of the Year.

- 1 With songs and honours sounding low
Address the LORD on high;
Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his show'rs of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crow
And corn in vallies grow.
- 3 He gives the grazing ox his meat;
He hears the ravens cry;
But man who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honours high.
- 4 His steady counsels chang'd the face
Of the declining year;

He bids the sun cut short his race,
 And wintr'y days appear.
 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
 Descend and clothe the ground:
 The liquid streams forbear to flow,
 In icy fetters bound.
 When from his dreadful stores on high
 He pours the ratt'ling hail,
 The wretch that dares his God defy,
 Shall find his courage fail.
 He sends his word, and melts the snow,
 The fields no longer mourn:
 He calls the warmer gales to blow,
 And bids the spring return.
 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
 Obey his mighty word:
 With songs and honours sounding loud,
 Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Proper Metre.

Praise to God from all Creatures

YE tribes of Adam join
 With heav'n, and earth, and seas,
 And offer notes divine
 To your Creator's praise.
 Ye holy throng
 Of angels bright;
 In worlds of light
 Begin the song.

Thou sun with dazzling rays,
 And moon that rules the night,
 Shine to your Maker's praise,
 With stars of twinkling light.

His pow'r declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.

- 3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command.
He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the Lord.

- 4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past:
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last.
In different ways
His works proclaim
His wond'rous name,
And speak his praise.

P A U S E.

- 5 Let all the earth-born race
And monsters of the deep,
The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep.
From sea and shore
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's pow'r.
- 6 Ye vapours, hail, and snow,
Praise ye the Almighty Lord,
And stormy winds that blow,
To execute his word.

When lightnings shine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear;
Beasts wild and tame,
Birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms,
Exalt his name.

Ye kings and judges, fear
The LORD, the sov'reign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honors sing.
Nor let the dream
Of pow'r and state,
Make you forget
His pow'r supreme.

Virgins and youth engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feeble voices join.
Wide as he reigns
His name be sung
By every tongue
In endless strains.

Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love.

While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honors high.

P S A L M CXLVIII. Paraphrased
Long Metre.

Universal Praise to God.

Loud hallelujahs to the LORD,
From distant worlds where creatures
Let heav'n begin the solemn word, (dwell
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

*Note. This Psalm may be sung to the Tune of the
old cxiith or cxxviith Psalm, by adding
these two Lines to every Stanza,*

Each of his works his name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil the praise.

*Otherwise it must be sung to the usual Tune of
the Long Metre.*

2 The LORD! how absolute he reigns,
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee;
Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss!
Fly thro' the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.

4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
And the sweet whisper of his name
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.

5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with blazing fire.

Let the firm earth, and rolling sea,
In this eternal song conspire.

Ye flow'ry plains, proclaim his skill,
Vallies lie low before his eye;
And let his praise from ev'ry hill,
Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky.

Ye stubborn oaks and stately pines,
Bend your high branches and adore;
Praise him, ye beasts, in diff'rent strains;
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

Birds, ye must make his praise your theme
Nature demands a song from you;
While the dumb fish that cut the stream
Leap up and mean his praises too.

Mortals, can you refrain your tongue
When nature all around you sings?
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings.

10 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known:
Loud as his thunder, shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

11 JEHOVAH! 'tis a glorious word!
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue!
But saints who best have known the Lord
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

12 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord:
From all below and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

P S A L M CXLVIII. Short Metre.
Universal Praise.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame:
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.
- 4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in show'rs, or snow,
Ye thunders, murm'ring round the skies
His pow'r and glory show.
- 5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.
- 6 By all his works above
His honors be exprest;
But saints that taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

P A U S E I.

- 7 Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise:
Praise him, ye wat'ry worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.
- 8 From mountains near the sky
Let his high praise resound;

From humble shrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.

Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.

Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear!
Or sit on flow'ry boughs and sing
Your Maker's glory there.

Ye creeping ants and worms,
His various wisdom show,
And flies in all your shining swarms,
Praise him that dress'd you so.

By all the earth-born race,
His honors be express.
But saints that know his heav'nly grace
Should learn to praise him best.

P A U S E II.

Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges, adore that sov'reign hand
Whence all your honors spring.
Let vigorous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes and with'ring age,
Their feeble voices try.
United zeal be shown
His wond'rous fame to raise;
God is the Lord: His name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest.

But saints that dwell so near his heart
Should sing his praises best.

PSALM CXLIX. Common Metre
*Praise God all his Saints: or, The Saints
judging the World.*

- 1 **A**LL ye that love the LORD, rejoice
And let your songs be new,
Amidst the church with cheerful voice
His later wonders shew.
- 2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.
- 3 The LORD takes pleasure in the just
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek that lie despis'd in dust
Salvation shall adorn.
- 4 Saints should be joyful in their King
Ev'n on a dying bed:
And like the souls in glory sing:
For God shall raise the dead.
- 5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongue
Their hands shall wield the sword
And veng'ance shall attend their song
The veng'ance of the LORD.
- 6 When Christ the judgment seat ascend
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends
Who humbly lov'd him here.
- 7 Then shall they rule with iron rod
Nations that dar'd rebel:
And join the sentence of their God
On tyrants doom'd to hell.

The royal sinners bound in chains,
New triumphs shall afford;
Such honour for the saints remains:
Praise ye and love the Lord.

S. A. L. M. C. L. ver. 1, 2, 6. C. M.

A Song of Praise.

IN God's own house pronounce his
His grace he there reveals; [praise,
To Heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love,
Your highest praise exceeds.

All that have motion, life and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest:
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

The Christian DOXOLOGY.

I. Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

II. Common Metre.

LET God the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd, [known,
Where there are works to make him
Or saints that love the Lord.

318 DOXOLOGIES.

III. Common Metre, *Where the Tune includes Two Stanzas.*

1. **T**HE God of mercy be ador'd
Who calls our souls from death;
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.
2. To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

IV. Short Metre.

YE Angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

V. *As the cxliiith Psalm.*

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit be
Eternal praise and glory giv'n,
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heav'n.

VI. *As the cxlviiiith Psalm.*

TO God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise;
With all our pow'rs,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

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January 10, 1882.
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ALBANY:
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H Y M N S

A N D

PIRITUAL SONGS.

I N

T H R E E B O O K S.

- I. Collected from the Scriptures.
- II. Composed on Divine Subjects.
- III. Prepared for the "Lord's Supper.

By I. W A T T S, D. D.

REV. v. 9.

and they sung a new Song, saying, Thou
art worthy, &c. for thou wast slain, and
hast redeemed us, &c.

Iti essent (i. e. Christiani) convenire,
Carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere.

Plinius in Epist.

L O N D O N:

Printed for CHAMPANTE and WHITROW,
Jewry-street, Aldgate.

H Y M N S

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- I. Prepared for the^{2^m} Lord's Supper.

By I. W A T T S, D. D.

REV. V. 9.

*And they sung a new Song, saying, Thou
art worthy, &c. for thou wast slain, and
hast redeemed us, &c.*

*Iti essent (i. e. Christiani) convenire,
Carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere.*

Plinius in Epist.

L O N D O N:

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To the Reader,

IT is necessary to apprise the Reader, that there are inserted **FOURTEEN ADDITIONAL HYMNS** in this edition of Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns, which makes it more perfect than any other ever printed.—The additional Hymns are properly arranged in those Places of the Book, where, in all the other Editions there is only the Number of a Hymn; and the Reader is referred to some particular Psalm without the least Detriment to the regular Progress of the other Hymns.—They have been long sung in Public Worship, but not being printed in any of the Hymn Books, are read to the Congregation, Line by Line, by the Person that gives out the Hymn.

The Hymns added, are

1. *Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your Eyes,*
2. *Jesus our Saviour and our God*
3. *Absent from Flesh! O blissful Thought*
4. *When the Eternal bows the Skies*
5. *Shall Atheists dare insult the Cross*
6. *What shall the dying Sinner do*
7. *Not by the Laws of Innocence*
8. *Jesus, thy Blessings are not few*
9. *The mighty Frame of glorious Grace*
10. *How is our Nature spoil'd by Sin*
11. *Adam our Father and our Head*
12. *He dies! the Friend of Sinners dies!*
13. *Father, how wide thy Glories shine*
14. *Happy the Soul that lives on high*

Not one of the above-mentioned Hymns are to be found in any other Edition than this,

T A B L E

to find any Hymn by the
first Line.

The Letters, *a, b, c*, denote the
1st, 11d, or 11d Book: The Figures
direct to the Hymn.

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H Y M N S

AND

Spiritual Songs.

BOOK I.

Collected from the HOLY SCRIPTURES.

*A new Song to the Lamb that was slain,
Rev. v. 6, 8—12.*

BEHOLD the Glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's Throne:
Prepare new Honours for his Name,
And songs before unknown.
Let Elders worship at his Feet,
The Church adore around,
With Vials full of Odours sweet,
And Harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the Prayers of the Saints,
And these the Hymns they raise;
JESUS is kind to our Complaints,
He loves to hear our Praise.

4 [Eternal Father! who shalt look
Into thy secret Will?
Who but the Son shall take the Book
And open every Seal?

5 He shall fulfil thy great Decrees,
The Son deserves it well!
Lo, in his Hand the sov'reign Keys
Of Heaven, and Death and Hell.

6 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless Blessings paid,
Salvation, Glory, Joy, remain
For ever on thy Head.

7 Thou hast redeem'd our Souls with Blood
Hast set the Pris'ners free;
Hast made us Kings and Priests to God
And we shall reign with thee.

8 The Worlds of Nature and of Grace
Are put beneath thy Pow'r;
Then shorten these delaying Days,
And bring the promis'd Hour.

H. *The Deity and Humanity of CHRIST*
John i. 1, 3, 14. and Col. i. 16. and
Eph. iii. 9, 10.

1 **E**RE the blue Heavens were stretch'd
From Everlasting was the Word

With GOD Hew'd ; the Word was GOD,
And must divinely be ador'd.

By his own Pow'r were all Things made ;
By him supported all Things stand ;
He is the whole Creation's Head,
And Angels fly at his Command.

Ere Sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the Host of Morning Stars ;
(Thy Generation, who can tell,
Or count the Number of thy Years ?)

But lo, he leaves those heav'nly Forms,
The Word descends and dwells in Clay ;
That he may hold converse with Worms,
Dress'd in such feeble Flesh as they.

Mortals, with Joy beheld his Face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son ;
How full of Truth ! how full of Grace !
When thro' his Eyes the Godhead shon !

Archangels leave their high Abode,
To learn new Myst'ries here, and tell
The Love of our descending GOD,
The Glories of IMMANUEL.

II. *The Nativity of CHRIST, Luke i.
30, &c. Luke ii. 10, &c.*

BEHOLD the Grace appears,
The Promise is fulfill'd ;
Mary th' wond'rous Virgin bears,
And JESUS is the Child.

- 1 [The LORD, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son ;
He bids him rule the Lands abroad,
And give him David's Throne.
- 2 O'er Jacob shall he reign
With a peculiar Sway ;
The Nations shall his Grace obtain,
His Kingdom ne'er decay.]
- 3 To bring the glorious News,
A heav'nly Form appears ;
He tells the Shepherds of their Joys,
And banishes their Fears.
- 4 " Go, humble Swains," said he,
" To David's City fly ;
" The promis'd Infant, born To-day
" Doth in a Manger lie.
- 5 " With Looks and Hearts serene,
" Go visit CHRIS T your King ;"
And strait a flaming Troop was seen
The Shepherds heard them sing,
- 6 " Glory to God on High !
" And heav'nly Peace on Earth ;
Good Will to Men, to Angels Joy,
" At our Redeemer's Birth !"
- 7 [In Worship so divine
Let Saints employ their Tongues,
With the celestial Host we join,
And loud repeat their Songs.
- 8 " Glory to God on High !
" And heav'nly Peace on Earth ;
" Good Will to Men, to Angels Joy
" At our Redeemer's Birth."]

IV. *The Nativity of CHRIST,*
Luke ii. 10, &c.

Shepherds, rejoice! lift up your Eyes
 "And send your Fears away;
 News from the Regions of the Skies,
 "Salvation's born To-day!

"Jesus, the GOD whom Angels fear,
 "Comes down to dwell with you;
 "To day he makes his Entrance here,
 "But not as Monarchs do.

"No Gold nor purple swadling Bands
 "Nor royal shining Things:
 "A Manger for his Cradle stands,
 "And holds the King of Kings:

"Go, Shepherds, where the Infant lies,
 "And see his humble Throne:
 "With Tears of Joy in all your Eyes,
 "Go, Shepherds, kiss the Son."

Thus Gabriel sang, and strait around
 The heavenly Armies throng;
 They tune their Harps to lofty sound,
 And thus conclude the Song;

"Glory to GOD, that reigns above,
 "Let Peace surround the Earth:
 "Mortals shall know their Maker's Love
 "At their Redeemer's Birth."

Lord, and shall Angels have their Songs,
 And Men no Tunes to raise?
 O may we lose our useless Tongues,
 When they forget to praise.

Glory to GOD that reigns above,
 That pitied us forlorn,

We join to sing our Maker's Love,
For there's a Saviour born.

V. *Submission to afflictive Providences,*
Job i. 21.

1 **N**AKED as from the Earth we came
And crept to Life at first,
We to the Earth return again,
And mingle with our Dust.

2 The dear Delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short Favours borrow'd now
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our Comforts high,
Or sinks them in the Grave;
He gives (and blessed be his Name)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry Passions then!
Let each rebellious Sigh
Be silent at his sovereign Will,
And ev'ry Murmur die.

5 If smiling Mercy crown our Lives,
Its Praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the Justice too,
That strikes our Comforts dead.

VI. *Triumph over Death, Job xix. 25-27*

1 **G**REAT GOD! I own thy Sentence just
And Nature must decay;
I yield my Body to the Dust
To dwell with Fellow Clay.

Yet Faith may triumph o'er the Grave,
And trample on the Tomb:

My JESUS, my REDEEMER, lives;
My GOD, my SAVIOUR, comes!

The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear
High on a royal Seat,

And Death, the last of all his Foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his Feet.

Tho' greedy Worms devour my Skin,
And gnaw my wasting Flesh,
When God shall build my Bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh.

Then shall I see thy lovely Face
With strong immortal Eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown Grace,
With Pleasure and surprise.

II. *The Invitation of the Gospel: or, Spi-
ritual Food and Cloathing, Isa. lv. 1, &c.*

LET every mortal Ear attend,
And every Heart rejoice;
The Trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting Voice.

Ho! all ye hungry, starving Souls
That feed upon the Wind,
And vainly strive with earthly Toys,
To fill an empty Mind:

Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd

A soul reviving Feast,
And bids your longing Appetites

The rich Provision taste.

- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living Streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging Thirst
With Springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of Love and Mercy here
In a rich Ocean join;
Salvation in Abundance flows
Like Floods of Milk and Wine.
- 6 Ye perishing and naked Poor,
Who work with mighty Pain
To weave a Garment of your own,
That will not hide your Sin:
- 7 Come naked, and adorn your Souls
In Robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the Labours of his Son,
And dy'd in his own Blood.]
- 8 Dear God! the Treasures of thy Love
Are everlasting Mines,
Deep as our endless Mis'ries are,
And boundless as our Sins!
- 9 The happy Gates of Gospel Grace
Stand open Night and Day:
Lord, we are come to seek Supplies,
And drive our Wants away.

VIII. *The Safety and Protection of the Church, Isa. xxvi. 1—6.*

- 1 **H**OW honourable is the Place
Where we adoring stand;
Zion, the Glory of the Earth,
And Beauty of the Land!
- 2 Bulwarks of mighty Grace defend
The City where we dwell;
The Walls of strong Salvation made,
Defy th' Assaults of Hell.

HYMN IX.

3 Lift up the everlasting Gates,
The Doors wide open fling:
Enter, ye Nations, that obey
The Statutes of our King.
4 Here shall ye taste unmingled Joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's Name,
And ventur'd on his Grace.
5 Trust in the LORD, for ever trust,
And banish all your Fears:
Strength in the LORD JEHOVAH dwells
Eternal as his Years.

6 [What tho' the Rebels dwell on high,
His Arm shall bring them low:
Low as the Caverns of the Grave
Their lofty Heads shall bow.
7 On Babylon our Feet shall tread
In that rejoicing Hour;
The Ruins of her Walls shall spread
A Pavement for the Poor.]

X. *The Promises of the Covenant of Grace;*
Isa. lv. 2. Zech. xiii. 1. Mic. vi. 19, &c.

I N vain we lavish out our Lives
To gather empty Wind;

The choicest Blessings Earth can yield
Will starve a hungry Mind.

Come and the LORD shall feed your Souls
With more substantial Meat;

With such as Saints in Glory love,
With such as Angels eat.

Our God will ev'ry Want supply,
And fill our Hearts with Peace;

He gives by Cov'nant and by Faith
The Riches of his Grace.

- 4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted Souls
 And wash away our Stains
 In the dear Fountain that his Son
 Pour'd from his dying Veins.
- 5 [Our Guilt shall vanish all away,
 Tho' black as Hell before ;
 Our Sins shall sink beneath the Sea ;
 And shall be found no more.
- 6 And lest Pollution should o'erspread
 Our inward Pow'rs again,
 His Spirit shall bedew our Souls
 Like purifying Rain.]
- 7 Our Heart, that flinty stubborn Thing
 That Terrors cannot move,
 That fears no Threat'nings of his Wrath
 Shall be dissolv'd by Love.
- 8 Or he can take the Flint away,
 That would not be refin'd,
 And from the Treasures of his Grace
 Bestow a softer Mind.
- 9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
 And deep engrave his Law ;
 And ev'ry Motion of our Souls
 To swift Obedience draw.
- 10 Thus will he pour Salvation down,
 And we shall render Praise :
 We the dear People of his Love
 And he our God of Grace.

X. *The Blessedness of Gospel Times : or,
 Revelation of Christ to Jews and Gentiles
 Isa. v. 7—10. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.*

A **H**OW beauteous are their Feet
 Who stand on Zion's Hill ;

H Y M N XI.

11

Who bring Salvation on their Tongues,
And Words of Peace reveal !

How charming is their Voice !

How sweet the Tidings are !

" Zion ! behold thy Saviour-King ;

" He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our Ears

That hear this joyful Sound,

Which Kings and Prophets waited for,

And sought, but never found !

How blessed are our Eyes,

That see this heav'nly Light ;

Prophets and Kings desir'd it long,

But dy'd without the Sight.

The Watchmen join their Voice,

And tuneful Notes employ ;

Jerusalem breaks forth in Songs,

And Deserts learn the joy.

The LORD makes bare his Arm

Thro' all the Earth abroad !

Let ev'ry Nation now behold

Their Saviour and their God.

*XI. The Humble enlightened, and carnal
Reason humbled, Luke x. 21, 22.*

I Here was an Hour when Christ rejoic'd

And spoke his Joy in Words of Praise,

" Father, I thank thee, mighty God,

" Lord of the Earth and Heav'n and Seas.

" I thank thy sov'reign Pow'r and Love

" That crowns my Doctrine with Success,

" And makes the Babes in Knowledge learn

" The Heights and Breadths and Lengths

" of Grace.

- 3 "But all this Glory lies conceal'd
 "From Men of Prudence and of Wit;
 "The prince of darkness blinds their Eyes,
 "And their own Pride resists the Light.
- 4 "Father, 'tis thus, because thy Will
 "Chose and ordain'd it should be so;
 "'Tis thy Delight t' abase the Proud,
 "And lay the haughty Scorners low.
- 5 "There's none can know the Father right,
 "But those that learn it from the Son;
 "Nor can the Son be well receiv'd,
 "But where the Father makes him known.
- 6 "Then let our Souls adore our God,
 "That deals his Graces as he please;
 "Nor gives to Mortals an Account
 "Of his Actions, or Decrees."

XII. *Free Grace in revealing* CHRIST,
 Luke x. 21.

- 1 JESUS the Man of constant Grief,
 A Mourner all his Days;
 His Spirit once rejoic'd aloud,
 And turn'd his Joy to Praise:
- 2 "Father, I thank thy wond'rous Love,
 "That hath reveal'd thy Son
 "To Men unlearned; and to Babes
 "Has made thy Gospel known.
- 3 "The Myst'ries of redeeming Grace
 "Are hidden from the Wise; (join
 "While Pride and carnal Reas'nings
 "To swell and blind their Eyes."
- 4 Thus doth the Lord of Heav'n and Earth
 His great Decrees fulfil;
 And orders all his Works of Grace
 By his own sov'reign Will.

XIII. *The Son of God incarnate: or The Titles and Kingdom of Christ, Isa. ix. 2; 6, 7.*

THE Lands that long in Darkness lay
Now have beheld a heav'nly Light;
Nations that sat in Death's cold Shade,
Are bless'd with Beams divinely bright.

The Virgin's promis'd Son is born;
Behold th' expected Child appear!
What shall his Names or Titles be?

“The Wonderful; the Counsellor!”

[This Infant is the mighty God,
Come to be suckled and ador'd;
Th' eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of David and his LORD.]

The Government of Earth and Seas
Upon his Shoulders shall be laid;
His wide Dominions shall increase,
And Honours to his Name be paid.

JESUS, the holy Child, shall sit
High on his Father David's Throne;
Shall crush his Foes beneath his Feet,
And reign to Ages yet unknown.

XIV. *The Triumph of Faith: or, CHRIST'S unchangeable Love, Rom. viii. 33, &c.*

WHO shall the Lord's Elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their Souls;
And Mercy, like a mighty Stream,
O'er all their Sins divinely rolls.

Who shall adjudge the Saints to Hell?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their Stead;
And their Salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the Dead!

- 3 He lives! he lives! and sits Above,
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his Love,
Or what shall tempt us to despair?
- 4 Shall Persecution or Distress,
Famine, or Sword, or Nakedness?
He that has lov'd us bears us thro',
And makes us more than Conqu'rors too.
- 5 Faith hath an overcoming Pow'r,
It triumphs in the dying Hour:
CHRIST is our Life, our Joy, our Hope;
Nor can we sink with such a Prop.
- 6 Not all that Men on Earth can do;
Nor Pow'rs on high, nor Pow'rs below,
Shall cause his Mercy to remove,
Or wean our Hearts from CHRIST our Love.

XV. *Our own Weakness: and CHRIST our Strength, 2 Cor. xii. 7—10.*

- 1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy Day,"
Then I rejoice in deep Distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient Grace.
- 2 I glory in Infirmary,
That Christ's own Pow'r may rest on me;
When I am weak then am I strong;
Grace is my Shield, and Christ my Song.
- 3 I can do all Things, or can bear
All Sufferings, if my LORD be there:
Sweet Pleasures mingle with the Pains,
While his left Hand my Head sustains.
- 4 But if the LORD be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the Work alone,
When new Temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our Weakness is.

5 So Sampson when his Hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his Cost ;
Shook his vain Limbs with sad Surprise
Made feeble Fight and lost his Eyes.

XVII. *Hosanna to CHRIST*, Matt. xxi. 9;
Luke xix. 38, 40.

1 **H**OSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient Line !
His Natures two, his Person one !
Mysterious and Divine.

2 The Root of David here we find,
And Offspring is the same :
Eternity and Time are join'd
In our Immanuel's Name.

3 Bless'd he that comes to wretched Men
With peaceful News from Heav'n ;
Hosannas of the highest Strain
To CHRIST the LORD be giv'n !

4 Let Mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' Hosanna on their Tongues,
Left Rocks & Stones should rise & break
Their Silence into Songs.

XVII. *Victory over Death*, 1 Cor. xv. 55;

1 **O** For an overcoming Faith
To cheer my dying Hours,
To triumph o'er the Monster Death,
And all his frightful Pow'rs !

2 Joyful with all the Strength I have,
My quiv'ring Lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted Vict'ry, Grave
"And where the Monster's Sting ?

3 If Sin be pardon'd, I'm secure ;
Death hath no Sting beside :

- The Law gives Sin its damning Pow'r;
 But CHRIST, my Ransom, dy'd.
 1 Now to the GOD of Victory,
 Immortal Thanks be paid,
 Who makes us Conqu'rors while we die
 Thro' CHRIST our living Head.

XVIII. *Blessed are the Dead that die in the LORD, Rev. xiv. 13.*

- 1 H^EAR what the Voice from Heav'n pro
 For all the pious Dead : (claim
 Sweet is the Saviour of their Names,
 And soft their sleeping Beds.
 2 They die in JESUS, and are blest'd ;
 How kind their Slumbers are !
 From Sufferings and from Sins releas'd,
 And freed from ev'ry Snare.
 3 Far from this World of Toil and Strife,
 They're present with the LORD ;
 The Labours of their mortal Life
 End in a large Reward.

XIX. *The Song of Simeon, Luke ii. 27, &c*

- 1 L^OR^D, at thy Temple we appear
 As happy Simeon came,
 And hope to meet our Saviour here ;
 O make our Joys the same !
 2 With what divine and vast Delight
 The good old Man was fill'd,
 When fondly in his wither'd Arms
 He clasp'd the holy Child.
 3 " Now I can leave this World," he cry'd
 " Behold thy Servant dies ;
 " I've seen thy great Salvation, LORD
 " And close my peaceful Eyes.

"This is the Light prepar'd to shine
 "Upon the Gentile Lands:
 Thine Israel's Glory, and their Hope,
 "To break their slavish Bands."

[JESUS! the Vision of thy Face
 Hath overpow'ring Charms:
 Scarce shall I feel Death's cold Embrace,
 If CHRIST be in my Arms.

Then while ye hear my heartstrings break,
 How sweet my Minutes roll!
 A mortal Paleness on my Cheek,
 And Glory in my Soul.]

XX. *Spiritual Apparel, &c, Isa. lxi. 10.*

A Wake, my Heart, arise, my Tongue;
 Prepare a tuneful Voice:
 In God, the Life of all my Joys,
 Aloud will I rejoice.

'Tis he adorn'd my naked Soul,
 And made Salvation mine;
 Upon a poor polluted Worm
 He makes his Graces shine.

And lest the Shadow of a Spot
 Should on my Soul be found,
 He took the Yoke the Saviour wrought
 And cast it all around:

How far the heavenly Robe exceeds
 What earthly Princes wear!
 These Ornaments, how bright they shine!
 How white the Garments are!

The Spirit wrought by Faith and Love,
 And Hope, and ev'ry Grace;
 But Jesus spent his Life to work
 The Robe of Righteousness.

6 Strangely, my Soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest Harmony of Praise
Let all my Powers agree.

XXI. *A Vision of the Kingdom of CHRIST
among Men, Rev. xxi. 1-4.*

- 1 **L**O, what a glorious Sight appears
To our believing Eyes;
The Earth and Seas are past away,
And the old rolling Skies.
- 2 From the third Heav'n where God resides,
That holy, happy Place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining Grace.
- 3 Attending Angels shout for Joy,
And the bright Armies sing:
"Mortals, behold the sacred Seat
"Of your descending King.
- 4 "The God of Glory down to Men
"Removes his blest'd Abode;
"Men, the dear Objects of his Grace,
"And he the loving God.
- 5 "His own soft Hand shall wipe the Tears
"From ev'ry weeping Eye; [Fear
"And Pains and Groans and Griefs and
"And Death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long!
Shall this bright Hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye Wheels of Time,
And bring the welcome Day.

XXII. *CHRIST the Eternal Life, Rom. i. 5.*

1 **J**ESUS our Saviour and our God,
Array'd in Majesty and Blood,
Thou art our Life, our Souls in thee
Possess a full Felicity.

All our immortal Hopes are laid
On Thee, our Surety and our Head;
Thy Cross, thy Cradle, and thy Throne,
Are big with Glories yet unknown.

But Atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme
Th' eternal Life, and Jesu's Name:
A Word of his Almighty Breath,
Dooms the rebellious World to Death.
But let my Soul for ever be
Beneath the Blessings of his Eye:
'Tis Heaven on Earth, 'tis Heav'n above
To see his Face, to taste his Love.

*XXIII. Absent from the Body and present
with the Lord, 2 Cor. v. 8.*

Absent from Flesh! O blissful Thought,
What unknown Joys this Moment brings!
Freed from the Mischief Sin has brought,
From pains and fears and all their springs.
Absent from Flesh! illustrious Day,
Surprising Scene! triumphant Stroke
That rends the Prison of my Clay,
And I can feel my Fetters broke.

Absent from Flesh! then rise, my Soul
Where Feet nor Wings could never climb,
Beyond the Heav'ns where Planets roll
Measuring the Cares and Joys of Time.
I go where God and Glory shine,
His Presence makes eternal Day;
My All that's mortal I resign,
For Angels wait and point my Way.

XXIV. The rich Sinner dying, Psalm xlix.

6, 9. Eccles. viii. 8. Job iii. 17, 18.

In vain the wealthy Mortals toil,
And heap their shining Dust in vain;

Look down and scorn the humble Poor,
And boast their lofty Hills of Gain.

2 Their golden Cordials cannot ease
Their pained Hearts or aching Heads,
Nor fright nor bribe approaching Death
From glitt'ring Roofs and downy Beds.

3 The ling'ring, the unwilling Soul
The dismal Summons must obey,
And bid a long, a sad Farewel
To the pale Lump of lifeless Clay.

4 Thence they are huddled to the Grave,
Where kings and slaves have equal thrones;
Their Bones without Distinction lie
Amongst the Heap of meaner Bones.

The rest referred to the xlixth Psalm.

XXV. *A Vision of the Lamb, Rev. v. 6—9.*

1 ALL mortal Vanities be gone,
Nor tempt my Eyes, nor tire my Ears;
Behold amidst th' eternal Throne
A Vision of the Lamb appears.

2 Glory his fleecy Robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody Death he bore;
Sev'n are his Eyes, and sev'n his Horns
To speak his Wisdom and his Pow'r.

3 Lo, he receives a sealed Book
From him that sits upon the Throne;
JESUS, my LORD, prevails to look
On dark Decrees and Things unknown.

4 All the assembling Saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb;
And in new Songs of Gospel sound,
Address their Honours to his Name.

HYMN XXVI.

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5 [The Joy, the Shout, the Harmony
Flies o'er the everlasting Hills;
"Worthy art Thou alone," they cry,
"To read the Book, to loose the Seals."]

6 Our Voices join the heav'nly Strain,
And with transporting Pleasure sing,
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
"To be our Teacher and our King!"

7 His Words of Prophecy reveal
Eternal Counsels, deep Designs;
His Grace and Veng'ance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful Lines.

8 Thou hast redeem'd our Souls from Hell
With thine invaluable Blood;
And Wretches that did once rebel
Are now made Fav'rites of their God.

9 Worthy for ever is the Lord
That dy'd for Treasons not his own,
By ev'ry Tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's Throne!

XXVI. *Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of CHRIST, 2 Pet. i. 3-5.*

BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord,
Be his abounding Mercy prais'd,
His Majesty ador'd.

When from the Dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the Sky,
He gave our Souls a lively Hope
That they should never die.

What tho' our inbred Sins require
Our Flesh to see the Day,

Yet as the LORD, our Saviour rose,
So all his Followers must.

4 There's an Inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that Day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the Power of GOD are kept
Till the Salvation come;
We walk by Faith, as Strangers here,
Till CHRIST shall call us home.

XXVII. *Affurance of Heaven*; or, a Saint
prepared to die, 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

1 **D**Eath may dissolve my Body now
And bear my Spirit home;
Why do my Minutes move so slow,
Nor my Salvation come?

2 With heavenly Weapons I have fought
The Battles of the LORD;
Finish'd my Course, and kept the Faith
And wait the sure Reward.

3 God has laid up in Heaven for me
A Crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great Day
Shall place it on my Head.

4 Nor hath the King of Grace decreed
This Prize to me alone;
But all that love and long to see
Th' Appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus, the LORD, shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill Design;

And to his heav'nly Kingdom take
This feeble Soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting Aid,
And Hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest Glory paid,
And endless Praise. *Amen.*

XXVIII. *The Triumph of Christ over the
Enemies of his Church, 1s. lxiii. 1, 3.*

What mighty Man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in State
Along the Idumean Road,
Away from Bozrah's Gate!

The Glory of his Robes proclaim

'Tis some victorious King:

" 'Tis I, the Just, th' Almighty One,

" That your Salvation bring."

Why, mighty Lord? thy Saints inquire,

Why thine Apparel's red;

And all thy Vesture stain'd like those

Who in the Wine-press tread?"

" I by myself have trod the Press,

" And crush'd my Foes alone ;

" My Wrath has struck the Rebels dead,

" My Fury stamp'd them down. W

" 'Tis Edom's Blood that dy'd my Robes

" With joyful scarlet Stains; XXX

" The Triumph that my Raiment wears

" Sprung from my bleeding Veins.

" Thus shall the Nation be destroy'd

" That dare insult my Saints:

" I have an Arm to avenge their Wrongs,

" An Ear for their Complaints."

XXIX. *The Second Part: or, The Ruin
Antichrist, ver 4—7.*

1. "I Lift my Banner," saith the Lord
"Where Antichrist has stood,
"The City of my Gospel Foes
"Shall be a Field of Blood.
2. "My Heart has study'd just Revenge
"And now the Day appears,
"The Day of my Redeem'd is come
"To wipe away their Tears.
3. "Quite weary is my Patience grown,
"And bids my Fury go:
"Swift as the Lightning it shall move
"And be as fatal too.
4. "I call for Helpers but in vain;
"Then has my Gospel none?
"Well, mine own Arm has Might enough
"To crush my Foes alone.
5. "Slaughter and my devouring Sword
"Shall walk the Streets around;
"Babel shall reel beneath my Stroke
"And stagger to the Ground."
6. Thy Honour, O victorious King!
Thine own right Hand shall raise;
While we thy awful Vengeance sing,
And our Deliv'rer praise.

XXX. *Prayer for Deliverance answered*
Isa. xxvi. 8—20.

1. IN thine own Ways, O God of Love
We wait the Visits of thy Grace
Our Soul's Desire is to thy Name,
And the Remembrance of thy Face.

My Thoughts are searching, LORD, for thee,
 'Mongst the black Shades of lonesome Night;
 My earnest Cries salute the Skies
 Before the Dawn restores the Light.

Look how rebellious Men deride
 The tender Patience of my GOD;
 But they shall see thy lifted Hand,
 And feel the Scourges of thy Rod.

Hark! the Eternal rends the sky,
 A mighty Voice before him goes!
 A Voice of Music to his Friends,
 But threatening Thunder to his Foes.

"Come, Children to your Father's Arm
 Hide in the Chambers of my Grace,
 Till the fierce Storm be overblown,
 And my revenging Fury cease.

My Sword shall boast its Thousands slain,
 And drink the Blood of haughty Kings,
 While heav'nly Peace around my Flock,
 Stretches its soft and downy Wings."

XXXI. *Condescending Grace*, Ps. cxxxviii. 6.

WHEN the Eternal bows the Skies
 To visit earthly Things,
 With scorn divine he turns his Eyes
 From Towers of haughty Kings.

He bids his awful Chariot roll
 Far downward from the Skies,
 To visit ev'ry humble Soul
 With Pleasure in his Eyes.

Why should the LORD that reigns above,
 Disdain so lofty Kings;

Say, LORD, and why such Looks of Lo
Upon such worthless Things!

- 4 Mortals, be dumb, what Creatures dare
Dispute his awful Will!
Ask no Account of his Affairs,
But tremble and be still.

- 5 Just like his Nature is his Grace,
All sov'reign and all free:
Great God! how searchless are thy Ways
How deep thy Judgments be.

XXXII. *Strength from Heaven.*

Isa. xl. 27—30. [ar

- 1 **W**Hence do our mournful Thoughts
And where's our Courage fled
Has restless Sin and raging Hell
Struck all our Comforts dead?
- 2 Have we forgot th' Almighty Name
That form'd the Earth and Sea?
And can an all-creating Arm
Grow weary or decay?
- 3 Treasures of everlasting Might
In our JEHOVAH dwell;
He gives the Conquest to the Weak,
And treads their Foes to Hell.
- 4 Mere mortal Pow'r shall fade and die
And youthful Vigour cease;
But we that wait upon the LORD,
Shall feel our Strength increase.
- 5 The Saints shall mount on Eagles' Wings
And taste the promis'd Bliss;
Till their unwearied Feet arrive
Where perfect Pleasure is.

XXXIII. *A rational Defence of the Gospel,*
Rom. i. 6. 1 Cor. 17, 28.

SHALL Atheists dare insult the Cross
Of our Redeemer God?

Shall Infidels reproach his Laws,
Or trample on his Blood?

What if he choose mysterious Ways
To cleanse us from our Faults?

May not the Works of sov'reign Grace
Transcend our feeble Thoughts?

What if his Gospel bids us fight
With Flesh, and Self, and Sin?

The Prize is most divinely bright
That we are call'd to win.

What if the Foolish and the Poor
His glorious Grace partake?

This but confirms the Truth the more,
For so the Prophet spake.

Do some that own his sacred Name,
Indulge their Souls in Sin?

Jesus should never bear the Blame,
His Laws are pure and clean.

Then let our Faith grow firm and strong,
Our Lips profess his Word;

Nor blush, nor fear to walk among
The Men that love the LORD.

XXXIV. *The Gospel the Power of God to*
Salvation, Rom. i. 10. 1 Cor. i. 8—24.

WHAT shall the dying Sinner do
That seeks Relief for all his Woe?

Where shall the guilty Conscience find
Ease for the Torment of the Mind?

- 2 How shall we get our Crimes forgiv'n,
Or form our Natures fit for Heav'n?
Can Souls all o'er defil'd with Sin,
Make their own powers and passions clear
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
'Till Jesus bring his Gospel nigh;
'Tis there such Pow'r and Glory dwell,
As saves rebellious Souls from Hell.
- 4 This is the Pillar of our Hope,
That bears our fainting Spirits up;
We read the Grace, we trust the Word,
And find Salvation in the LORP.
- 5 Let Men or Angels dig in Mines
Where Nature's golden Treasure shines
Brought near the Doctrine of the Cross
All Nature's Gold appears but Dross.
- 6 Should vile Blasphemers with Disdain
Pronounce the Truths of Jesus vain;
I'll meet the Scandal and the Shame,
And sing and triumph in his Name.

XXXV. *Faith the Way to Salvation*, Ro
i. 6. Eph. ii. 8, 9.

- 1 **N**OT by the Laws of Innocence
Can Adam's Sons arrive at Heav'n
New Works can give us no Pretence
To have our ancient Sins forgiv'n.
- 2 Not the best Deeds that we have done
Can make a wounded Conscience whole
Faith is the Grace, and Faith alone,
That flies to CHRIST and saves the Soul
- 3 LORD, I believe thy heav'nly Word,
Fain would I have my Soul renew'd;

I mourn for Sin, and trust the LORD
To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.

O may thy Grace its Power display,
Let Guilt and Death no longer reign :
Save me in thine appointed Way,
Nor let my humble Faith be vain.

XXVI. *None excluded from Hope, Rom.*
i. 16. 1 Cor. i. 24.

JESUS, thy Blessings are not few,
Nor is thy Gospel weak ;
Thy Grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

Wide as the Reach of Satan's Rage,
Doth thy salvation flow ;
'Tis not confin'd to Sex or Age,
The Lofty or the Low.

Come, all ye vilest Sinners, come,
He'll form your Souls anew ;
His Gospel and his Heart have room
For Rebels such as you.

His Doctrine is Almighty Love,
There's Virtue in his Name,
To turn the Raven to a Dove,
The Lion to a Lamb.

XXVII. *CHRIST'S Humiliation, Exalta-*
tion, and Triumph, Phil. ii. 8, 9. Mark
xv. 20, 24, 29 Col. ii. 15.

THE mighty Frame of glorious Grace,
That brightest Monument of Praise
That e'er the God of Love design'd,
Employs and fills the lab'ring Mind.

- 1 Begin, my Soul, the heavenly Song;
A Burden for an Angel's Tongue,
When Gabriel sounds these awful Things,
He tunes and summons all his Strings.
- 2 Proclaim inimitable Love,
JESUS the LORD of Worlds above,
Puts off the Beams of bright Array,
And veils the GOD in mortal Clay.
- 3 What black Reproach defil'd his Name!
When with our Sins he took our Shame!
The Pow'r whom kneeling Angels blest,
Is made the impious Rebel's Jest.
- 4 He that distributes Crowns and Thrones,
Hangs on a Tree, and bleeds and groans
The Prince of Life resigns his Breath,
The King of Glory bows to Death.
- 5 But see the Wonders of his Pow'r,
He triumphs in his dying Hour;
And while by Satan's Rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising Hopes of Hell.
- 6 Thus were the Hosts of Death subdu'd,
And Sin was drown'd in JESU'S Blood!
Thus he arose and reigns above,
And conquers Sinners by his Love.
- 7 What shall fulfil his boundless Song,
The Theme surmounts an Angel's Tongue
How low, how vain, are mortal Airs,
When Gabriel's nobler Harp despairs.

XXXVIII. *The Atonement of CHRIST,*
Rom. iii. 25.

- 1 **H**OW is our Nature spoil'd by sin!
Yet Nature ne'er had found
The Way to make the Conscience clean,
Or heal the painful Wound.

In vain we seek for Peace with GOD,
By Methods of our own:

JESUS! there's nothing but thy Blood
Can bring us near the Throne.

The Threat'nings of the broken Law,
Impress our Souls with Dread;

If GOD his Sword of Vengeance draw,
It strikes our Spirits dead.

But thine illustrious Sacrifice

Hath answer'd these Demands:

And Peace and Pardon from the Skies
Come down by JESUS' Hands.

Here all the ancient Types agree,

The Altar and the Lamb;

And Prophets in their Visions see
Salvation thro' his Name.

'Tis by thy Death we live. O LORD;

'Tis on thy Cross we rest;

For ever be thy Love ador'd,

Thy Name for ever blest.

XXXIX. *GOD's tender Care of his Church,*

Isa. xlix. 13, &c.

NOW shall my inward Joys arise,
And burst into a Song:

Almighty Love inspires my Heart,

And Pleasure tunes my Tongue.

GOD on his thirsty Sion-hill

Some Mercy-drops has thrown,

And solemn Oaths have bound his Love

To shower Salvation down.

Why do we thus indulge our Fears,

Suspicion, and Complaints?

Is he a GOD, and shall his Grace

Grow weary of his Saints?

- 4 Can a kind Woman e'er forget
 The Infant of her Womb:
 And 'mongst a thousand tender Thoughts
 Her Suckling have no Room?
- 5 "Yet, saith the Lord, should Nature change
 " And Mothers Monsters prove,
 " Sion still dwells upon the Heart
 " Of everlasting Love.
- 6 " Deep on the Palms of both my Hands
 " I have engrav'd her Name:
 " My Hand shall raise her ruin'd Walls,
 " And build her broken Frame."

*XL. The Business and Blessedness of glorified
 Saints, Rev. vii. 13, &c.*

- 1 " **W**HAT happy Men or Angels these
 " That all their Robes are spotless
 " white?
- " Whence did this glorious Troop arrive
 " At the pure Realms of heavenly Light?"
- 2 From tort'ring Racks and burning Fires,
 And Seas of their own Blood they came:
 But nobler Blood has wash'd their Robes,
 Flowing from CHRIST the dying Lamb.
- 3 Now they approach th' Almighty Throne,
 With loud Hosannas Night and Day;
 Sweet Anthems to the great Three One,
 Measure their blest Eternity.
- 4 No more shall Hunger pain their Souls;
 He bids their parching Thirst be gone;
 And spreads the Shadow of his Wings,
 To screen them from the scorching Sun.
- 5 The Lamb that fills the middle Throne
 Shall shed around his milder Beams;

There shall they feast on his rich Love,
 And drink full Joys from living Streams,
 Thus shall their mighty Bliss renew
 Thro' the vast round of endless Years;
 And the soft Hand of sov'reign Grace
 Heals all their wounds and wipest their Tears.

XLI. *The Martyrs glorified*, Rev. vii: 13, &c.

THESE glorious Minds, how bright
 " they shine!

" Whence all their white Array?

" How came they to the happy Seats

" Of everlasting Day?"

From tort'ring Pains to endless Joys
 On fiery Wheels they rode,
 And strangely wash'd their Raiments white
 In JESU'S dying Blood.

Now they approach a spotless God,
 And bow before his Throne;
 Their warbling Harps and sacred Songs
 Adore the Holy One.

Th' unveil'd Glories of his Face
 Amongst his Saints reside,
 Whilst the rich Treasure of his Grace
 Sees all their Wants supply'd.

Tormenting Thirst shall leave their Soul,
 And Hunger flee as fast;
 The Fruit of Life's immortal Tree
 Shall be their sweet Repast.

The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly Flock
 Where living Fountains rise,

And Love divine shall wipe away
The Sorrows of their Eyes.

XLII. *Divine Wrath and Mercy,*
Nahum i, 2, &c.

- 1 **A**DORE and tremble! for our God
Is a • *consuming Fire*;
His jealous Eyes his Wrath inflame,
And raise his Vengeance higher.
- 2 Almighty Vengeance! how it burns!
How bright his Fury glows!
Vast Magazines of Plagues and Storms,
Lie treasur'd for his Foes.
- 3 Those Heaps of Wrath by slow Degrees
Are forc'd into a Flame,
But kindled, O! how fierce they blaze
And rend all Nature's Frame.
- 4 At his Approach the Mountains flee,
And seek a wat'ry Grave;
The frighted Sea makes haste away,
And shrinks up every Wave.
- 5 Thro' the wide Air the weighty Rocks
Are swift as Hail-stones hurl'd;
Who dares engage his fiery Rage,
That shakes the solid World?
- 6 Yet, mighty God, thy sov'reign Grace
Sits regent on the Throne,
The Refuge of thy choicest Race,
When Wrath comes rushing down.
- 7 Thy Hand shall on rebellious Kings
A fiery Tempest pour,

• Heb. xii. 29.

While we beneath thy shelt'ring Wings,
Thy just Revenge adore.

III. *JESUS our Surety and Saviour,*
Pet. i. 18. Gal. iii. 13. Rom. iv. 25.

ADAM our Father and our Head,
Transgress'd, and Justice doom'd us
The fiery Law speaks all Despair, (dead,
There's no Reprieve nor Pardon there.

But O unutterable Grace,
The Son of God takes Adam's Place;
Down to our World the Saviour flies,
Stretches his naked Arms and dies.

Justice was pleas'd to bruise the Son,
And pay its Wrongs with heav'nly Blood:
What unknown Racks and Pangs he bore,
Then rose; the Law could ask no more.

Amazing Work! look down ye Skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your Eyes!
Ye heav'nly Thrones, stoop from above,
And bow to this mysterious Love.

Lo! they adore th' incarnate Son,
And sing the Glories he has won:
Sing how he broke our iron Chains,
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns.

Triumph and reign, victorious LORD,
By all the flaming Hosts ador'd;
And say, dear Conqueror, say how long
Ere we shall rise to join their Song.

Send down a Chariot from above,
With fiery Wheels, and pav'd with Love,
Raise me beyond th' etherial Blue,
To sing and love as Angels do.

XLIV. *CHRIST's Dying, Rising, and Reigning*, Luke xxiii. 27, 29, 44—46. *Matt.* xxvii. 56, 57. *Chap.* xxviii. 6, &c.

- 1 **H**E dies! the Friend of Sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's Daughters weep around
A solemn Darkness veils the Skies,
A sudden Trembling shakes the Ground.
- 2 Come, Saints and drop a Tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your Load;
He shed a thousand Drops for you,
A thousand Drops of richer Blood.
- 3 Here's Love and Grief beyond Degree!
The LORD of Glory dies for Men!
But lo! what sudden Joys we see,
JESUS the Dead revives again!
- 4 The rising GOD forsakes the Tomb!
The Tomb in vain forbids his Rise?
Cherubic Legions guard him Home,
And shout him welcome to the Skies.
- 5 Break off your Tears, ye Saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the Hosts of Hell,
And led the Monster Death in Chains!
- 6 Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
"Born to redeem and strong to save;"
Then ask the Monster, Where's thy Sting?
And, Where's thy Vict'ry, boasting Grave?

XLV. *The Last Judgment*, Rev. xxi. 5—8.

- 1 **S**EE where the great incarnate GOD
Fills a majestic Throne,
While from the Skies his awful Voice
Bears the last Judgment down.

- 1 " I am the First, and I the Last,
 " Thro' endless Years the same;
 2 " *I AM*, is my Memorial still,
 " And my eternal Name.
 3 " Such Favours as a *GOD* can give,
 " My royal Grace bestows;
 4 " Ye thirsty souls, come taste the Streams
 " Where Life and Pleasure flows.
 5 " The Saint that triumphs o'er his Sins,
 " I'll own him for a Son;
 6 " The whole Creation shall reward
 " The Conquests he has won.
 7 " But bloody Hands and Hearts unclean,
 " And all the lying Race;
 8 " The faithless and the scoffing Crew,
 " That spurn at offer'd Grace.
 9 " They shall be taken from my sight,
 " Bound fast in iron Chains,
 " And headlong plung'd into the Lake
 " Where Fire and Darkness reigns."]
 10 O may I stand before the Lamb,
 When Earth and Seas are fled!
 And hear the Judge pronounce my Name
 With Blessings on my Head!
 11 May I with those for ever dwell
 Who here were my Delight,
 While Sinners banish'd down to Hell,
 No more offend my Sight.

XLVI. *GOD glorious and Sinners saved,*
 Rom. i. 30. Chap. v. 8, 9. 1 Pet. iii. 22.

1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy Glories shine!
 How high thy Wonders rise!
 Known thro' the Earth by thousand Signs,
 By thousand thro' the Skies.

- 2 Those mighty Orbs proclaim thy Pow'r,
Their Motions speak thy Skill,
And on the Wings of ev'ry Hour,
We read thy Patience still.
- 3 But when we view thy grand Design
To save rebellious Worms ;
Our Souls are fill'd with Awe divine,
To see what God performs.
- 4 When Sinners break the Father's Laws,
The dying Son atones ;
Oh the dear Mysteries of his Cross,
The Triumph of his Groans !
- 5 Now the full Glories of the Lamb,
Adorns the heav'nly Plains ;
Sweet Cherubs learn Immanuel's Name,
And try their choicest Strains.
- 6 O may I bear some humble Part,
In that immortal Song ;
Wonder and Joy shall tune my Heart,
And Love command my Tongue.

XLVII. *The hidden Life of a Christian,*
Col. iii. 3.

- 1 **H**APPY the Soul that lives on High,
While Men lie grov'ling here,
His Hopes are fix'd above the Sky,
And Faith forbids his Fear.
- 2 His Conscience knows no secret Stings,
While Grace and Joy combine
To form a Life whose holy Springs
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees ;
Let Earth be all in Arms abroad,
He dwells in heav'nly Peace.

- 4 His Pleasures rise from Things unseen,
Beyond this World and Time:
Where neither Eyes nor Ears have been,
Nor Thoughts of Mortals climb.
- 5 He wants no Pomp nor royal Throne—
To raise his Figure here;
Content and pleas'd to live unknown,
Till CHRIST his Life appear.
- 6 He looks to Heav'n's eternal Hills,
To meet that glorious Day;
Dear LORD, how slow thy Chariot Wheel,
How long is thy Delay.

XLVIII. *The Christian Race*, Isa. xl. 28, 31.

- 1 **A**WAKE, our Souls, away our Fears,
Let ev'ry trembling Thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heav'nly Race,
And put a cheerful Courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny Road,
And mortal Spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless Pow'r
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless Years
Their everlasting Circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing Spring,
Our Souls shall drink a fresh Supply,
While such as trust their native Strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.
- 5 Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,
We'll mount aloft to thine Abode:

On Wings of Love our Souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly Road.

XLIX. *The Works of Moses and the Lamb,*
Rev. xv. 3.

1 **H**OW strong thine Arm is, mighty
GOD!

Who would not fear thy Name!
JESUS, how sweet thy Graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb!

2 He has done more than Moses did,
Our Prophet and our King;
From Bonds of Hell he freed our Souls,
And taught our Lips to sing.

3 In the Red-Sea, by Moses' Hand
The Egyptian Host was drown'd;
But his own Blood hides all our Sins,
And Guilt no more is found.

4 When thro' the Desert Isr'el went,
With Manna they were fed;
Our LORD invites us to his Flesh,
And calls it living Bread.

5 Moses beheld the promis'd Land,
Yet never reach'd the Place;
But CHRIST shall bring his Follow'rs home
To see his Father's Face.

6 Then will our Love and Joy be full,
And feel a warmer Flame:
And sweeter Voices tune the Song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

*The Song of Zacharias, and the Message of
John the Baptist: or, Light and Salvation by
JESUS CHRIST, Luke i. 68. John i. 9, 32.*

NOW be the GOD of Israel bless'd,
Who makes his Truth appear;
His mighty Hand fulfils his Word,
And all the Oaths he swears.

Now he bedews old David's Root
With Blessings from the Skies;
He makes the Branch of Promise grow
The promis'd Horn arise.

[John was the Prophet of the LORD,
To go before his Face,
The Herald which our SAVIOUR-GOD
Sent to prepare his Ways.

He makes the great Salvation known,
He speaks of pardon'd Sins;
While Grace divine, and heav'nly Love,
In its own Glory shines.

"Behold the Lamb of GOD," he cries,
"That takes our Guilt away."
"I saw the Spirit o'er his Head
"On his Baptizing-day.]

"Be ev'ry Vale exalted high,
"Sink ev'ry Mountain low;
"The Proud must stoop, and humble Souls
"Shall his Salvation know.

"The heathen Realms with Israel's Land,
"Shall join in sweet Accord;
"And all that's born of Man shall see
"The Glory of the LORD.

Behold the Morning-Star arise,
"Ye that in Darkness sit;

"He marks the Path that leads to Peace,
"And guides our doubtful Feet."

LI. *Persevering Grace*, Jude 24, 25.

- 1 **T**O God the only Wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the Saints below the Skies,
Their humble Praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his Almighty Love,
His Counsels and his Care,
Preserve us safe from Sin and Death,
And ev'ry hurtful Snare.
- 3 He will present our Souls
Unblemish'd and complete
Before the Glory of his Face,
With Joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen Seed
Shall meet around the Throne,
Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace,
And make his Wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and Pow'r belongs,
Immortal Crowns of Majesty
And everlasting Songs.

LII. *Baptism*, Matt. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

- 1 **T**WAS the Commission of our LORD,
"Go, teach the Nations and baptize:"
The Nations have receiv'd the Word
Since he ascended to the Skies.
- 2 He sits upon th' eternal Hills,
With Grace and Pardon in his Hands,
And sends his Cov'nant with his Seals,
To bless the distant British Lands.
- 3 "Repent, and be Baptiz'd," he saith,
"For the Remission of your Sins;"

And thus our Sense assists our Faith,
 And shews us what his Gospel means.
 Our Souls he washes in his Blood,
 As Water makes the Body clean;
 And the good Spirit from our GOD,
 Descends like purifying Rain.
 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
 And seal our Cov'nant with the LORD:
 O may the great eternal Three,
 In Heav'n our solemn Vows record!

III. *The Holy Scriptures*, Heb. i. 1. 2 Tim. iii. 15, 16. Psalm cxlvii. 19, 20.

GOD, who in various Methods told
 His Mind and Will to Saints of old,
 Sent his own Son with Truth and Grace
 To teach us in these latter Days.
 Our Nation reads the written Word,
 That Book of Life, that sure Record:
 The bright Inheritance of Heav'n,
 Is by the sweet Conveyance giv'n.
 God's kindest Thoughts are here express'd
 Able to make us wise and bless'd:
 The Doctrines are divinely true,
 Fit for Reproof and Comfort too.
 Ye British Isles, who read his Love
 In long Epistles from above,
 (He hath not sent his sacred Word
 To ev'ry Land.) Praise ye the LORD.

IV. *Electing Grace: or, Saints beloved in*
 CHRIST, Eph. i. 3, &c.

JESU, we bless thy Father's Name;
 Thy GOD and ours are both the same:
 What heav'nly Blessings from his Throne
 Flow down to Sinners thro' his Son.

- 2 "CHRIST be my first Elect," he said;
Then chose our Souls in Christ our Head;
Before he gave the Mountains Birth,
Or laid Foundations for the Earth.
- 3 Thus did eternal Love begin
To raise us up from Death and Sin;
Our Characters were then decreed,
"Blameless in Love, a holy Seed."
- 4 Predestinated to be Sons,
Born by Degrees but chose at once;
A new regenerated Race
To praise the Glory of his Grace.
- 5 With Christ our Lord we share our Part
In the Affections of his Heart;
Nor shall our Souls be thence remov'd,
Till he forget his first Belov'd.

LV. *Hezekiah's Song: or, Sickneſs and Recovery, Iſa. xxxviii, 9, &c.*

- 1 WHen we are rais'd from deep Diſtreſs
Our God deſerves a Song;
We take the Pattern of our Praise,
From Hezekiah's Tongue.
- 2 The Gates of the devouring Grave,
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the Keys of Death,
Commands them ſhut again.
- 3 Pains of the Fleſh are wont t'abuse
Our Minds with ſlavish Fears;
"Our Days are paſt, and we ſhall loſe
"The Remnant of our Years."
- 4 We chatter with a Swallow's Voice,
Or like a Dove we mourn,
With Bitterneſs inſtead of Joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

JEHOVAH speaks the healing Word,
And no Disease withstands :
Fevers and Plagues obey the LORD,
And fly at his Commands.
If half the Strings of Life should break,
He can our Frame restore ;
He casts our Sins behind his Back,
And they are found no more.

LVI. *The Song of Moses and the Lamb : or,
Babylon falling, Rev. xv. 3. &c. &c.*

WE sing the Glories of thy Love,
We found thy dreadful Name :
The Christian Church unites the Songs
Of Moses and the Lamb :
Great God ! how wondrous are thy Works
Of Vengeance and of Grace ;
Thou King of Saints, Almighty LORD,
How just and true thy Ways,
Who dares refuse to fear thy Name,
Or worship at thy Throne !
Thy Judgments speak thine Holiness,
Thro' all the Nations known.
Great Babylon that rules the Earth,
Drunk with the Martyrs Blood,
Her Crimes shall speedily awake
The Fury of a God.
The Cup of Wrath is ready mix'd,
And she must drink the Dregs ;
Strong is the LORD her sov'reign Judge,
And shall fulfil the Plagues.

LVII. *Original Sin : or, the first and second
Adam, Rom v. 12. Ps. li. 5. Job xiv. 4.*

Backward with humble Shame we look
On our Original ;

How is our Nature dash'd and broke
In our first Father's Fall!

2 To all that's Good, averse and blind,
But prone to all that's Ill;
What dreadful Darkness veils our Mind
How obstinate our Will!

3 [Conceiv'd in sin, (O wretched State!)]
Before we draw our Breath!
The first young Pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and Death.

4 How strong in our degen'rate Blood
The old Corruption reigns,
And mingling with the crooked Flood
Wanders thro' all our Veins!

5 Wild and unwholesome as the Root,
Will all the Branches be;
How can we hope for living Fruit
From such a deadly Tree?

6 What mortal Pow'r from Things unclean
Can pure Productions bring?
Who can command a vital Stream
From an infected Spring!]

7 Yet, mighty God! thy wondrous Love
Can make our Nature clean,
While CHRIST and Grace, prevail above
The Tempter, Death, and Sin.

8 The second Adam shall restore
The Ruins of the First:
Hosanna to that sov'reign Pow'r,
That new creates our Dust!

LVIII. *The Devil vanquished; or, Michael's
War with the Devil, Rev. xii. 7.*

LET mortal Tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heav'n, when Michael stood

Chief Gen'ral of th' eternal King,
 And fought the Battles of our God.
 Against the Dragon and his Host,
 The Armies of the LORD prevail;
 In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
 Their Courage sinks, their Weapons fail.
 Down to the Earth was Satan thrown;
 Down to the Earth his Legions fell;
 Then was the Trump of Triumph blown,
 And shook the dreadful Deeps of Hell.
 Now is the Hour of Darkness past,
 CHRIST hath assum'd his reigning Pow'r;
 Behold the great Accuser cast
 Down from the Skies, to rise no more.
 'Twas by thy Blood, immortal Lamb!
 Thine Armies trod the Tempter down;
 'Twas by thy Word and powerful Name,
 They gain'd the Battle and Renown.
 Rejoice, ye Heav'ns; let ev'ry Star
 Shine with new Glories round the Sky;
 Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly War,
 Raise your Deliv'rer's Name on high.

LIX. *Babylon fallen*, Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

IN Gabriel's Hand a mighty Stone
 Lies, a fair Type of Babylon:
 "Prophets, rejoice, and all ye Saints,
 "God shall avenge your long Complaints."
 He said, and dreadful as he stood,
 He sunk the Mill-stone in the Flood:
 "Thus terrible shall Babel fall,
 "Thus, and no more be found at all."

X. *The Virgin Mary's Song; or, the promised
 Messiah born*, Luke i. 46, &c.

OUR Souls shall magnify the LORD,
 In GOD the Saviour we rejoice;

- While we repeat the Virgin's Song,
 May the same Spirit tune our Voice!
- 2 [The Highest saw her low Estate,
 And mighty Things his Hand hath done
 His own Wharving Pow'r and Grace
 Makes her the Mother of his Son.
- 3 Let every Nation call her bless'd,
 And endless Years prolong her Fame;
 But God alone must be ador'd,
 Holy and Reverend is his Name.]
- 4 To those that fear and trust the LORD,
 His Mercy stands for ever sure:
 From Age to Age his Promise lives,
 And the Performance is secure.
- 5 He spake to Abra'm and his Seed,
 "In thee shall all the Earth be bless'd:"
 The Memory of that ancient Word,
 Lay long in his eternal Breast.
- 6 But now no more shall Isr'el wait,
 No more the Gentiles lie forlorn:
 Lo, the Desire of Nations comes,
 Behold the promis'd Seed is born!

LXI. CHRIST our High-Priest, King, and
 Judge, Rev. i. 5-7.

- NOW to the LORD, that makes us know
 The Wonders of his dying Love,
 Be humble Honours paid below,
 And strains of nobler Praise above.
- 2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest Sins,
 And wash'd us in his richest Blood:
 'Tis he that makes us Priests and Kings,
 And brings us Rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus our atoning Priest,
 To Jesus our superior King,

Be everlasting Pow'r confess'd,
 And ev'ry Tongue his Glory sing.
 Behold, on flying Clouds he comes,
 And ev'ry Eye shall see him move :
 Tho' with our Sins we pierc'd him once;
 Then he displays his pard'ning Love.
 The unbelieving World shall wail,
 While we rejoice to see the Day :
 Come, LORD ! nor let thy Promise fail,
 Nor let thy Chariots long delay.

XII. *JESUS the Lamb of God, worship-*
ed by all the Creation, Rev. v. 11—13.

COME, let us join our cheerful Songs
 With Angels round the Throne ;
 Ten thousand thousands are their Tongues,
 But all their Joys are one:
 "Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus :"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our Lips reply,
 "For he was slain for us."

JESUS is worthy to receive
 Honor and Pow'r divine :
 And Blessings more than we can give,
 Be, LORD, for ever thine.

Let all that dwell above the Sky,
 And Air, and Earth, and Seas,
 Conspire to lift thy Glories high,
 And speak thine endless Praise.
 The whole Creation join in one
 To bless the sacred Name
 Of him that sits upon the Throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

LXIII. CHRIST'S *Humiliation and Exaltation*, Rev. v. 12.

- 1 **W**HAT equal Honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord, our God the Lamb
When all the Notes that Angels sing
Are far inferior to thy Name?
- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain, (dy'
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Power and Dominion are his Due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's Bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with Madness here.
- 4 All Riches are his native Right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing Loss;
To him ascribe eternal Might,
Who left his Weakness on the Cross.
- 5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of Scandal and of Scorn;
While Glory shines around his Head
And a bright Crown without a Thorn.
- 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb
Who bore the Curse for wretched Men
Let Angels sound his sacred Name,
And ev'ry Creature say, *Amen*.

LXIV. *Adoption*, 1 John iii. 1, &c

- 1 **B**EHOLD what wond'rous Grace
The Father has bestow'd
On Sinners of a mortal Race,
To call them Sons of God!
- 2 'Tis no surprising Thing
That we should be unknown;

The Jewish World knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made,
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

A Hope so much divine,
May Trials well endure,
May purge our Souls from Sense and Sin,
As CHRIST the LORD is pure.

If in my Father's Love
I share a filial Part,
Send down thy Spirit like a Dove
To rest upon my Heart.

We would no longer lie
Like Slaves beneath the Throne;
My Faith shall *Abba*, Father, cry,
And Thou the Kindred own.

XV. *The Kingdoms of the World become
the Kingdoms of the LORD; or, The Day
of Judgment, Rev. xi. 15*

LET the seventh Angel sound on high,
Let Shouts be heard thro' all the Sky!
Kings of the Earth, with glad Accord
Give up your Kingdoms to the Lord.
Almighty God, thy Pow'r assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come;
Jesus, the Lamb who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign!

The angry Nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the Saints no more;
On Wings of Vengeance flies our God,
To pay the long Arrears of Blood.

- 4 Now must the rising Dead appear;
Now the decisive Sentence hear;
Now the dear Martyrs of the LORD,
Receive an infinite Reward.

LXVI. CHRIST *the King at his Table*

Cant. i. 2, 3, 4, 5, 12, 13, 17.

- 1 **L**ET him embrace my Soul and prove
My Int'rest in his heav'nly Love
The Voice that tells me 'Thou art mine
Exceeds the Blessings of the Vine.
- 2 On thee, th' anointing Spirit came,
And spread the Savour of thy Name;
That Oil of Gladness and of Grace,
Draws Virgin-souls to meet thy Face.
- 3 JESUS, allure me by thy Charms,
My Soul shall fly into thy Arms!
Our wand'ring Feet thy Favors bring
To the fair Chambers of the King.
- 4 [Wonder and Pleasure tune our Voice
To speak thy Praises and our Joys:
Our Mem'ry keeps this Love of thine
Beyond the Taste of richest Wine.]
- 5 Tho' in Ourselves deform'd we are,
And black as Kedar's Tents appear;
Yet when we put thy Beauties on,
Fair as the Courts of Solomon.
- 6 [While at his Table sits the King,
He loves to see us smile and sing:
Our Graces are our best Perfume, (Room
And breathe like Spikenard round the)
- 7 As Myrrh new-bleeding from the Tree
Such is a dying CHRIST to me;
And while he makes my Soul his Guest
My Bosom, LORD, shall be thy Rest.

[No Beams of Cedar or of Fir,
Can with thy Courts on Earth compare;
And here we wait until thy Love
Raise us to nobler Seats above.]

XVII *Seeking the Pastures of CHRIST
the Shepherd, Cant. i. 7.*

THou whom my Soul admires above
All earthly Joys, all earthly Love;
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where doth thy sweetest Pastures grow?

Where is the Shadow of that Rock,
That from the Sun defends thy Flock?
Fain would I feed among thy Sheep
Among them rest, among them sleep.

Why should thy Bride appear like one
That turns aside to Paths unknown?
My constant Feet would never rove,
Would never seek another Love.

The Footsteps of thy Flock I see,
Thy sweetest Pastures here they be;
A wond'rous Feast thy Love prepares,
Bought with thy Wounds, and Groans,
and Tears.

His dearest Flesh he makes my Food,
And bids me drink his richest Blood:
Here to these Hills my Soul will come,
Till my Beloved leads me Home.]

LXVIII. *The Banquet of Love.*

Cant. ii. 1—7.

BEHOLD the Rose of Sharon here,
The Lily which the Vallies bear;
Behold the Tree of Life, that gives
Refreshing Fruit and healing Leaves.

- 2 Amongst the Thorns so Lilies shine,
Amongst wild Gourds the noble Vine
So in mine Eyes my Saviour proves,
Amidst a thousand meaner Loves.
- 3 Beneath his cooling Shade I sat,
To shield me from the burning Heat
Of heav'nly Fruit he spreads a Feast,
To feed my Eyes and please my Taste
- 4 [Kindly he brought me to the Place
Where stands the Banquet of his Grace
He saw me faint, and o'er my Head
The Banner of his Love he spread.
- 5 With living Bread and generous Wine,
He cheers this sinking Heart of mine
And op'ning his whole Heart to me,
Heshews his Thoughts how kind they be
- 6 O never let my LORD depart:
Lie down and rest upon my Heart:
I charge my Sins not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my Love

LXIX. CHRIST *appearing to his Church*

- 1 **T**HE Voice of my Beloved sounds
A Over the Rocks and rising Ground
O'er Hills of Guilt, and Seas of Grief
He leaps, he flies to my Relief.
- 2 Now, thro' the Veil of Flesh I see
With Eyes of Love he looks at me:
Now in the Gospel's clearest Glass
He shews the Beauties of his Face.
- 3 Gently he draws my Heart along,
Both with his Beauties and his Tongue
" Rise, faith my Lord, make haste away
" No mortal Joys are worth thy Stay

"The Jewish wintry State is gone,
 "The Mists are fled, the Spring comes on!
 "The sacred Turtle Dove we hear
 "Proclaim the new, the joyful Year.
 "Th' immortal Vine of heav'nly Root.
 "Blossoms and buds, and gives her Fruit"
 Lo, we are come to taste the Wine:
 Our Souls rejoice and bless the Vine.
 And when we hear our JESUS say,
 "Rise up, my Love, make haste away;"
 Our Hearts would fain outfly the Wind,
 And leave all earthly Loves behind.

LXX. *Christ inviting, and the Church answering the Invitation, Cant. ii. 14—17.*

HARK! the Redeemer from on high
 Sweetly invites his Fav'rites nigh;
 From Caves of Darkness and of Doubt,
 He gently speaks, and calls us out,
 "My Dove, who hidest in the Rock,
 Thine Heart almost with Sorrow broke,
 Lift up thy Face, forget thy Fear,
 And let thy Voice delight mine Ear.
 Thy Voice to me sounds ever sweet:
 My Graces in thy Count'nance meet:
 Tho' the vain World thy Face despise,
 'Tis bright and comely in mine Eyes."
 Dear LORD, our thankful Hearts receive
 The Hope thine Invitation gives:
 To thee our joyful Lips shall raise
 The Voice of Prayer and of Praise.]
 [I am my Love's, and he is mine:
 Our Hearts, our Hopes, our Passions join;

Nor let a Motion, nor a Word,
Nor Thought arise to grieve my LORD

6 My Soul thro' Pastures fair he leads,
Amongst the Lilies where he feeds;
Amongst the Saints (whose Robes are white
Wash'd in his Blood) is his Delight.

7 Till the Day break, and Shadows flee,
Till the sweet dawning Light I see,
'Thine Eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my Soul in Darkness mourn.

8 Be like^a Hart on Mountains green,
Leap o'er the Hills of Fear and Sin;
Nor Guilt, nor Unbelief divide
My Love, my Saviour, from my Side.

LXXI. CHRIST *found in the Street, and
brought to the Church*, Cant. iii. 1—5.

1 **O**FTEN I seek my LORD by Night
JESUS, my Love, my Soul's Delight
With warm Desire and restless Thought
I seek him oft, but find him not.

2 Then I arise and search the Street,
Till I my LORD, my SAVIOUR meet;
I ask the Watchmen of the Night,
'Where did you see my Soul's Delight?

3 Sometimes I find him in my Way,
Directed by a heav'nly Ray;
I leap for Joy to see his Face,
And hold him fast in my Embrace.

4 [I bring him to my Mother's Home;
Nor does my LORD refuse to come
To Sion's sacred Chamber, where
My Soul first drew the vital Air.

He gave me there his bleeding Heart,
Pierc'd for my Sake with deadly Smart ;
I give my Soul to him, and there
Our Loves their mutual Tokens share.
I charge you all, ye earthly Toys,
Approach not to disturb my Joys ;
Nor Sin, nor Hell, come near my Heart,
Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

XXII. *The Coronation of CHRIST, Cant, iii.*

Daughters of Sion, come behold
The Crown of Honor and of Gold,
Which the glad Church with Joys unknown
Plac'd on the Head of Solomon.

JESU, thou everlasting King,
Accept the Tribute which we bring ;
Accept the well deserv'd Renown,
And wear our Praises as thy Crown.

Let ev'ry Act of Worship be
Like our Espousals, LORD, to thee ;
Like the dear Hour when from above
We first receiv'd the Pledge of Love.

The Gladness of that happy Day
Our Hearts would wish it long to stay,
Nor let our Faith forsake its Hold,
Nor Comfort sink, nor Love grow cold ;
Each following Minute as it flies,
Increase thy Praise, improve our Joys,
'Till we are rais'd to sing thy Name
At the great Supper of the Lamb.

O that the Months would roll away,
And bring that Coronation Day !
The King of Grace shall fill the Throne,
With all his Father's Glories on.

LXXIII. *The Church's Beauty in the Eyes*
of CHRIST, Cant. iv. 3, 11. 7—10.

- 1 **K**ind is the Speech of Christ our Lord
Affection sounds in ev'ry Word:
"Lo, thou art fair, my Love! he cries
"Not the young doves have sweeter eyes
- 2 ["Sweet are thy Lips, thy pleasing Voice
"Salutes mine Ears with sacred Joys:
"No Spice so much delights the Smell
"Nor Milk, nor Honey taste so well.
- 3 Thou art all fair, my Bride to me;
"I will behold no Spot in thee."
What mighty Wonders Love performs,
And puts a Comeliness on Worms!
- 4 Defil'd and Loathsome as we are,
He makes us white and calls us fair;
Adorns us with that heav'nly Dress,
His Graces and his Righteousness.
- 5 "My Sister, and my Spouse," he cries,
"Bound to my Heart by various Ties,
"Thy powerful Love my Heart detain
"In strong Delight and pleasing Chains.
- 6 He calls me from the Leopard's Den,
From this wide World of Beasts and Men
To Sion, where his Glories are:
Not Lebanon is half so fair.
- 7 Nor Dens of Prey, nor flow'ry Plains,
Nor earthly Joys, nor earthly Pains,
Shall hold my Feet, or force my Stay,
When CHRIST invites my Soul away.

LXXIV. *The Church the Garden of Christ.*

Cant. iv. 12, 14, 15. and v. 1.

WE are a Garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar Ground;
A little Spot inclos'd by Grace,
Out of the World's wide Wilderness.

Like Trees of Myrrh and Spice we stand
Planted by God the Father's Hand;
And all his Springs in Sion flow,
To make the young Plantation grow.

Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come,
Blow on this Garden of Perfume;
Spirit Divine! descend and breathe
A gracious Gale on Plants beneath.

Make our best Spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour-God;
And Faith, and Love, and Joy appear,
And ev'ry Grace be active here.

[Let my Beloved come and taste
His pleasant Fruits at our own Feast;
'I come, my Spouse, I come,' he cries,
With Love and Pleasure in his Eyes.

Our LORD into his Garden comes,
Well pleas'd to smell our poor Perfumes,
And calls us to a Feast divine,
Sweeter than Honey, Milk or Wine.

7 "Eat of the Tree of Life, my Friends,

"The Blessings that my Father sends;

"Your Taste shall all my Dainties prove

"And drink Abundance of my Love."

8 Jesus, we will frequent thy Board,

And sing the Bounties of our LORD:

But the rich Food on which we live (give.
Demands more Praise than Tongues can

LXXV. *The Description of CHRIST the Beloved, Cant v. 9—16.*

- 1 **T**HE wondering World inquires to know
Why I should love my JESUS so?
'What are his Charms,' say they, above
'The Objects of a mortal Love?'
- 2 Yes, my Beloved to my Sight
Shews a sweet Mixture Red and White:
All human Beauties, all Divine,
In my Beloved, meet and shine.
- 3 White is his Soul, from Blemish free;
Red with the Blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand Fairs;
A Sun amongst ten thousand Stars.
- 4 [His Head the finest Gold excells;
There Wisdom in Perfection dwells,
And Glory, like a Crown adorns
Those Temples once beset with Thorns.
- 5 Compassions in his Heart are found,
Hard by the Signals of his Wound;
His sacred Side no more shall bear
The cruel Scourge, the piercing Spear.
- 6 [His Hands are fairer to behold
Than Di'monds set in Rings of Gold:
Those heav'nly Hands that on the Tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.
- 7 Tho' once he bow'd his feeble Knees,
Loaded with Sins and Agonies;
Now on the Throne of his Command
His Legs like Marble Pillars stand.
- 8 [His Eyes are Majesty and Love,
The Eagle temper'd with the Dove:
No more shall trickling Sorrows roll
Thro' those dear Windows of his Soul.

Hismouth that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles and cheers his fainting Saints,
His Countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its Trees.

10 All over glorious is my LORD ;
Must be belov'd and yet ador'd :
His Worth, if all the Nations knew,
Sure the whole Earth would love him too.

LXXVI. CHRIST *dwells in Heaven, but
visits on Earth*, Cant, vi. 1, 2, 3, 12.

11 W HEN Strangers stand and hear me tell
What Beauties in my Saviour dwell,
Where he is gone they fain would know
That they may seek and love him too.

12 My best beloved keeps his Throne
On Hills of Light, in Worlds unknown,
But he descends and shews his Face
In the young Gardens of his Grace.

13 [In Vineyards planted by his Hand,
Where fruitful Trees in Order stand,
He feeds among the spicy Beds,
Where Lilies shew their spotless Heads.

14 He has engross'd my warmest Love :
No earthly Charms my Soul can move :
I have a Mansion in his Heart,
Nor Death nor Hell shall make us part.

15 He takes my Soul ere I'm aware,
And shews me where his Glories are ;
No Chariots of Amminadib
The heav'nly Rapture can describe.

16 O may my Spirit daily rise
On Wings of Faith above the Skies,
Till Death shall make my last Remove
To dwell for ever with my Love.]

LXXVII. *The Love of Christ to the Church in his Language to her, and Provision for her, Cant. vii. 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.*

- 1 **N**OW in the Gall'ries of his Grace,
Appears the King, and thus he says,
"How fair my Saints are in my Sight,
"My Love! how pleasant for Delight."
- 2 Kind is thy Language, sovereign LORD,
There's heav'nly Grace in ev'ry Word,
From that dear Mouth a Stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest Wine.
- 3 Such wond'rous Love awakes the Lip
Of Saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the Praises of thy Name,
And make our cold Affections flame.
- 4 These are the Joys he lets us know,
In Fields and Villages below,
Gives us a Relish of his Love,
But keeps his noblest Feast above.
- 5 In Paradise, within the Gates,
An higher Entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in Store,
Where we shall feed but thirst no more.

LXXVIII. *The Strength of Christ's Love, and the Soul's jealousy of her own, Cant. 8, 5, 14.*

- 1 **W**HO is this fair One in Distress
That travels from the Wilderness,
And press'd with Sorrows and with Sins
On her beloved Lord she leans?
- 2 This is the Spouse of CHRIST our God,
Bought with the Treasures of his Blood,
And her Request and her Complaint,
Is but the Voice of ev'ry Saint.]

" O let my Name engraven stand
 " Both on thy Heart, and on thy Hand;
 " Seal me upon thine Arm, and wear
 " That Pledge of Love for ever there.
 " Stronger than death, thy Love is known,
 " Which floods of wrath co'd never drown;
 " And Hell and Earth in vain combine
 " To quench a Fire so much divine.
 " But I am jealous of my Heart,
 " Lest it should once from thee depart;
 " Then let thy Name be well impress'd
 " As a fair Signet on my Breast.
 " Till thou hast brought me to thy home
 " Where fears and doubts can never come,
 " Thy Count'nance let me often see,
 " And often thou shalt hear from me.
 " Come, my Beloved, haste away,
 " Cut short the Hours of thy Delay;
 " Fly like a youthful Hart or Roe
 " Over the Hills where Spices grow."

LXXIX. *A Morning Hymn*, Pf. xix. 5. 8.

GOD of the Morning, at whose Voice
 The cheerful Sun makes haste to rise,
 And like a Giant doth rejoice
 To run his Journey thro' the Skies.
 From the fair Chambers of the East
 The Circuit of his Race begins,
 And without Weariness or Rest,
 Round the whole Earth he flies and shines.
 Oh! like the Sun, may I fulfil
 Th' appointed Duties of the Day,
 With ready Mind and active Will
 March on and keep my heavenly Way.

4 [But I shall rove and lose the Race,
If God, my Sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this World's wide Maze
To follow ev'ry wand'ring Star.]

5 LORD, thy Commands are clean and pure
Enlightning our beclouded Eyes;
Thy Threat'ning just, thy Promise sure;
Thy Gospel makes the Simple wise.

6 Give me thy Counsel for my Guide,
And then receive me to thy Bliss;
All my Desires and Hopes beside
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

LXXX. *An Evening Hymn.* Psalm iv. 8.
and iii. 5, 6. and cxliii. 8.

1 **T**HUS far the LORD has led me on,
Thus far his Pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry Evening shall make known
Some fresh Memorial of his Grace.

2 Much of my Time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my Home;
But he for gives my Follie past,
He gives me Strength for Days to come.

3 I lay my Body down to sleep,
Peace is the Pillow for my Head;
While well-appointed Angels keep
Their watchful Stations round my Bed.

4 In vain the Sons of Earth and Hell
Tell me a thousand frightful Things;
My God in Safety makes me dwell
Beneath the Shadow of his Wings.

5 [Faith in his Name forbids my Fear:
O may thy Presence ne'er depart!

And in the Morning make me hear
The Love and Kindness of thy Heart.

Thus when the night of death shall come,
My Flesh shall rest beneath the Ground,
And wait thy Voice to rouse my Tomb,
With sweet Salvation in the found.]

LXXXI. *A Song for Morning or Evening.*
Lam. iii. 2 . Isa xliv. 7.

MY GOD, how endless is thy Love!
Thy Gifts are ev'ry Ev'ning new;
And Morning Mercies from above
Gently distil like early Dew.

Thou spreadst the Curtain of the Night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping Hours;
Thy sov'reign Word restores the Light,
And quickens all my drowsy Pow'rs.

I yield my Powers to thy Command;
To Thee I consecrate my Days;
Perpetual Blessings from thine Hand,
Demand perpetual Songs of Praise.

XXXII. *God far above all Creatures:*
or, Man vain and mortal, Job iv. 17, 21.

SHall the vile Race of Flesh and Blood
Contend with their Creator God?
Shall mortal Worms presume to be
More Holy, Wise, or Just, than He?

Behold, he puts his Trust in none
Of all the Spirits round his Throne:
Their Natures when compar'd with his,
Are neither Holy, Just, nor Wise.

But how much meaner Things are they
Who spring from Dust, and dwell in Clay?

Touch'd by the Finger of thy Wrath
We faint and perish like the Moth.

- 4 From Night to Day; from Day to Night
We die by Thousands in thy Sight:
Bury'd in Dust whole Nations lie
Like a forgotten Vanity.

- 5 Almighty Pow'r, to thee we bow:
How frail are we, how glorious Thou
No more the Sons of Earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

LXXXIII. *Afflictions and Death under
Providence, Job v. 6—8.*

- 1 **N**or from the Dust Affliction grow
Nor Troubles rise by Chance;
Yet we are born to Cares and Woes;
A sad Inheritance!

- 2 As Sparks break out from burning Coal
And still are upwards borne;
So Grief is rooted in our Souls,
And Man grows up to mourn:

- 3 Yet with my God, I leave my Cause
And trust his promis'd Grace:
He rules me by his well known Law
Of Love and Righteousness.

- 4 Not all the Pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future Peace:
For Death and Hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

LXXXIV. *Salvation, Righteousness,
Strength in CHRIST, Isa. xlv. 21—25*

- 1 **J**Ehovah speaks, let Isr'el hear,
Let all the Earth rejoice and fear

While God's eternal Son proclaims
His sov'reign Honours and his Names,

" I am the Last, and I the First,
" The SAVIOUR-GOD, and GOD the Just,
" There's none besides pretends to shew
" Such Justice and Salvation too.

" [Ye that in Shades of Darkness dwell
" Just on the Verge of Death and Hell,
" Look up to me from distant Lands,
" Light, life, and heav'n are in my hands:

" I by my holy Name have sworn,
" Nor shall my Words in vain return,
" To me shall all Things bend the Knee,
" And ev'ry Tongue shall swear to me.

" In me alone shall Men confess
" Lies all their strength and righteousness
" But such as dare despise my Name,
" I'll clothe them with eternal Shame.

" In me, the LORD, shall all the Seed
" Of Isr'el from their Sins be freed,
" And by their shining Graces prove
" Their Int'rest in my pard'ning Love."

LXXXV. *The Same.*

THE LORD on high proclaims
His Godhead from his Throne;

" Mercy and Justice are the Names
" By which I will be known.

" Ye dying Souls that sit
" In Darkness and Distress,

" Look from the Borders of the Pit
" To my recov'ring Grace."

3 Sinners shall hear the Sound;
Their thankful Tongues shall own

"Our righteousness and strength is found
 "In thee, the Lord alone."

- 4 In thee shall Is'el trust,
 And see their Guilt forgiv'n ;
 God will pronounce the Sinners just,
 And take the Saints to Heav'n.

LXXXVI. God Holy, Just and Sovereign,
Job ix. 2—10.

- 1 **H**OW should the Sons of Adam's Race
 Be pure before their God !
 If he contend in Righteousness,
 We fall beneath his Rod.
- 2 To vindicate my Words and Thought
 I'll make no more Pretence ;
 Not one of all my thousand Faults
 Can bear a just Defence.
- 3 Strong is his Arm, his Heart is wise
 What vain Presumers dare
 Against their Maker's Hand to rise
 Or tempt th' unequal War ?
- 4 [Mountains by his Almighty Wrath
 From their old Seats are torn :
 He shakes the Earth from south to north,
 And all her Pillars mourn.
- 5 He bids the Sun forbear to rise ;
 Th' obedient Sun forbears :
 His Hand with Sackcloth spreads the skies
 And seals up all the Stars.
- 6 He walks upon the stormy Sea ;
 Flies on the stormy Wind ; (Way,
 There's none can trace his wond'rous
 Or his dark Footsteps find.)

XXXVII. *God dwells with the Humble and Penitent, Isa. lvii. 15, 16.*

THUS saith the high and lofty One,
 "I sit upon my holy Throne;
 My Name is God; I dwell on high
 Dwell in my own Eternity.

But I descend to Worlds below,
 On Earth I have a Mansion too;
 The humble Spirit and contrite,
 Is an Abode of my Delight.

The humble Soul my Words receive;
 I bid the mourning Sinner live;
 Heal all the broken Hearts I find,
 And ease the Sorrows of the Mind.

When I contend against their Sin,
 I make them know how vile they've been;
 But should my Wrath for ever smoke,
 Their souls would sink beneath my stroke"
 O may thy pard'ning Grace be nigh,
 Lest we should faint, despair and die!
 Thus shall our better Thoughts approve
 The Methods of thy chast'ning Love.

XXXVIII. *Life the Day of Grace and Hope. Eccles. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.*

LIFE is the Time to serve the Lord;
 The Time t'insure the great Reward,
 And while the Lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest Sinner may return.

[Life is the Hour that God hath giv'n
 To 'scape from Hell and fly to Heaven,
 The Day of Grace, and Mortals may
 Secure the Blessings of the Day.]

The Living know that they must die,
 But all the Dead forgotten lie.

Their Mem'ry and their Sense is gone
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their Hatred and their Love is lost,
Their Envy bury'd in the Dust;
They have no Share in all that's done
Beneath the Circuit of the Sun.]

5 Then what my Thoughts design to do,
My Hands with all your Might pursue
Since no Device nor Work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground

6 There are no Acts of Pardon past
In the cold Grave to which we haste
But Darkness, Death, and long Despair
Reign in eternal Silence there.

LXXXIX. *Youth and Judgment*, Eccles. xi.

1 YE Sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue
Taste the Delights your Souls desire,
And give a Loose to all your Fire.

2 Pursue the Pleasures you design,
And chear your hearts with Songs and wine
Enjoy the Day of Mirth; but know,
There is a Day of Judgment too.

3 God from on high beholds your thought
His Book records your secret Faults;
The Works of Darkness you have done
Must all appear before the Sun.

4 The Veng'ance to your Follies due,
Should strike your hearts with terror true
How will ye stand before his Face,
Or answer for his injur'd Grace?

5 Almighty God, turn off their Eyes
From these alluring Vanities,

And let the Thunder of thy Word
Awake their Souls to fear the Lord;

XC. *The same.*

LO, the young Tribes of Adam rise
And thro' all Nature rove,
Fulfil the Wishes of their Eyes,
And taste the Joys they love.

They give a Loose to wild Desires;
But let the Sinners know,
The strict Account that God requires
Of all the Works they do.

The Judge prepares his Throne on high,
The frightened Earth and Seas
Avoid the Fury of his Eye,
And flee before his Face.

How shall I bear that dreadful Day,
And stand the fiery Test?
I'd give all mortal Joys away
To be for ever blest.

CI. *Advice to Youth: or, Old Age and Death
in an unconverted State, Eccles. xii. 1. 7.*

Now in the Heat of youthful Blood
Remember your Creator-God:
Behold the Months come hast'ning on
When you shall say, 'My Joys are gone.'
Behold the aged Sinner goes,
Laden with Guilt and heavy Woes,
Down to the Regions of the Dead,
With endless Curses on his Head.

The Dust returns to Dust again;
The Soul in Agonies of Pain
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,
But hears her Doom, and sinks to Hell.

- 4 Eternal King ! I fear thy Name,
Teach me to know how frail I am :
And when my Soul must hence remove
Give me a Mansion in thy Love.

XCII. CHRIST *the Wisdom of God*,
Prov viii. 1. 22—32.

- 1 SHALL Wisdom cry aloud,
And not her Speech be heard ?
The Voice of God's eternal Word,
Deserves it no Regard ?
- 2 " I was his chief Delight,
" His everlasting Son
" Before the first of all his Works,
" Creation was begun :
- 3 [" Before the flying Clouds,
" Before the solid Land,
" Before the Fields, before the Floods
" I dwelt at his right Hand.
- 4 " When he adorn'd the Skies
" And built them, I was there
" To order when the Sun should rise
" And marshal ev'ry Star.
- 5 " When he pour'd out the Sea,
" And spread the flowing Deep,
" I gave the Flood a firm Decree
" In its own Bounds to keep.]
- 6 " Upon the empty Air
" The Earth was balanc'd well :
" With Joy I saw the Mansion where
" The Sons of Men should dwell.
- 7 My busy Thoughts at first
On their Salvation ran,
" Ere Sin was born, or Adam's Dust
" Was fashion'd to a Man.

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“Then come, receive my Grace,
“Ye Children, and be wise;
“Happy the Man that keeps my Ways,
“The Man that shuns them dies.”

XCIII. CHRIST; or, *Wisdom obeyed or
resisted*, PROV. viii. 34--36.

THUS saith the Wisdom of the LORD,
“Blest is the Man that hears my Word,
“Keeps daily Watch before my Gates,
“And at my Feet for Mercy waits.
“The Soul that seeks me, shall obtain
“Immortal Wealth and heav’nly Gain;
“Immortal Life is his Reward,
“Life, and the Favour of the LORD.

But the vile Wretch that flies from me
Doth his own Soul an Injury;
Fools that against my Grace rebel,
Seek Death, and love the Road to Hell.”

IV. *Justification by Faith, not by Works;
the Law condemns, Grace justifies.*

Vain are the Hopes the Sons of Men
On their own Works have built;
Their Hearts by Nature all unclean,
And all their Actions guilt.
Yet Jews and Gentiles stop their Mouths
Without a murm’ring Word,
And the whole Race of Adam stand
Guilty before the LORD.

In vain we ask God’s righteous Law
To justify us now,

Since to convince and to condemn,
Is all the Law can do.

B

- 4 JESUS, how glorious is thy Grace!
When in thy Name we trust,
Our Faith receives a Righteousness
That makes the Sinner just.

XCv. *Regeneration*, John i. 13, and
iii. 3.

- 1 NOT all the outward Forms on Earth
Nor Rites that God has given;
Nor Will of Man, nor Blood, nor Birth
Can raise a Soul to Heaven.
- 2 The sov'reign Will of God alone
Creates us Heirs of Grace!
Born in the Image of his Son,
A new peculiar Race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly Wind
Blows on the Sons of Flesh,
New models all the carnal Mind,
And forms the Man afresh.
- 4 Our quicken'd Souls awake and rise
From the long Sleep of Death;
On heavenly Things we fix our Eyes
And Praise employs our Breath.

XCvi. *Election excludes boasting*,
1 Cor. i. 26—31.

- 1 BUT few among the carnal World
But few of noble Race,
Obtain the Favour of thine Eyes,
Almighty King of Grace!
- 2 He takes the Men of meanest Name
For Sons and Heirs of God;
And thus he pours abundant Shame
On honourable Blood.

He calls the Fool, and makes him know
The Myst'ries of his Grace,
To bring aspiring Wisdom low,
And all its Pride abase.

Nature has all its Glory lost
When brought before his Throne;
No Flesh shall in his Presence boast,
But in the LORD alone.

CVII. Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, &c
Ury'd in Shadows of the Night
We lie till CHRIST restores the Light:
Wisdom descends to heal the Blind,
And chase the Darkness of the Mind.
Our guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,
Till his atoning Blood appears;
Then we awake from deep Distress,
And sing, *The Lord our Righteousness.*
Our very Frame is mix'd with Sin;
His Spirit makes our Nature clean;
Such Virtues from his Sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.
Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains;
He sets the Pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron Bondage from our Necks.
Poor helpless Worms in thee possess
Grace, Wisdom, Pow'r and Righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our Whole-selves, O LORD, to thee.

XCVIII. *The Same.*

HOW heavy is the Night
That hangs upon our Eyes
Till CHRIST with his reviving Light,
Over our Souls arise!

- 2 Our guilty Spirits dread
To meet the Wrath of Heaven,
But in his Righteousness array'd,
We see our Sins forgiven.
- 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our Thoughts and Ways;
His Hands infected Nature cure
With sanctifying Grace.
- 4 The Powers of Hell agree
To hold our Souls in vain;
He sets the Sons of Bondage free,
And breaks the cursed Chain.
- 5 LORD, we adore thy Ways
To bring us near to GOD:
Thy sov'reign Pow'r, thy healing Grace
And thine atoning Blood,

XCIX. *Stones made the Children of Abraham*

- 1 **V**Ain are the Hopes that Rebels place
Upon their Birth and Blood,
Descended from a pious Race,
Their Fathers now with God.
- 2 He from the Gates of Earth and Hell
Can take the hardest Stones,
And fill the House of Abra'm well
With new created Sons.
- 3 Such wond'rous Power doth he possess
Who form'd our mortal Frame,
Who call'd the World from Emptiness
The World obey'd and came.

C. *Believe and be saved, John iii. 16—*

- 1 **N**OT to condemn the Sons of Man
Did CHRIST the Son of God appear

No Weapon in his Hands are seen,
 No flaming Sword or Thunder there.
 Such was the Pity of our God,
 He lov'd the Race of Men so well,
 He sent his Son to bear our Load
 Of Sins, and save our Souls from Hell.
 Sinners, believe the SAVIOUR's Word,
 Trust in his mighty Name and live;
 A thousand Joys his Lips afford,
 His Hands a thousand Blessings give.
 But Veng'ance and Damnation lies
 On Rebels who refuse the Grace;
 Who God's eternal Son despise,
 The hottest Hell shall be their place.

CI. *Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner;*
 Luke xv. 7—10.

WHO can describe the Joys that rise
 Thro' all the Courts of Paradise,
 To see a Prodigal return,
 To see an Heir of Glory born.
 With Joy the Father doth approve
 The Fruit of his eternal Love:
 The Son with Joy looks down and sees
 The Purchase of his Agonies.
 The Spirit takes Delight to view
 The holy Soul he's form'd anew;
 And Saints and Angels join to sing
 The growing Empire of their King.

CII. *The Beatitudes, Matt. v. 3—12.*

Bless'd are the humble Souls that see,
 Their Emptiness and Poverty;
 Treasures of Grace to them are given,
 And Crowns of Joy laid up in Heaven.

- 2 Bless'd are the Men of broken Heart,
Who mourn for Sin with inward Smart
The Blood of CHRIST divinely flows,
A healing Balm for all their Woes.
- 3 Bless'd are the Meek, who stand afar
From Rage and Passion, Noise and War
God will secure their happy State,
And plead their Cause against the Great.
- 4 Bless'd are the Souls that thirst for Grace
Hunger and long for Righteousness;
They shall be well supply'd, and fed
With living Streams and living Bread.
- 5 Bless'd are the Men whose Bowels move
And melt with Sympathy and Love;
From Christ the Lord, shall they obtain
Like Sympathy and Love again.
- 6 Bless'd are the Pure whose Hearts are clean
From the defiling Power of Sin;
With endless Pleasure they shall see,
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Bless'd are the Men of peaceful Life,
Who quench the Coals of growing Strife
They shall be call'd the Heirs of Bliss,
The Sons of GOD, the GOD of Peace.
- 8 Bless'd are the Suff'ers who partake
Of Pain and Shame for JESUS' Sake;
Their Souls shall triumph in the LORD
Glory and Joy are their Reward,]

CH. *Not ashamed of the Gospel.* 2 Tim. i. 1

I'M not ashamed to own my LORD,
Or to defend his Cause,
Maintain the Honour of his Word,
The Glory of his Cross.

JESUS, my God! I know his Name,
 His Name is all my Trust;
 Nor will he put my Soul to shame,
 Nor let my Hope be lost.
 Firm as his Throne his Promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his Hands,
 Till the decisive Hour.

Then will he own my worthless Name
 Before his Father's Face;
 And in the new Jerusalem,
 Appoint my Soul a Place.

CIV. *A State of Nature and of Grace,*
 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

NOT the Malicious or Profane,
 The Wanton or the Proud,
 Nor Thieves, nor Sland'ers shall obtain
 The Kingdom of our God.

Surprisin' Grace! And such were we
 By Nature and by Sin;
 Heirs of immortal Misery,
 Unholy and unclean.

But we are wash'd in JESU'S Blood;
 We're pardon'd thro' his Name;
 And the good Spirit of our God,
 Has sanctify'd our Frame.

O for a persevering Power
 To keep thy just Commands!
 We would defile our Hearts no more,
 No more pollute our Hands.

Heaven invisible and holy, 1 Cor. i. 9, 10.

NOR Eye hath seen, nor Ear has heard,
 Nor Sense, nor Reason known

- What Joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love the Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord,
Reveals a Heaven to come;
The Beams of Glory in his Word,
Allure and guide us Home.
- 3 Pure are the Joys above the Sky,
And all the Region Peace;
No wanton Lips, nor envious Eye,
Can see or taste the Bliss.
- 4 Those haly Gates for ever bar
Pollution, Sin and Shame;
None shall obtain Admittance there,
But Followers of the Lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's Book of Life,
There all their Names are found;
The Hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly Ground.

CVI. *Dead to Sin by the Cross of CHRIST,*
Rom. vi. 1, 2, 9.

- 1 SHALL we go on to Sin,
Because thy Grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his Wounds?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we whose Sins are crucify'd,
Should raise them from the Dead.
- 3 We will be Slaves no more,
Since CHRIST has made us free,
Has nail'd our Tyrants to his Cross,
And bought our Liberty.

CVII. *The Fall and Recovery of Man: or,
CHRIST and Satan at Enmity, Gen. iii. 1, &c.*

DECEIV'D by subtle Snares of Hell,
Adam our Head, our Father, fell,
When Satan, in the Serpent hid,
Propos'd the Fruit that God forbid.

Death was the Threat'ning, Death began
To take Possession of the Man ;

His unborn Race receiv'd the Wound,
And heavy Curses smote the Ground.

But Satan found a worse Reward ;
Thus saith the Veng'ance of the Lord,

" Let everlasting Hatred be
" Betwixt the Woman's Seed and thee :

" The Woman's Seed shall be my Son ;
" He shall destroy what thou hast done ;
" Shall break thy Head, and only feel
" Thy Malice raging at his Heel."

[He spake, and bid four thousand Years
Roll on—at length his Son appears ;
Angels with Joy descend to Earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's Birth.

Lo ! by the Sons of Hell he dies ;
But as he hung 'twixt Earth and Skies,
He gave their Prince a fatal Blow,
And triumph'd o'er the Pow'rs below.]

CVIII. *Christ unseen and beloved, 1 Pet. i. 8:*

NOT with our mortal Eyes
Have we beheld the Lord ;
Yet we rejoice to hear his Name,
And love him in his Word.

On Earth we want the Sight
Of our Redeemer's Face.

Yet LORD, our inmost Thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy Grace.

- 8 And when we taste thy Love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And Heaven begins below.

CIX. *The Value of CHRIST and his
Righteousness, Phil. iii. 7—9.*

- 1 **N**O more, my GOD, I boast no more
Of all the Duties I have done;
I quit the Hopes I held before,
To trust the Merits of thy Son.

- 2 Now for the Love I bear his Name,
What was my Gain I count my Loss;
My former Pride I call my Shame,
And nail my Glory to his Cross.

- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All Things but Loss for JESUS' sake:
O may my Soul be found in him,
And of his Righteousness partake!

- 4 The best Obedience of my Hands,
Dares not appear before thy Throne;
But Faith can answer thy Demands,
By pleading what my LORD has done.

CX. *Death and immediate Glory,*

2 Cor. v, 5—8.

- 1 **T**HERE is a House not made with Hand
Eternal and on high;
And here my Spirit waiting stands,
Till GOD shall bid it fly.

- 2 Shortly this Prison of my Clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall;
Then, O my Soul, with Joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's Call.

'Tis He, by his Almighty Grace,
That forms Thee fit for Heav'n:
And as an Earnest of the Place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

We walk by Faith of Joys to come:
Faith lives upon his Word;
But while the Body is our Home,
We're absent from the Lord.

'Tis pleasant to believe thy Grace,
But we had rather see:
We would be absent from the Flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

CXI. *Salvation by Grace*, Titus iii. 3—7.

[**L**ORD, we confess our num'rous Faults;
How great our Guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our Thoughts,
And all our Lives were Sin.
But O my Soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his Name,
Who turns thy Feet from dang'rous Ways
Of Folly, Sin and Shame.]

['Tis not by Works of Righteousness
Which our own Hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign Grace
Abounding through his Son.]

'Tis from the Mercy of our God,
That all our Hopes begin;
'Tis by the Water and the Blood
Our Souls are wash'd from Sin,
'Tis through the Purchase of his Death,
Who hung up on the Tree.
The Spirit was sent down to breathe
On such dry Bones as we.

- 6 Rais'd from the Dead, we live anew;
 And justify'd by C^race,
 We shall appear in Glory too,
 And see our Father's Face.

CXII. *The Brazen Serpent:*

John iii. 11—16.

- 1 **S**O did the Hebrew Prophet raise
 The brazen Serpent high:
 The Wounded felt immediate Ease,
 The Camp forbore to die.
- 2 "Look upward in the dying Hour,
 "And live," the Prophet cries;
 But CHRIS^T performs a nobler Cure,
 When Faith lifts up her Eyes.
- 3 High on the Cross thy Saviour hung,
 High in the Heav'ns he reigns:
 Here Sinners by the old Serpent stung
 Look and forget their Pains.
- 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
 A dying World revives:
 The Jew beholds the glorious Hope,
 Th' expiring Gentile lives.

CXIII. *Abraham's Blessing to the Gentile*
 Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark v. 14.

- 1 **H**OW large the Promise! how divine
 To Abra'm and his Seed!
 "I'll be a God to thee and thine,
 "Supplying all their Need.
- 2 The Words of his extensive Love
 From Age to Age endure,
 The Angel of the Cov'nant proves
 And seals the Blessing sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient Faith confirms
 To our great Fathers giv'n;

He takes young Children to his Arms,
And calls them Heirs of Heav'n.

3 Our God, how faithful are his Ways!
His Love endures the same;
Nor from the Promise of his Grace
Blots out his Childrens Name.

CXIV. *The same.* Rom. xi. 16, 17.

1 GENTILES by Nature, we belong
To the wild Olive Wood,
Grace takes us from the barren Tree,
And grafts us in the good.

2 With the same Blessings Grace endow
The Gentile and the Jew;
If pure and holy be the Root,
Such are the Branches too.

3 Then let the Children of the Saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out thy Spirit on them, LORD!
And wash them in thy Blood.

4 Thus to the Parents and their Seed,
Shall thy Salvation come,
And num'rous Households meet at last
In one eternal Home.

CXV. *Conviction of Sin by the Law;*
Rom. vii. 8, 6, 14, 24.

1 LORD, how secure my Conscience was,
And felt no inward Dread!
I was alive without the Law,
And thought my Sins were dead.

2 My Hopes of Heaven were firm and bright;
But since the Precept came
With a convincing Power and Light,
I find how vile I am.

- 6 Rais'd from the Dead, 'we live anew;
 And justify'd by O' race,
 We shall appear in Glory too,
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I was alive without the Law,
And thought my Sins were dead.

My Hopes of Heaven were firm and bright;
But since the Precept came
With a convincing Power and Light,
I find how vile I am.

- 3 [My Guilt appear'd but small before
Till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just and pure,
Was thine eternal Law.
- 4 Then felt my Soul the heavy Load,
My Sins reviv'd again;
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
And all my Hopes were slain.]
- 5 I'm like a helpless Captive sold
Under the Pow'r of Sin;
I cannot do the Good I would,
Nor keep my Conscience clean.
- 6 My God, I cry with ev'ry Breath,
For some kind Pow'r to save,
To break the Yoke of Sin and Death,
And thus redeem the Slave.

CXVI. *Love to God and our Neighbour,*
Matt. xxiii. 37—40.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the first the great Command,
"Let all thy inward Pow'rs unite
"To love thy Maker and thy God,
"With utmost Vigour and Delight.
- 2 "Then shall thy Neighbour next in place
"Share thine Affections and Esteem;
"And let thy Kindness to thyself,
"Measure and rule thy Love to him."
- 3 This is the Sense which Moses Spoke;
This did the Prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the Law is broke,
And the whole Law's fulfill'd by Love.
- 4 But oh! how base our Passions are!
How cold our Charity and Zeal!
LORD, fill our Souls with holy Fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy Will.

CXVII. *Election sovereign and free,*
Rom. ix. 21—24.

BEhold the Potter and the Clay,
He forms his Vessels as he please:
Such is our God. and such are we,
The Subjects of his high Decrees.

Doth not the Workman's Pow'r extend
O'er all the Mass, which Part to choose,
And mould it for a nobler End,
And which to leave for viler use ?]

May not the sov'reign Lord on high,
Dispense his Favours as he will ?
Choose some to Life, while Others die,
And yet be just and gracious still ?

[What, if to make his Terrors known,
He lets his Patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile Rebels to go on

To seal their own Destruction sure ?

What if he means to show his Grace,
And his electing Love employs

To mark out some of mortal Race,
And form them fit for heav'nly Joys ?

Shall Man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's Ways unjust ;

The Thunder of whose dreadful Word,
Can crush a thousand Worlds to Dust ?

But O, my Soul, if Truth so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy Sight,
Yet still his written Will obey,

And wait the great decisive Day.

Then shall he make his Justice known,
And the whole World before his Throne
With Joy or Terror shall confess
The Glory of his Righteousness.

CXVIII. *Moses and CHRIST: or, Sin
against the Law and Gospel, John i. 17
Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6. and x. 28, 29.*

- 1 **T**HE Law by Moses came,
But Peace and Truth and Love,
Were brought by CHRIST, a nobler Name
Descending from above,
- 2 Amidst the House of God
Their diff'rent Works were done;
Moses a faithful Servant stood,
But CHRIST a faithful Son.
- 3 Then to his new Commands
Be strict Obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's House he stands
The Sov'reign and the Head.
- 4 The Man that durst despise
The Law that Moses brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous Fault.
- 5 But sorer Veng'ance falls
On that rebellious Race
Who hate to hear when JESUS calls,
And dare resist his Grace.

CX X. *The different Success of the Gospel*
1 Cor. i. 23, 25. 2 Cor. ii. 16, &c.

- 1 **C**HRISt, and his Cross is all our Theme
The Myst'ries that we speak
Are Scandal in the Jews Esteem,
And Folly to the Greek.
- 2 But Souls enlighten'd from above,
With Joy receive the Word;
They see what Wisdom, Pow'r and Love
Shines in their dying Lord.

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The vital Saviour of his Name,
Restores their fainting Breath;
But Unbelief perverts the same
To Guilt, Despair and Death.

Till God diffuse his Graces down
Like Show'rs of heav'nly Rain,
In vain Apollos sows the Ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

CXX. *Faith of Things unseen,*
Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

Faith is the brightest Evidence
Of Things beyond our Sight;
Breaks thro' the Clouds of Flesh and Sense,
And dwells in heav'nly Light.

It sets Times past in present view,
Brings distant Prospects home,
Of Things a thousand Years ago,
Or thousand Years to come.

By Faith we know the Worlds were made
By God's almighty Word;
Abra'm to unknown Countries led,
By Faith obey'd the Lord.

He sought a City fair and high,
Built by th' eternal Hands;
And Faith assures us, tho' we die,
That heav'nly Building stands.

CXXI. *Children devoted to God, Gen. xvii.*
7, 10. Acts xvi. 14, 1, 33.

For those that practice Infant Baptism.)

THus saith the Mercy of the Lord,

"I'll be a God to thee;

"I'll bless thy num'rous Race, and they

"Shall be a Seed for me."

- 2 Abra'm believ'd the promis'd Grace,
And gave his Sons to GOD;
But Water seals the Blessing now,
That once was seal'd with Blood.
- 3 Thus Lydia sanctify'd her House,
When she receiv'd the Word;
Thus the believing Jailor gave
His Household to the LORD.
- 4 Thus later Saints, eternal King!
Thine ancient Truths embrace;
To Thee their infant Offspring bring,
And humbly claim thy Grace.

CXXII. *Believers buried with CHRIST*
in Baptism, Rom. vi. 3.

- 1 **D**O we not know that solemn Word
That we are bury'd with the LORD
Baptiz'd into his Death, and then
Put off the Body of our Sin?
- 2 Our Souls receive diviner Breath,
Rais'd from Corruption, Guilt and Death
So from the Grave did CHRIST arise,
And lives to GOD above the Skies.
- 3 No more let Sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal Flesh again:
The various Lusts we serv'd before,
Shall have Dominion now no more.

CXXIII. *The repenting Prodigal,*
Luke xv. 13, &c.

- 1 **B**Ehold the Wretch whose Lust and Wine
Has wasted his Estate!
He begs a Share amongst the Swine,
To taste the Husks they eat.
- 2 "I die with Hunger here," he cries,
"I starve in foreign Lands;

" My Father's House has large Supplies;
" And bounteous are his Hands.

" I'll go, and with a mournful Tongue
" Fall down before his Face:

" Father, I've done thy Justice wrong,
" Nor can deserve thy Grace."

He said, and hasten'd to his Home
To seek his Father's Love;

The Father saw the Rebel come,
And all his Bowels move.

He ran, and fell upon his Neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his Son;

The Rebel's Heart with Sorrow brake
For Follies he had done.

" Take off his Cloaths of Shame and Sin,
(The Father gives Command)

" Dress him in Garments neat and clean,
" With Rings adorn his Hand:

" A Day of Feasting I ordain,

" Let Mirth and Joy abound;

" My Son was dead and lives again,

" Was lost, but now is found."

CXXIV. *The first and second Adam,*
Rom. vi. 12, &c.

DEEP in the Dust before thy Throne,
Our Guilt and our Disgrace we own;
Great God! we own th' unhappy Name
Whence sprung our Nature and our Shame
Adam, the Sinner, at his Fall
Death, like a Conqu'ror, seiz'd us all;
A thousand new born Babes are dead
By fatal Union to their Head.

- 3 But whilst our Spirit, fill'd with Awe
Beholds the Terrors of thy Law,
We sing the Honours of thy Grace
That sent to save our ruin'd Race.
- 4 We sing thine everlasting Son
Who join'd our Nature to his own;
Adam the second, from the Dust
Raises the Ruins of the first.
- 5 [By the Rebellion of one Man,
Thro' all his Seed the Mischief ran;
And by one Man's Obedience now
Are all his Seed made righteous too.]
- 6 Where Sin did reign and Death abound
There have the Sons of Adam found
Abounding Life: there glorious Grace
Reigns thro' the Lord our Righteousness.

CXXV. CHRIST'S Compassion to the Weak
and Tempted, Heb. iv. 15, 16. & v. 7.

- 1 With Joy we meditate the Grace
Of our High Priest above;
His Heart is made of Tenderness,
His Bowels melt with Love.
- 2 Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame:
He knows what sore Temptations meet
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent and pure,
The great Redeemer stood;
While Satan's fiery Darts he bore,
And did resist to Blood.
- 4 He in the Days of feeble Flesh,
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears;

And in a Measure feels afresh
What ev'ry Member bears.
He'll never quench the smoking Flax;
But raise it to a Flame;
The bruised Reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest Name.
Then let our humble Faith address
His Mercy and his Pow'r;
We shall obtain deliv'ring Grace
In the distressing Hour.

XXVI. *Charity and Uncharitableness;*
Rom. xiv. 17, 18. 1 Cor. x. 2.

Not diff'rent Food nor diff'rent Dress
Compose the Kingdom of our Lord,
But Peace and Joy and Righteousness,
Faith and Obedience to his Word.
When weaker Christians we despise,
We do the Gospel mighty Wrong;
For God, the gracious and the wise,
Receives the Feeble with the Strong.
Let Pride and Wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and Love our Souls pursue;
Nor shall our Practice give Offence
To Saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

XXVII. *CHRIST'S Invitation to Sinners;*

COME hither all ye weary Souls;
Ye heavy laden Sinners, come:
I'll give you Rest from all your Toils,
And raise you to my heav'nly Home.
They shall find Rest that leave off
I'm of a meek and lowly Mind;

HYMN CXXVII. Be

- " But Passion rages like the Sea,
 " And Pride is restless as the Wind.
 3 " Bless'd is the Man whose Shoulders take
 " My Yoke, and bear it with Delight
 " My Yoke is easy to the Neck,
 " My Grace shall make the burden light
 4 JESUS, we come at thy Command;
 With Faith and Hope and humble Zeal
 Resign our Spirits to thy Hand,
 To mould and guide us at thy Will.

CXXVII. *The Apostles Commission: or, the Gospel attested by Miracles, Mark x. 13, &c. Matt. xviii. 18, &c.*

- 1 " GO preach my Gospel," saith the Lord
 " Bid the whole Earth my Grace receive
 " He shall be sav'd that trusts my Word
 " He shall be damn'd that won't believe
 2 " I'll make your great Commission known
 " And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
 " By all the Works that I have done,
 " By all the Wonders ye shall do.
 3 " Go heal the Sick, go raise the Dead
 " Go cast out Devils in my Name;
 " Nor let my Prophets be afraid, [phenomena]
 " Tho' Greeks reproach and Jews blaspheme
 4 " Teach all the Nations my Command
 " I'm with you till the World shall end
 " All Pow'r is trusted in my Hands,
 " I can destroy, and can defend."
 5 He spake, and Light shone round his Head
 On a bright Cloud to Heav'n he rode
 They to the farthest Nations spread
 The Grace of their ascended God.

CXIX. *Submission and Deliverance : or,
Abraham offering his Son, Gen. xxii. 6, &c.*

Saints at your heav'nly Father's Word
Give up your Comforts to the LORD;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you Blessings more divine.

So Abra'm with obedient Hand
Led forth his Son at God's Command;
The Wood, the Fire, the Knife he took,
His Arm prepar'd the dreadful Stroke.
"Abra'm forbear," the Angel cry'd;
"Thy Faith is known, thy Love is try'd;
"Thy Son shall live, and in thy Seed
"Shall the whole Earth be blest indeed."

Just in the last distressing Hour,
The LORD displays deliv'ring Pow'r;
The Mount of Danger is the Place,
Where we shall see surprising Grace.

CXXX. *Love and Hatred, Phil. ii. 2.
Eph. iv. 30, &c.*

NOW by the Bowels of my God,
His sharp Distress, his sore Complaints;
By his last Groans, his dying Blood,
I charge my Soul to love the Saints.

Clamour and Wrath and War be gone,
Envy and Spite for ever cease;
Let bitter Words no more be known
Amongst the Saints, the Sons of Peace.

The Spirit, like a peaceful Dove,
Flies from the Realms of Noise and Strife:
Why should we vex and grieve his Love,
Who seals our Souls to heav'nly Life.

- 4 Tender and kind be all our Thoughts
Thro' all our Lives let Mercy run;
So God forgives our num'rous Faults
For the dear Sake of CHRIST his Son.

CXXXI. *The Pharisee and Publican,*
Luke xviii. 10, &c.

- 1 **B**Ehold how Sinners disagree,
The Publican and Pharisee!
One doth his Righteousness proclaim
The other owns his Guilt and Shame.
- 2 This Man at humble Distance stands,
And cries for Grace with lifted Hands
That boldly rises near the Throne,
And talks of Duties he has done.
- 3 The Lord their different Language knows
And different Answers he bestows:
The humble Soul with Grace he crowns
Whilst on the Proud his Anger frowns.
- 4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee!
I have no Merits of my own,
But plead the Sufferings of thy Son.

CXXXII. *Holiness and Grace,*
Titus ii. 10—13.

- 1 **S**O let our Lips and Lives express
The holy Gospel we profess;
So let our Works and Virtues shine
To prove the Doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The Honours of our SAVIOUR GOD
When the Salvation reigns within,
And Grace subdues the Power of Sin.
- 3 Our Flesh and Sense must be deny'd
Passion and Envy, Lust and Pride;

H Y M N CXXXIII.

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While Justice, Temp'rance, Truth and
Our inward Piety approve. (Love,

Religion bears our Spirits up,
While we expect that blessed Hope,
That bright Appearance of the Lord;
And Faith stands leaning on his Word.

CXXXIII. *Love and Charity.*

1 Cor. xiii. 1—7, 13.

LET Pharisees of high Esteem
Their Faith and Zeal declare,
All their Religion is a Dream,
If Love be wanting there.

Love suffers long with patient Eye,
Nor is provok'd in Haste;
She lets the present Inj'ry die,
And long forgets the past.

[Malice and Rage, those Fires of Hell,
She quenches with her Tongue:
Hopes and believes, and thinks no Ill,
Tho' she endures the Wrong.

She nor desires nor seeks to know
The Scandals of the Time:
Nor looks with Pride on those below,
Nor envies those that Climb.]

She lays her own Advantage by,
To seek her Neighbour's Good:
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our Lives with Blood.

Love is the Grace that keeps her Pow'r
In all the Realms above;
Where Faith and Hope are known no more,
But Saints for ever love.

CXXXIV. *Religion vain without Love*
1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.

- 1 **H**AD I the Tongues of Greeks and Jew
And nobler Speech than Angels use,
If Love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling Brass, an empty Sound.
- 2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in Heav'n and Hell:
Or could my Faith the World remove,
Still am I nothing without Love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my Store
To feed the Bowels of the Poor,
Or give my Body to the Flame,
To gain a Martyr's glorious Name;
- 4 If love to God, and love to Men
Be absent, all my Hopes are vain:
Nor Tongues, nor Gifts, nor fiery Zeal
The Work of Love can ne'er fulfil.

CXXXV. *The Love of CHRIST shew'd
abroad in the Heart, Eph. iii. 16, &c.*

- 1 **C**OME, dearest LORD, descend and dwell
By Faith and Love in ev'ry Breast
Then shall we know, and taste; and feel
The Joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our Hearts with inward strength
Make our enlarged Souls possess,
And learn the Height, and Breadth, and Length
Of thine unmeasurable Grace. (Lent)
- 3 Now to the God whose Pow'r can do
More than our Thoughts and Wishes know
Be everlasting Honour done
By all the Church, thro' CHRIST his

CXXXVI. *Sincerity and Hypocrisy: or, Formality in Worship, John iv. 24, &c.*

GOD is a Spirit, Just and Wise,
He sees our inmost Mind;
In vain to Heav'n we raise our Cries,
And leave our Souls behind.

Nothing but Truth before his Throne
With Honour can appear,
The painted Hypocrites are known
Thro' the Disguise they wear.

Their lifted Eyes salute the Skies,
Their bended Knees the Ground;
But God abhors the Sacrifice
Where not the Heart is found.

LORD, search my Thoughts, and try my
And make my Soul sincere; (Ways,
Then shall I stand before thy Face,
And find Acceptance there.

CXXXVII. *Salvation by Grace in CHRIST, 1 Tim. i. 9, 10.*

NOW to the Pow'r of God supreme,
Be everlasting Honours giv'n
He saves from Hell, (we bless his Name,)
He calls our wand'ring Feet to Heav'n.

Not for our Duties or Deserts,
But of his own abounding Grace,
He works Salvation in our hearts,
And forms a People for his Praise.

'Twas his own Purpose that begun
To rescue Rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us Grace in CHRIST his Son
Before he spread the starry Sky.

- 4 JESUS, the LORD, appears at last,
And makes his Father's Counsels known
Declares the great Transactions past,
And brings immortal Blessings down.
- 5 He dies; and in that dreadful Night
Did all the Pow'rs of Hell destroy;
Rising he brought our Heav'n to light,
And took Possession of the Joy.

*CXXXVIII. Saints in the Hands of
CHRIST, John x. 28, 29.*

- 1 **F**IRM as the Earth thy Gospel stands
My LORD, my Hope, my Trust!
If I am found in JESU'S Hands,
My Soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His Honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his Sheep;
All that his heav'nly Father gave,
His Hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor Death, nor Hell, shall e'er remove
His Fav'rites from his Breast;
In the dear Bosom of his Love
They must for ever rest.

*CXXXIX. Hope in the Covenant: or God's
Promise and Truth unchangeable.*

- 1 **H**OW oft have Sin and Satan strove
To rend my Soul from thee, my God
But everlasting is thy Love,
And JESUS seals it with his Blood.
- 2 The Oath and Promise of the LORD,
Join to confirm the wond'rous Grace:
Eternal Pow'r performs the Word,
And fills all Heav'n with endless Praise.

Amidst Temptations sharp and long,
 My Soul to this dear Refuge flies;
 Hope is my Anchor firm and strong,
 While Tempests blow and Billows rise.
 The Gospel bears my Spirit up;
 A faithful and unchanging God
 Lays the Foundation of my Hope,
 In Oaths, and Promises, and Blood.

CXL. *A living and a dead Faith: collected from several Scriptures.*

Mistaken Souls that dream of Heav'n,
 And make their empty Boast
 Of inward Joys and Sins forgiv'n,
 While they are Slaves to Lust.

Vain are our Fancies, airy Flights,
 If Faith be cold and dead;
 None but a living Faith unites
 To **CHRIST** the living Head.

'Tis Faith that changes all the Heart,
 'Tis Faith that works by Love;
 That bids all sinful Joys depart,
 And lifts the Thoughts above.

'Tis Faith that conquers Earth and Hell
 By a celestial Pow'r;
 This is the Grace that shall prevail
 In the decisive Hour.

[Faith must obey her Father's Will,
 As well as trust his Grace;
 A pardoning God is jealous still
 For his own Holiness.]

When from the Curse he sets us free,
 He makes our Natures clean;
 Nor would he send his Son to be
 The Minister of Sin.

- 7 [His Spirit purifies our Frame,
And seals our Peace with God;
Jesus, and his Salvation came
By Water and by Blood.]

CXLI. *The Humiliation and Exaltation*
of CHRIST, Isa. liii. 1—5, 10—12.

- 1 WHO hath believ'd thy Word,
Or thy Salvation known?
Reveal thine Arm, Almighty LORD!
And glorify thy Son.
- 2 The Jews esteem'd him here
Too mean for their Belief:
Sorrows his chief Acquaintance were,
And his Companion, Grief.
- 3 They turn'd their Eyes away,
And treated him with Scorn:
But 'twas their Grievs upon him lay,
Their Sorrows he has borne.
- 4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews,
And Gentiles then unknown,
The GOD of Justice pleas'd to bruise
His best beloved Son.
- 5 "But I'll prolong his Days;
"And make his Kingdom stand;
"My Pleasure," saith the GOD of Grace
"Shall prosper in his Hand.
- 6 "His joyful Soul shall see
"The Purchase of his Pain,
"And by his Knowledge justify
"The guilty Sons of Men.
- 7 "[Ten thousand captive Slaves,
"Releas'd from Death and Sin,
"Shall quit their Prisons and their Grave
"And own his Pow'r divine.]

"[Heav'n shall advance my Son
"To Joys that Earth deny'd:
"Who saw the Follies Men had done,
"And bore their Sins and dy'd."]

CXLII. *The Same, Isa. lili. 6—12.*

LIKE Sheep we went astray,
And broke the Fold of God,
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent Way,
But all the downward Road.
How dreadful was the Hour
When God our Wand'rings laid,
And did at once his Vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's Head!
How glorious was the Grace
When CHRIST sustain'd the Stroke!
His Life and Blood the Shepherd pay'd,
A Ransom for the Flock.
His Honour and his Breath
Were taken both away;
Join'd with the Wicked in his Death,
And made as vile as they.
But God shall raise his Head
O'er all the Sons of Men,
And make him see a num'rous Seed,
To recompense his Pain.
"I'll give him," saith the LORD,
"A Portion with the Strong;
"He shall possess a large Reward,
"And hold his Honours long."

CXLIII. *Characters of the Children of
God, from several Scriptures.*

As new born Babes desire the Breast
To feed, and grow, and thrive;

- so Saints with Joy the Gospel taste,
And by the Gospel live.
- 2 [With inward Gust their Heart approve
All that the World relates;
They love the Men their Father loves,
And hate the Works he hates.
- 3 Not all the flatt'ring Baits on Earth
Can make them Slaves to Lust;
They can't forget their heav'nly Birth,
Nor grovel in the Dust.
- 4 Not all the Chains that Tyrants use
Shall bind their Souls to Vice;
Faith like a Conqu'ror can produce
A thousand Victories.
- 5 Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal Principles forbid
The Sons of God to Sin.
- 6 Not by the Terrors of a Slave
Do they perform his Will,
But with the noblest Pow'rs they have
His sweet Commands fulfil.]
- 7 They find Access at ev'ry Hour
To God within the Vail;
Hence they derive a quick'ning Pow'r,
And Joys that never fail.
- 8 O happy Souls! O glorious State
Of overflowing Grace,
To dwell so near the Father's Seat,
And see his lovely Face.
- 9 Lord, I address thy heav'nly Throne,
Call me a Child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my Heart divine,

There shed thy choicest Loves abroad,
 And make my Comforts strong:
 Then shall I say, "My Father God,"
 With an unwav'ring Tongue.

CXLIV. *The Witnessing and Sealing Spirit,*
 Rom. viii 4, 6, Eph. 13, 14.

WHY should the Children of a King,
 Go mourning all their Days?
 Great Comforter! descend and bring
 Some Tokens of thy Grace.
 Dost thou not dwell in all thy Saints,
 And seal them Heirs of Heav'n?
 When wilt thou banish my Complaints,
 And shew my Sins forgiv'n?
 Assure my Conscience of her Part
 In the Redeemer's Blood,
 And bear thy Witness with my Heart,
 That I am born of God
 Thou art the Earnest of his Love,
 The Pledge of Joys to come;
 And thy soft Wings, celestial Dove,
 Will safe convey me Home.

CXLV. *CHRIST and Aaron, taken from*
 Heb. vii, and ix.

JESUS, in thee our Eyes behold
 A thousand Glories more
 Than the rich Gems and polish'd Gold
 The Sons of Aaron wore.
 They first their own burnt-off'rings brought
 To purge themselves from Sin:
 Thy Life was pure without a Spot,
 And all thy Nature clean.
 [Fresh Blood as constant as the Day,
 Was on their Altar spilt;

- But thy one Off'ring takes away
For ever all our Guilt.
- 4 Their Priesthood ran thro' sev'ral Hands,
For mortal was their Race:
Thy never-changing Office stands
Eternal as thy Days.
- 5 Once in the Circuit of a Year
With Blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the Vail appears
Before the golden Throne.
- 6 **BUT CHRIST** by his own pow'ful Blood
Ascends above the Skies,
And in the Presence of our God,
Shews his own Sacrifice.]
- 7 **JESUS**, the King of Glory, reigns
On Zion's heav'nly Hill;
Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,
And wears his Priesthood still.
- 8 He ever Lives to intercede
Before his Father's Face:
Give him, my soul, thy Cause to plead,
Nor doubt thy Father's Grace.

CXLVI. *Characters of CHRIST in Scripture
borrowed from inanimate Things.*

- 1 **GO** worship at Immanuel's Feet,
See in his Face what Wonders meet
Earth is too narrow to express
His Worth, his Glory, or his Grace.
- 2 The whole Creation can afford
But some faint Shadows of my LORD:
Nature, to make his Beauties known,
Must mingle Colours not her own.
- 3 Is he compar'd to Wine or Bread?
Dear LORD, our Souls would thus be fed

That Flesh, that dying Blood of thine,
Is Bread of Life, is heav'nly Wine.
Is he a Tree? The World receives
Salvation from his healing Leaves:
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's Root and Offspring too.
Is he a Rose? Not Sharon yields
Such Fragrancy in all her Fields:
Or if the Lily he assume,
The Vallies bless the rich Perfume.
Is he a Vine? His heav'nly Root
Supplies the Boughs with Life and Fruit:
O let a lasting Union join
My Soul to CHRIST the living Vine.
Is he a Head? Each Member lives
And owns the vital Pow'r he gives;
The Saints below and Saints above,
Join'd by the Spirit of his Love.
Is he a Fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the Plague of Sin and Death:
These Waters all my Soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted Garments too.
Is he a Fire? He'll purge my Dross;
But the true Gold sustains no Loss;
Like a Refiner shall he sit,
And tread the Refuse with his Feet.
Is he a Rock? How firm he proves!
The Rock of Ages never moves!
Yet the sweet Streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the Desert thro'.
Is he a Way? He leads to God,
The Path is drawn in Lines of Blood;

There would I walk with Hope and Zeal
Till I arrive at Sion's Hill.

12 Is he a Door? I'll enter in:

Behold the Pastures large and green;
A Paradise divinely fair,

None but the Sheep have Freedom there

13 Is he design'd a Corner Stone,

For Men to build their Heav'n upon?

I'll make him my Foundation too,

Nor fear the Plots of Hell below.

14 Is he a Temple? I adore

Th' indwelling Majesty and Pow'r;

And still to his most holy Place;

Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my Face.

15 Is he a Star? He breaks the Night,

Piercing the Shades with dawning Light

I know his Glories from afar,

I know the bright, the Morning-Star.

16 Is he a Sun? His Beams are Grace,

His Course is Joy and Righteousness;

Nations rejoice when he appears

To chase their Clouds and dry their Tears

17 O let me climb those higher Skies,

Where Storms and Darkness never rise

There he displays his Pow'rs abroad,

And shines and reigns th' Incarnate God

18 Nor Earth, nor Seas, nor Sun, nor Stars

Nor Heav'n his full Resemblance bears

His Beauties we can never trace

Till we behold him Face to Face.

CXLVII. The Names and Titles of CHRIST
from several Scriptures.

1 'TIS from the Treasures of his Word
I borrow Titles for my LORD;

Nor Art, nor Nature can supply
Sufficient Forms of Majesty.

Bright Image of the Father's Face,
Shining with undiminish'd Rays;
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
The Heir and Partner of his Throne.

The King of Kings, the Lord most High,
Writes his own Name upon his Thigh:
He wears a Garment dipp'd in Blood,
And breaks the Nations with his Rod.

Where Grace can neither melt nor move,
The LAMB resents his injur'd Love,
Awakes his Wrath without Delay
And Judah's Lion tears the Prey.

But when for Works of Peace he comes,
What winning Titles he assumes!

LIGHT of the World and LIFE of Men;
Nor bears those Characters in vain.

With tender Pity in his Heart,
He acts the Mediator's Part;
A Friend and Brother he appears,
And well fulfils the Name he wears.

At length the Judge his Throne ascends,
Divides the Rebels from his Friends,
And Saints in full Fruition prove
His rich Variety of Love.

CXLVIII. *The same as the cxlviiith Psalm.*

WITH cheerful Voice I sing

The Titles of my Lord,

And borrow all the Names

Of Honour from his Word.

Nature and Art

Can ne'er supply

Sufficient Forms
Of Majesty.

- 2 In JESUS we behold
His Father's glorious Face,
Shining for ever Bright
With mild and lovely Rays.
Th' eternal GOD's
Eternal Son
Inherits and
Partakes the Throne.
- 3 The sov'reign KING of KINGS,
The LORD of LORDS most High,
Writes his own Name upon
His Garment and his Thigh.
His Name is call'd
"The Word of GOD,"
He rules the Earth
With iron Rod.
- 4 Where Promises and Grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry LAMB resents
The Injuries of his Love;
Awakes his Wrath
Without Delay,
As Lions roar
And tear their Prey.
- 5 But when for Works of Peace
The great REDEEMER comes,
What gentle Characters,
What Titles he assumes
"Light of the World,"
"And Life of Men;"
Nor will he bear
Those Names in vain

Immense Compassion reigns
In our Immanuel's Heart
When he descends to act
A Mediator's Part.

He is a Friend,
And Brother too;
Divinely kind,
Divinely true,

At length the LORD the JUDGE
His awful Throne ascends,
And drives the Rebels far
From Favourites and Friends:

Then shall the Saints
Completely prove
The Heights and Depths
Of all his Love.

CXLIX. *The Offices of CHRIST, from
several Scriptures.*

JOIN all the Names of Love and Pow'r,
That ever Men or Angels bore,
All are too mean to speak his Worth,
Or set Immanuel's Glory forth.

But O what condescending Ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly Grace!
My Eyes with Joy and Wonder see
What Forms of Love he bears to me.

[The "Angel of the Cov'nant" stands
With his Commission in his Hands,
Sent from his Father's milder Throne,
To make his great Salvation known.

Great Prophet, let me bless thy Name;
By thee the joyful Tidings came
Of Wrath appear'd, of Sins forgiv'n,
Of Hell subdu'd, and Peace with Heav'n.]

- 5 My bright Example and my Guide,
I would be walking near thy side:
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden Way!
- 6 I love my Shepherd, he shall keep
My wandring Soul amongst his Sheep:
He feeds his Flock; he calls their Name
And in his Bosom bears the Lambs.
- 7 My Surety undertakes my Cause,
Answering his Father's broken Laws:
Behold my Soul at Freedom set,
My Surety paid the dreadful Debt.
- 8 Jesus my great High-Priest has dy'd,
I seek no sacrifice beside:
His Blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the Throne.
- 9 My Advocate appears on High;
The Father lays his Thunder by:
Not all that Earth or Hell can say,
Shall turn my Father's Heart away.
- 10 My Lord, my Conq'ror and my King,
Thy Sceptre, and thy Sword I sing;
Thine is the Vict'ry, and I sit
A joyful Subject at thy Feet.
- 11 Aspire, my Soul, to glorious Deeds,
The "Captain of Salvation" leads:
March on, nor fear to win the Day,
Tho' Death and Hell obstruct the Way.
- 12 Should Death and Hell, and now
unknown,
Put all their Forms of Mischief on,
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Salvation in more sovereign Ways.]

CL. *The same as the cxlviiith Psalm.*

JOIN all the glorious Names
Of Wisdom, Love, and Power
That ever Mortals knew,
That Angels ever bore:

All are too mean
To speak his Worth,
Too mean to set
My Saviour forth.

But, O what gentle Terms,
What condescending Ways
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heav'nly Grace!
Mine Eyes with Joy
And Wonder see
What Forms of Love,
He bears to me.

Array'd in mortal Flesh,
He like an Angel stands,
And holds the Promises
And Pardons in his Hands:

Commission'd from
His Father's Throne
To make his Grace
To Mortals known.

Great Prophet of my God
My Tongue would bless thy Name,
By Thee the joyful News
Of our Salvation came.

The joyful News
Of Sins forgiv'n,
And Hell subdu'd,
And Peace with Heav'n.

Be thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern and my Guide:

And thro' this Desert Land
Still keep me near thy Side.

O let my Feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked Way !

6 I love my Shepherd's Voice,
His watchful Eyes shall keep
My wand'ring Soul among
The Thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his Flock,
He calls their Names,
His bosom bears
The tender Lambs.

7 To this dear Surety's Hand
Will I commit my Cause :
He answers and fulfills
His Father's broken Laws.
Behold my Soul
At Freedom set ;
My Surety paid
The dreadful Debt.

8 JESUS, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his Blood and dy'd ;
My guilty Conscience seeks
No Sacrifice beside.
His pow'rful Blood
Did once atone ;
And now it pleads
Before the Throne.

9 My Advocate appears
For my Defence on high :
The Father bows his Ear,
And lays his Thunder by.

Not all that Hell
Or Sin can say,
Shall turn his Heart,
His Love away.

My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy Sceptre, and thy sword,
Thy reigning Grace I sing,
Thine is the Pow'r;
Behold I sit,
In willing Bonds
Beneath thy Feet.

Now let my Soul arise,
And tread the Tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To Conquest and a Crown.

A feeble Saint
Shall win the Day,
Tho' Death and Hell
Obstruct the Way.

Should all the Hosts of Death,
And Pow'rs of Hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful Forms
Of Rage and Mischief on,
I shall be safe;
For CHRIST displays
Superior Pow'r
And guardian Grace.

The END of the First Book.

H Y M N S

AND

Spiritual Songs

B O O K II.

Composed on Divine Subjects.

I. *Praise to God from Great-Britain.*

1 **N**ATURE with all her Pow'rs shall sing
God the Creator and the King
Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Skies, nor Sea
Deny the Tribute of their Praise.

2 [Begin to make his Glories known,
Ye Seraphs, that sit near his Throne,
Tune your harps high and spread the sound
To the Creation's utmost Bound,

All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name;
Whilst with our souls, and with our voice
We sing his honours and our joys.

To him be sacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave:
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And ev'ry word a miracle.]

This Northern Isle, our native land;
Lies safe in the Almighty's hand:
Our foes of vict'ry dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain,

He builds and guards the British throne
And makes it gracious like his own;
Makes our successive Princes kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.

Raise monumental praises high
To him that thunders thro' the sky,
And with an awful nod or frown,
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.

Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' eternal Name:
While trembling nations read from far,
The honours of the God of war.]

Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Britain pronounce with warmest joy
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

[Yet, mighty God! our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.]

II. *The Death of a Sinner.*

- 1 **M**Y thoughts on awful subjects ro
 Damnation and the Dead;
 What Horrors seize the guilty Soul
 Upon a dying Bed!
- 2 Ling'ring about these mortal Shores,
 She makes a long Delay:
 Till like a Flood with rapid Force
 Death sweeps the Wretch away.
- 3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
 Down to the fiery Coast,
 Amongst abominable Fiends;
 Herself a-frighted Ghost.
- 4 There endless Crouds of Sinners lie,
 And Darkness makes their Chains
 Tortur'd with keen Despair they cry,
 Yet wait for fiercer Pains.
- 5 Not all their Anguish and their Blood
 For their old Guilt atones,
 Nor the Compassion of a God
 Shall hearken to their Groans.
- 6 Amazing Grace, that kept my Breath
 Nor bid my Soul remove
 Till I had learn'd my Saviour's Deed
 And well insur'd his Love!

III. *The Death and Burial of a Saint.*

- W**HY do we mourn, departing Friends
 Or shake at Death's alarms?
 'Tis but the Voice that Jesus sends
 To call them to his Arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too
 As fast as Time can move?
 Nor should we wish the Hours more slow
 To keep us from our Love,

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soft'ned ev'ry bed;
Where should the dying members rest
But with their dying head?
Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way:
Up to the LORD our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.
Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations, under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

IV. Salvation in the Cross.

HERE at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood;
JESUS! nor shall it e'er remove.
Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.
Should worlds conspire to drive me thence
Moveless and firm this heart should lie:
Resolv'd, for that's my last defence)
If I must perish, there to die.
But speak, my LORD, and calm my fears
Am I not safe beneath thy Shade?
Thy veng'ance will not strike me here,
Nor satan dares my soul invade.

- 5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim:
Hosannah to my dying God,
And my best honours to his name.

V. *Longing to praise CHRIST better.* (ro

- 1 **L**ORD, when my thoughts with wonder
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul
And read my Maker's broken laws
Repair'd and honour'd by thy cross:
2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine
And see the Man that groan'd and dy'd
Sit glorious by his Father's side,
3 My passions rise and soar above;
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sing
4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains
For want of their immortal strains;
And in such humble notes as these
Must fall below thy victories.
5 Well, the kind minute must appear,
When we shall leave these bodies here
These clogs of clay, and mount on high
To join the songs above the sky.

VI. *A Morning Song.*

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.
2 Night unto night, his name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

'Tis he supports my mortal Frame;
 My Tongue shall speak his Praise;
 My Sins would rouse his Wrath to Flame,
 And yet his Wrath delays.

[On a poor Worm thy Pow'r might tread,
 And I could ne'er withstand:
 Thy Justice might have trost me dead,
 But Mercy held thine Hand.

A thousand wretched Souls are fled
 Since the last setting Sun,
 And yet thou lengthenest out my Thread,
 And yet my Moments run.]

Dear God! let all my Hours be thine,
 Whilst I enjoy the Light;
 Then shall my Sun in Smiles decline,
 And bring a pleasant Night.

VII. *An Evening Song.*

D Read Sov'reign, let my Ev'ning Song,
 Like holy Incense rise:
 Assist the Offerings of my Tongue
 To reach the lofty Skies.

Thro' all the Dangers of the Day
 Thy Hand was still my Guard,
 And still to drive my Wants away
 Thy Mercy stood prepar'd.

Perpetual Blessings from above
 Encompass me around;
 But O how few Return of Love
 Hath my Creator found.

What have I done for him that dy'd
 To save my wretched Soul?
 How are my Sins multiply'd
 Fast as my Minutes roll.

5 LORD, with this guilty Heart of mine
 To thy dear Cross I flee;
 And to thy Grace my Soul resign,
 To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning Blood
 I lay me down to Rest,
 As in th' Embraces of my God,
 Or on my Saviour's Breast.

VIII. *An Hymn for Morning or Evening*

1 Hosanna with a cheerful Sound,
 To God's upholding Hand;
 Ten thousand Snares attend us round
 And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing Pow'r
 That rais'd us with a Word,
 And ev'ry Day, and ev'ry Hour,
 We lean upon the LORD.

3 The Ev'ning rests our weary Head,
 And Angels guard the Room;
 We wake, and we admire the Bed
 That was not made our Tomb.

4 The rising Morning can't assure
 That we shall end the Day;
 For Death stands ready at the Door
 To take our Lives away.

5 Our Breath is forfeited by Sin
 To God's avenging Law;
 We own thy Grace, immortal King,
 In ev'ry Gasp we draw.

6 God is our Sun, whose daily Light
 Our Joy and Safety brings,
 Our feeble Flesh lies safe at Night
 Beneath his shady Wings.

IX. *Gaily sorrow arising from the Suffer-
ings of Christ*

A LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred Head
For such a Worm as I?

[Thy Body slain, sweet Jesus, think
And bled in its own blood;
While all exposed to Wrath divine
The glorious Sufferer stood.]

Was it for Crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the Tree?
Amazing Faith! Grace unknown,
And Love beyond Degree?

Well might the Sun in Darkness hide,
And shut his Glories in;
When God the mighty Maker dy'd
For Man the Creature's Sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing Face,
While his dear Cross appears;
Dissolve, my Heart, in Thankfulness,
And melt my Eyes to Tears.

But Drops of Grief can ne'er repay
The Debt of Love I owe:

Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

X. *Parting with carnal Joys.*

MY Soul forsakes her vain Delight,
And bids the World farewell;
Base as the Dirt beneath my Feet,
And mischievous as Hell.

No longer will I ask your Love,
Or seek your Friendship more.

- The Happiness that I approve
Is not within your Pow'r.
- 3 There's nothing round this spacious Earth
That suits my large Desire :
To boundless Joy and solid Mirth
My nobler Thoughts aspire.
- 4 [Where Pleasure rolls its living Flood,
From Sin and Dross refin'd,
Still springing from the Throne of God,
And fit to cheer the Mind,
- 5 The Almighty Ruler of the Sphere,
The Glorious and the Great,
Brings his own All-sufficiency,
To make our Bliss complete.]
- 6 Had I the Pinions of a Dove,
I'd climb the heavenly Road,
There fits my Saviour and my Love,
And there my smiling God.
- XI. For me.
- 1 I Send the Joys of Earth away :
Away ye Tempters of the Mind,
False as the smooth deceitful Sea,
And empty as the whistling Wind.
- 2 Your Streams were floating me along
Down to the Gulph of black Despair;
And whilst I listen'd to your Song,
Your Streams had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Look b, I adore thy matchless Grace,
That warn'd me of that dark Abyss:
That drew me from those treach'rous
And bid me seek Superior Bliss. (Seas,
- 4 Now to the shining Realms above
I stretch my Hands and glance my Eyes,

HYMN XIII

O for the Pinions of a Dove,
To bear me to the upper Skies!
There from the Bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless Pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last Abode,
And drown the Sorrows of my Soul.

CHRIST is the Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.

THE true Messiah now appears,
The Types are all withdrawn:
So fly the Shadows and the Stars
Before the rising Dawn.

No smoking Sweets, nor bleeding Lamb,
Nor Kid, nor Bullock slain,
Incense and Spice of costly Names,
Would all be burnt in vain.
Aaron must lay his Robes away,
His Mire and his Vest,

When God himself comes down to be
The Off'ring and the Priest,
He took our mortal Flesh to shew
The Wonders of his Love;
For us he paid his Life below,
And prays for us above.

"Father," he cries, "forgive their Sins,
For I myself have dy'd;"
And then he shews his open Veins,
And pleads his wounded Side.

III. The Creation, Preservation, Dissolution, and Restoration of this World.

SING to the Lord that built the Skies,
The Lord that rear'd this stately frame;
Let all the Nations sound his Praise,
And Lands unknown repeat his Name.

- 2 He form'd the Seas, he form'd the Hills,
Made ev'ry Drop, and ev'ry Dust,
Nature and Time with all their Wheels
And push'd them into Motion first.
- 3 Now from the high imperial Throne
He looks far down upon the Spheres;
He bids the shining Orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty Years.
- 4 Thus shall this moving Engine last,
Till all his Saints are gather'd in:
Then for the Trumpet's dreadful Blasts
To shake it all to Dust again!
- 5 Yet, when the Sound shall tear the Skies
And Lightning burn the Globe below
Saints, you may lift your joyful Eyes,
There's a new Heav'n and Earth for you.

XIV. *The Lord's Day: or, Delight in Ordinances.*

- 1 **W**ELCOME sweet Day of Rest
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving Breast,
And these rejoicing Eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his Saints To-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One Day amidst the Place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand Days
Of pleasurable Sin.
- 4 My willing Soul would stay
In such a Frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting Bliss.

XV. *The Enjoyment of CHRIST: or,
Delight in Worship.*

FAR from my Thoughts, vain World be-
Let my religious Hours alone; [gone;
Pain would my Eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a Visit, LORD, from thee.

My Heart grows warm with holy Fire,
And kindles with a pure Desire:
Come, my dear JESUS, from above,
And feed my Soul with heavenly Love.

[The Trees of Life immortal stand
In fragrant Rows at thy Right Hand;
And in sweet Murmurs by their Side,
Rivers of Bliss perpetual glide.

Haste then, but with a smiling Face,
And spread a Table of thy Grace:
Bring down a Taste of Truth divine,
And cheer my Heart with sacred Wine.]

Bless'd JESUS, what delicious Fare!
How sweet thy Entertainments are!
Never did Angels taste above
Redeeming Grace, and dying Love.

Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's Glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That Eyes have seen, or Angels known.

XVI. *Part the second.*

LORD, what a Heav'n of saving Grace
Shines thro' the Beauties of thy Face,
And lights our Passions to a Flame!
LORD, how we love thy charming Name!
When I can say, my God is mine,
When I can feel thy Glories shine,

- I tread the World beneath my Feet,
 And all the Earth calls Good or Great
 9 While such a Scene of sacred Joys,
 Our raptur'd Eyes and Souls employs
 Here we could sit and gaze away
 A long, an everlasting Day.
 10 Well, we shall quickly pass the Night
 To the fair Coasts of perfect Light;
 Then shall our joyful Senses rove
 O'er the dear Object of our Love.
 11 [There shall we drink full draughts of Bliss
 And pluck new Life from heav'nly Trees
 Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
 A Drop of Heav'n on Worms below.
 12 Send comforts down from thy right hand
 While we pass thro' this barren Land,
 And in thy Temple let us see
 A Glimpse of Love, a Glimpse of thee.

XVII. *God's Eternity.*

- 1 **R**ISE, rise, my Soul, and leave the
 Ground;
 Stretch all thy Thoughts abroad,
 And rouse up every tuneful Sound
 To praise th' eternal God.
 2 Long e'er the lofty Skies were spread,
 Jehovah fill'd his Throne,
 Or Adam form'd, or Angels made,
 The Maker liv'd alone.
 3 His boundless Years can ne'er decrease,
 Yet still maintain their Prime;
 Eternity's his Dwelling-Place,
 And Ever is his Time.
 4 While like a Tide our Minutes flow,
 The Present and the Past,

He fills his own Immortal now,
And sees our Ages waste.

5 The Sea and Sky must perish too,
And vast Destruction come:

The Creatures--look! how old they grow,
And wait their fiery Doom!

6 Well, let the Sea shrink all away,
And Flame melt down the Skies;
My God shall live an endless Day,
When th' old Creation dies.

XVIII. *The Ministry of Angels.*

HIGH on a Hill of dazzling Light,
The King of Glory spreads his Seat,
And Troops of Angels stretch'd for flight,
Stand waiting round his awful Feet.

2 "Go," saith the Lord*, "my Gabriel go,
"Salute the Virgin's fruitful Womb;
"Make hasten, ye Cherubs, down below,
"Sing and proclaim the Saviour come."

3 Here a bright Squadron † leaves the Skies,
And thick around Elisha stands:

Anon a heavenly Soldier flies,
And breaks the chains from Peter's ‖ hands

4 Thy winged Troops, O God of Hosts,
Wait on thy wand'ring Church below;
Here we are sailing to thy Coasts,
Let Angels be our Convoy too.

5 Are they not all thy Servants, § LORD?
At thy Command they go and come
With cheerful Haste obey thy Word,
And guard thy Children to their Home.

* Luke i. 26. † Luke ii. 13. ‡ 2 Kings vi. 17.

§ Acts xii. 7. § Heb. i. 14.

XIX. *Our frail Bodies, and God our Preserver*

- 1 **L**ET others boast how strong they be,
Nor Death nor Danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble Things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the Grass our Bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting Wind sweeps o'er the Land,
And fades the Grass away.
- 3 Our Life contains a thousand Springs,
And dies if one be gone:
Strange that a Harp of thousand Strings
Should keep in Tune so long.
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our Frame,
The God that built us first;
Salvation to th' Almighty Name,
That rear'd us from the Dust.
- 5 [He spoke, and strait our Hearts and
In all their Motions rose: (Brains
"Let blood, said he, flow round the veins,"
And round the Veins it flows.
- 6 While we have Breath, to use our
Our Maker we'll adore: (Tongues
His Spirit moves our heaving Lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.]

XX. *Backslidings and Returns: or, The
Inconstancy of our Love.*

- 1 **W**HY is my Heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief Delight?
Why are my Thoughts no more by Day?
With thee, no more, by Night?
- 2 Why should my foolish Passions rove
Where can such Sweetness be,

As I have tasted in thy Love,
As I have found in thee ?]
When my forgetful Soul renews
The Savour of thy Grace,
My Heart presumes I cannot lose
The Relish all my Days ;
But e'er one fleeting Hour is past,
The flattering World employs
Some sensual Bait to seize my Taste,
And to pollute my Joys.
Trifles of Nature or of Art,
With fair deceitful Charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless Heart,
And thrust me from thy Arms,
Then I repent, and vex my Soul
That I should leave thee so:
Where will those wild Affections roll,
That let a Saviour go.
[Sin's promis'd Joys are turn'd to Pain,
And I am drown'd in Grief ;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He bids to my Relief.
Seizing my Soul with sweet Surprise,
He draws with loving Bands ;
Divine Compassion in his Eyes,
And Pardon in his Hands.]
[Wretch that I am, to wander thus
In chase of false Delight !
Let me be fasten'd to thy Cross,
Rather than lose thy Sight,
Make haste, my Days, to reach the Goal,
And bring my Heart to rest
On the dear Centre of my Soul,
My God, my Saviour's Breast.]

XXI. *A Song of Praise to God the Redeemer.*

- 1 **L**ET the old Heathens tune their Song
Of great Diana and of Jove;
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue
Is my Redeemer and his Love.
 - 2 Behold! a God descends and dies
To save my Soul from gaping Hell:
How the black Gulph where Satan lies,
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell.
 - 3 How Justice frown'd, & Veng'ance stood
To drive me down to endless Pain!
But the great Son propos'd his Blood,
And heav'nly Wrath grew mild again.
 - 4 Infinite Lover! gracious LORD!
To thee be endless Honours giv'n;
Thy wond'rous Name shall be ador'd,
Round the wide Earth and wider Heav'n.
- XXII. *With God is terrible Majesty.*

- 1 **T**ERRIBLE God, that reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thund'ring Hand!
Thy fiery Bolts, how fierce they fly!
Nor can all Earth or Hell withstand.
- 2 This the old Rebel Angel knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy Frown,
Thine Arrows struck the Traitor thro',
And weighty Veng'ance sunk him down.
- 3 This Sodom felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath th' eternal Load;
"With endless Burnings who can dwell,
Or bear the Fury of a God!"
- 4 Tremble, ye Sinners; and submit,
Throw down your arms before his Throne;

Bend your Heads low beneath his Feet,
 Or his strong Hand shall crush you down.
 And ye, bless'd Saints, that love him too,
 With Reverence bow before his Name;
 Thus all his heav'nly Servants do:
 God is a bright and burning Flame.

XXIII. *The Sight of God and CHRIST
 in Heaven.*

1. DESCEND from Heav'n, immortal Dove,
 Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
 And mount and bear us far above
 The Reach of these inferior Things.
2. Beyond, beyond this lower Sky,
 Up where eternal Ages roll,
 Where solid Pleasures never die,
 And Fruits immortal feast the Soul.
3. O for a Sight, a pleasing Sight,
 Of our Almighty Father's Throne;
 There sit our Saviour crown'd with Light
 Cloth'd in a Body like our own.
4. Adoring Saints around him stand,
 And Thrones and Pow'rs before him fall;
 The God shines gracious thro' the Man,
 And sheds sweet Glories on them all.
5. O what amazing Joys they feel,
 While to their golden Harps they sing,
 And sit on ev'ry heav'nly Hill,
 And spread the Triumphs of their King.
6. When shall the Day, dear Lord, appear!
 That I shall mount to dwell above,
 And stand and bow amongst e'm there,
 And view thy Face, and sing and love.

XXIV. *The Evil of Sin visible in the
Fall of Angels and Men.*

When the great Builder arch'd the Skies,
And form'd all Nature with a Word,
The joyful Cherubs tun'd his Praise,
And ev'ry bending Throne ador'd.

High in the midst of all the Throng,
Satan, a tall Archangel, sat,
Amongst the Morning Stars he sung,
Till Sin destroy'd his heavenly State.

'Twas Sin that hurl'd him from his throne
Gro'ling in Fire the Rebel lies:
"How art thou sunk in Darkness down,
"Son of the Morning", from the Skies!"

And thus our two first Parents stood,
Till Sin defil'd the happy Place;
They lost their Garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn Race.

[So sprang the Plague from Adam's Bow'r
And spread Destruction all abroad;
Sin the curs'd Name, that in one Hour
Spoil'd six Days Labour of a God.]

Tremble, my Soul, and mourn for Grief
That such a Foe should seize thy Breast;
Fly to the Lord for quick Relief:
O! may he slay this treach'rous Guest.

Then to thy Throne, victorious King,
Then to th' Throne our Shouts shall raise;
Thine everlasting Arms we sing,
For Sin, the Monster, bleeds and dies.

Joh xxviii. 7. Isa. xiv. 22.

XXV. *Complaining of spiritual Slub.*

MY drowsy Pow'rs, why sleep ye so?

Awake, my sluggish Soul!

Nothing has half thy Work to do,

Yet Nothing's half so dull.

The little Ants for one poor Grain

I labour and tug and strive;

Yet we who have a Heav'n to obtain,

How negligent we live!

We for whose Sake all Nature stands;

And Stars their Courses move;

We for whose Guard the Angel Bands

Come flying from above;

We, for whom God the Son came down,

And labour'd for our Good,

How careless to secure that Crown

He purchas'd with his Blood!

Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,

And never act our Parts?

Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly Hill,

And sit and warm our Hearts.

Then shall our active Spirits move,

Upwards our Souls shall rise:

With Hands of Faith and Wings of Love

We'll fly and take the Prize.

XXVI. *On invisible.*

Lord, we are blind, we Mortals blind,

We can't behold thy bright Abode,

O'ris beyond a Creature's Mind,

To glance a Thought half way to God

Infinite Leagues beyond the Sky

The Great Eternal reigns alone,

Where neither Wings nor Soul can fly,

Nor Angels climb the topless Throne.

3. The Lord of Glory builds his Seat
Of Gems insufferably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred Feet,
Substantial Beams of gloomy Night.
- 4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious Eyes
Look thro' and cheer us from above;
Beyond our Praise thy Grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

XXVII. *Praise ye him, all his Angels*
Psalm cxlviii. 2

- 1 GOD! the eternal, awful Name!
That the whole heav'nly Army fears
That shakes the wide Creation's Frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears.
- 2 Like Flames of Fire his Servants are,
And Light furrounds his dwelling Place;
But, O ye fiery Flames, declare
The brighter Glories of his Face.
- 3 'Tis not for such poor Worms as we,
To speak to infinite a Thing;
But your immortal Eyes survey
The Beauties of your sov'reign King.
- 4 Tell how he shows his smiling Face,
And clothes all Heav'n in bright Array:
Triumph and Joy run through the Place,
And Songs eternal as the Day.
- 5 Speak (for you feel his burning Love)
What Zeal it spreads thro' all your Frame;
That sacred Fire dwells all above,
For we on Earth have lost the Name.
- 6 Sing of his Pow'r and Justice too,
That infinite right Hand of his

That vanquish'd Satan and his Crew,
And thunder drove them down from Bliss.

[What mighty Storms of poison'd Darts
Were hurl'd upon the Rebels there!
What deadly Jav'lines nail'd their Hearts
Fast to the Racks of long Despair.

Shout to your King, ye heav'nly Host,
You that beheld the sinking Foe:
Firmly ye stood, when they were lost;
Praise the rich Grace that kept you so.]

Proclaim his Wonders from the Skies,
Let ev'ry distant Nation hear;
And while you sound his lofty Praise,
Let humble Mortals bow and fear.

XXVIII. *Death and Eternity.*

SToop down, my Thoughts that use to
Converse awhile with Death, (rise,
Think how a gasping Mortal lies,
And pants away his Breath.

His quiv'ring Lip hangs feebly down,
His Pulses faint and few;
Then speechless with a doleful Groan
He bids the World adieu.

But, O! the Soul that never dies!

At once it leaves the Clay;
Ye Thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wond'rous Way.

Up to the Courts where Angels dwell
It mounts triumphant there;

Or Devils plunge it down to Hell,
In infinite Despair.

And must my Body faint and die;
And must this Soul remove?

Oh, for some guardian Angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

- 1 JESUS, to thy dear faithful Hand
My naked Soul I trust;
And my Flesh waits for thy Command,
To drop into my Dust.

XXIX. *Redemption by Price and Power.*

- 1 JESUS, with all thy Saints above,
My Tongue would bear her Part,
Would sound aloud thy saving Love,
And sing thy bleeding Heart.

- 2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his Blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming Sword
In his own vital Flood.

- 3 The Lamb that freed my captive Soul
From Satan's heavy Chains,
And sent the Lion down to howl
Where Hell and Horror reigns.

- 4 All Glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing Praise,
While Angels live to know his Name,
Or Saints to feel his Grace.

XXX. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

- 1 COME we that love the Lord,
And let our Joys be known;
Join in a Song with sweet accord
And thus surround the Throne.

- 2 The Sorrows of the Mind
Be banish'd from this Place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our Pleasures less.

HYMN XXX.

Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God;
But Fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May speak their Joys abroad.

[The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy Sky,
And manages the Seas.]

This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He shall send down his heav'nly Power
To carry us above.

There shall we see his Face,
And neyer, never sin!
There from the Rivers of his Grace
Drink endless Pleasures in.

Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal State,
The Thoughts of such amazing Bliss
Should constant Joys create.

[The Men of Grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial Fruits on earthly Ground,
From Faith and Hope may grow.

The Hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred Sweets
Before we reach the heav'nly Fields,
Or walk the golden Streets.

Then let our Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's Ground
To fairer Worlds on high.]

XXXI. *Christ's Presence, makes Death easy*

- 1 **W**HY should we start, or fear to die?
What tin'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the Gate of endless Joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The Pains, the Groans, and dying Strife
Fright our approaching Souls away;
Still we shrink back again to Life,
Fond of our Prison and our Clay.
- 3 O! if my Lord would come and meet,
My Soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless thro' Death's iron Gate,
Nor feel the Terrors as she pass'd.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying Bed
Feel soft as downy Pillows are,
While on his Breast I lean my Head,
And breathe my Life out sweetly there.

XXXII. *Frailty and Folly.*

- 1 **H**OW short and hasty is our Life!
How vast our Soul's Affairs!
Yet senseless Mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their Years.
- 2 Our Days run thoughtlessly along
Without a Moment's Stay;
Just like a Story or a Song
We pass our Lives away.
- 3 God from on High invites us Home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hast'ning to the Tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest Hell,
That fight the joys above!

What Chains of Veng'ance should we feel
That break such Cords of Love !
Draw us, O God, with sov'reign Grace,
And lift our Thoughts on High,
That we may end this mortal Race,
And see Salvation nigh.

XXIII. *The Blessed Society in Heaven.*

Raise thee, my Soul, fly up, and run
Thro' every heav'nly Street,
And say, There's nought below the Sun
That's worthy of thy Feet.

[Thou wilt be mount on sacred Wings,
And tread the Courts above :

Nor Earth, nor all her mightiest Things
Shall tempt our meanest Love.]

There on a high majestic Throne
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious Goodness down
On all the blissful Plains.

Bright, like a Sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal Noon,
No Ev'nings there, nor gloomy Nights
To want the feeble Moon.

Amidst those ever-shining Skies,
Behold the sacred Dove,
While banish'd Sin and Sorrow flies,
From all the Realms of Love.

The glorious Tenants of the Place
Stand bending round the Throne ;
And Saints and Seraphs sing and praise
The Infinite Three-One.

[But O what Beams of heavenly Grace,
Transport them all the while !

Ten thousand Smiles from JESU'S Face
And Love in every Smile!

- 3 JESUS, O when shall that dear Day,
That joyful Hour appear,
When I shall leave this House of Clay
To dwell amongst them there!

XXXIV. *Breathing after the Holy SPIRIT
or, Feruency of Devotion desired.*

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove
With all thy quick'ning Powers,
Kindle a Flame of sacred Love
In these cold Hearts of ours.

- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling Toys,
Our Souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal Joys.

- 3 In vain we tune our formal Songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our Tongues,
And our Devotion dies.

- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying Rate!
Our Love so faint, so cold to thee,
And things to us so great!

- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning Powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love,
And that shall kindle ours.

XXXV. *Praise to God for Creation and
Redemption.*

- 1 **L**ET them neglect thy Glory, Lord
Who never knew thy Grace:
But our loud Songs shall still record
The Wonders of thy Praise.

We raise our Shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy Throne;
All Glory to the United Three,
The undivided One.

'Twas he (and we'll adore his Name)
That form'd us by a Word;
'Tis he restores our ruin'd Frame:
Salvation to the Lord!

Hosanna! let the Earth and Skies
Repeat the joyful Sound:
Rocks, Hills and Vales, reflect the Voice
In one eternal Round.

XXXVI. CHRIST'S *Intercession*.

WELL, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming Throne
With his atoning Blood.

No fiery Veng'ance now,
No burning Wrath comes down;
If Justice calls for Sinners' Blood,
The Saviour shews his own.

Before his Father's Eye
Our humble Suit he moves,
The Father lays his Thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

Now make our joyful Tongues
Our Maker's Honours sing;
Jesus, the Priest, receives our Songs,
And bears them to the King.

[We bow before his Face,
And sound his Glories high:
"Hosanna to the God of Grace,
That lays his Thunders by."]

- 6 "On Earth thy Mercy reigns,
 "And triumphs all above;"
 But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains
 To speak immortal Love!
- 7 How jarring and how low
 Are all the Notes we sing!
 Sweet Saviour, tune our Songs anew,
 And they shall please the King.

XXXVII. *The Same.*

- 1 **L**IFT up your Eyes to th' heav'nly
 Where your Redeemer stays: (Seest
 Kind Intercessor, there he sits
 And loves, and pleads, and prays.
- 2 'Twas well, my Soul, he dy'd for thee
 And shed his vital Blood:
 Appeas'd stern Justice on the Tree,
 And then arose to God.
- 3 Petitions now, and Praise may rise,
 And Saints their Off'rings bring,
 The Priest with his own Sacrifice
 Presents them to the King.
- 4 Let Papists trust what Names they please,
 Their Saints and Angels boast;
 We've no such Advocates as these,
 Nor pray to th' heavenly Host.]
- 5 Jesus alone shall bear my Cries
 Up to his Father's Throne:
 He, dearest Lord, perfumes my Sighs,
 And sweetens ev'ry Groan.
- 6 [Ten thousand Praises to the King,
 "Hosanna in the High'st!"
 Ten thousand Thanks our Spirits bring
 To God and to his Christ.]

XXXVIII. *Love to God.*

- 1 **H**appy the Heart where Graces reign,
 Where Love inspires the Breast;
 Love is the brightest of the Train,
 And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our Fear;
 Our stubborn Sins will fight and reign,
 If Love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis Love that makes our cheerful Feet
 In swift Obedience move;
 The Devils know and tremble too;
 But Satan cannot love.
- This is the Grace that lives and sings,
 When Faith and Hope shall cease;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful Strings
 In the sweet Realms of Bliss.
- Before we quite forsake our Clay,
 Or leave this dark Abode,
 The Wings of Love bear us away
 To see our smiling God.

XXXIX. *The Shortness and Misery of Life.*

- O**UR Days, alas! our mortal Days,
 Are short and wretched too;
 "Evil and Few*", the Patriarch says,
 And well the Patriarch knew.
- 'Tis but at best a narrow Bound,
 That Heav'n allows to Men,
 And Pains and Sins run thro' the Round
 Of Threescore Years and Ten.
- Well, if ye must be sad and few,
 Run on, my Days, in haste;

H

Gen. xlvii. 9.

Moments of Sin, and Months of Woe
Ye cannot fly too fast.

- 4 Let heav'nly Love prepare my Soul,
And call her to the Skies,
Where Years of long Salvation roll,
And Glory never dies.

*XL. Our Comfort in the Covenant made
with CHRIST.*

- 1 OUR God, how firm his Promise stands
E'en when he hides his Face;
He trusts in our Redeemer's Hands
His Glory and his Grace.

- 2 Then why, my Soul, these sad Complaints
Since CHRIST and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his Saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

- 3 Beneath his Smiles, my Heart has liv'd
And part of Heav'n possess'd;
I praise his Name for Grace receiv'd
And trust him for the rest.

XLI. A Sight of God mortifies us to the World.

- 1 UP to the Fields where Angels lie,
And living Waters gently roll,
Fain would my Thoughts leap out and fly
But Sin hangs heavy on my Soul.

- 2 Thy wond'rous Blood, dear dying CHRIST
Can make this World of Guilt remove
And thou canst bear me where thou fly
On thy kind Wings, celestial Dove.

- 3 O might I once mount up and see
The Glories of th' eternal Skies,
What little Things these Worlds would be
How despicable to my Eyes.

- 4 Had I a Glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and Men would vanish soon;
Vanish, as tho' I saw them not,
As a dim Candle dies at Noon.
- 5 Then they might fight, and rage and rave,
I should perceive the Noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking Leaf,
While rattling Thunders round us roar.
- 6 Great All in All! eternal King!
Let me but view thy lovely Face,
And all my Pow'rs shall bow and sing
Thine endless Grandeur and thy Grace.

XLII. *Delight in God.*

- M Y God, what endless Pleasures dwell
Above, at thy right Hand!
Thy Courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy Graces stand!
- The Swallow near thy Temple lies,
And chirps a cheerful Note;
The Lark mounts upwards to the Skies,
And tunes his warbling Throat.
- And we, when in thy Presence, LORD,
We shout with joyful Tongues;
Or, sitting round our Father's Board,
We crown the Feast with Songs.
- While Jesus shines with quick'ning Grace
We sing, and mount on high;
But if a frown becloud his Face,
We faint, and tire, and die.
- [Just as we see the lonesome Dove
Bemoan her widow'd State,
Wand'ring she flies thro' all the Grove,
And mourns her loving Mate. H 2

- 6 Just so our Thoughts from Thing to Thing
 In restless Circles rove,
 Just so we droop and hang the Wing,
 When JESUS hides his Love.]

XLIII. CHRIST'S *Sufferings and Glory.*

- 1 **N**OW for a Tune of lofty Praise
 To great JEHOVAH's equal Son!
 Awake my Voice, in heav'nly Lays,
 Tell the loud Wonders he hath done.
- 2 Sing how he left the Worlds of Light
 And the bright Robes he wore above!
 How swift and joyful was his Flight,
 On Wings of everlasting Love.
- 3 [Down to this base, this sinful Earth,
 He came to raise our Nature high;
 He came t' atone almighty Wrath,
 JESUS, the GOD, was born to die.
- 4 Hell and its Lions roar'd around:
 His precious Blood the Monster spilt;
 While weighty Sorrows press'd him down
 Large as the Loads of all our Guilt.]
- 5 Deep in the Shades of gloomy Death,
 Th' almighty Captive Pris'ner lay;
 Th' almighty Captive left the Earth,
 And rose to everlasting Day.
- 6 Lift up your Eyes, ye Sons of Light,
 Up to his Throne of shining Grace;
 See what immortal Glories sit
 Round the sweet Beauties of his Face.
- 7 Amongst a thousand Harps and Song
 JESUS the GOD exalted reigns;
 His sacred Name fills all their Tongues
 And echoes thro' th' heav'nly Plains.

XLIV. *Hell, or, The Vengeance of God.*

WITH holy Fear, and humble Song,
 The dreadful God our Souls adore:
 Rev'rence and Awe become the Tongue
 That speaks the Terrors of his Pow'r.
 Far in the Deep where Darkness dwells,
 The Land of Horror and Despair,
 Justice hath built a dismal Hell,
 And laid her Stores of Veng'ance there.

[Eternal Plagues and heavy Chains,
 Tormenting Racks and fiery Coals,
 And Darts t' inflict immortal Pains,
 Dy'd in the Blood of damned Souls.

There Satan the first Sinner lies,
 And roars and bites his iron Bands:
 In vain the Rebel strives to rise,
 Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.]

There guilty Ghosts of Adam's Race
 Shriek out and howl beneath thy Rod;
 Once they could scorn a Saviour's Grace,
 But they incens'd a dreadful God.

Tremble, my Soul, and kiss the Son,
 Sinner, obey thy Saviour's Call;
 Else your Domination hastens on,
 And Hell gapes wide to wait your Fall.

XLV. *God's Condescension to our Worship.*

THY Favours, Lord, surprise our Souls:

Will the Eternal dwell with us?
 What canst thou find beneath the Poles
 To tempt thy Chariot downward thus?
 Still might he fill his starry Throne,
 And please his Ears with Gabriel's Songs,

- But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our Tongues.
3 Great God! what poor Returns we pay
For Love so infinite as thine!
Words are but Air, and Tongues but Clay;
But thy Compassion's all divine.

XLVI. God's *Condescension* to Human
Affairs.

- 1 **U**P to the LORD, that reigns on high,
And views the Nations from afar,
Let everlasting Praises fly,
And tell how large his Bounties are.
- 2 [He that can shake the Worlds he made,
Or with his Word, or with his Rod;
His Goodness, how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!
- 3 God, that must stoop to view the Skies,
And bow to see what Angels do,
Down to our Earth he casts his Eyes,
And bends his Footsteps downward too.]
- 4 He over-rules all mortal Things,
And manages our mean Affairs;
On humble Souls the King of Kings
Bestows his Counsels and his Cares.
- 5 Our Sorrows and our Tears we pour
Into the Bosom of our God:
He hears us in the mournful Hour,
And helps us bear the heavy Load.
- 6 In vain might lofty Princes try
Such Condescension to perform;
For Worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest Fellow-worm.
- 7 O could our thankful Hearts devise
A Tribute equal to thy Grace.

To the third Heav'n our Songs should rise,
And teach the golden Harps thy Praise.

*LVII. Glory and Grace in the Person of
CHRIST.*

NOW to the LORD a noble Song!

Awake, my Soul, awake my Tongue:

Hosanna to th' eternal Name,

And all his boundless Love proclaim.

See where it shines in Jesus' Face

The brightest Image of his Grace;

God, in the Person of his Son,

Hath all his mightiest Works outdone.

The spacious Earth and spreading Flood

Proclaim the wise and pow'ful God:

And thy rich Glories from afar,

Sparkle in ev'ry rolling Star.

But in his Looks a Glory stands,

The noblest Labour of thy Hands:

The pleasing Lustre of his Eyes

Outshines the Wonders of the Skies.

Grace, 'tis a sweet; a charming Theme!

My Thoughts rejoice at Jesus' Name:

Ye Angels, dwell upon the Sound;

Ye Heavens, reflect it to the Ground!

Oh may I live to reach the Place

Where he unveils his lovely Face!

Where all his Beauties you behold,

And sing his Name to Harps of Gold!

LVIII. Love to the Creatures dangerous.

HOW vain are all Things here below;

How false and yet how fair!

Each Pleasure hath its Poison too;

And ev'ry Sweet a Snare.

- 2 The brightest Things below the Sky
Gives but a flattering Light:
We should suspect some Danger nigh
Where we possess Delight.
- 3 Our dearest Joys and nearest Friends,
The Partners of our Blood:
How they divide our wav'ring Minds,
And leave but half for God.
- 4 The Fondness of a Creature's Love,
How strong it strikes the Sense!
Thither the warm Affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear SAVIOUR! let thy Beauties be
My Soul's eternal Food;
And Grace command my Heart away
From all created Good.

XLIX. *Moses dying in the Embraces of God.*

- 1 DEATH cannot make our Souls afraid,
If God be with us there:
We may walk thro' its darkest Shade,
And never yield to Fear.
- 2 I could renounce my All below,
If my Creator bid:
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.
- 3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's Top,
And view the promis'd Land:
My Flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the Command.
- 4 Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's Arms,
I would forget my Breath,
And lose my Life among the Charms
Of so divine a Death.

L. Comforts under Sorrows and Pains.

NOW let the LORD my Saviour smile;
 And shew my Name upon his Heart;
 I would forget my Pains awhile
 And in the Pleasure lose the Smart.
 But O! it swells my Sorrows high,
 To see my blessed JESUS frown;
 My Spirits sink, my Comforts die,
 And all the Springs of Life are down.
 Yet why, my Soul, why these Complaints;
 Still while he frowns his Bowels move;
 Still on his Heart he bears his Saints,
 And feels their Sorrows and his Love.
 My Name is printed on his Breast;
 His Book of Life contains my Name;
 I'd rather have it there impress'd,
 Than in the bright Records of Fame.
 When the last Fire burns all Things here,
 Those Letters shall securely stand;
 And in the Lamb's fair Book appear,
 Writ by th' eternal Father's Hand.
 Now shall my Minutes smoothly run,
 Whilst here I wait my Father's Will!
 My rising and my setting Sun,
 Roll gently up and down the Hill.

Ll. God the Son equal with the Father.

Right King of Glory, dreadful God!

Our Spirits bow before thy Sea;
 To thee we lift an humble Thought,
 And worship at thine awful Feet.

[Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wisdom sways
 All Nature with a sov'reign Word;
 And the bright World of Stars obeys
 The Will of their superior Lord.] H

3 [Mercy and Truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right Hand!
Eternal Justice guards thy Throne,
And Veng'ance waits thy dread Com-
mand.]

4 A thousand Seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who amongst the Sons of Light
Pretends Comparison with Thee?

5 Yet there is one of human Frame,
Jesus, array'd in Flesh and Blood,
Thinks it no Robbery to claim
A full Equality with God.

6 [Their Glory shines with equal Beams
Their Essence is for ever one;

Tho' they are known by diff'rent Names
The Father God, and God the Son.

7 Then let the Name of CHRIST our King
With equal Honors be ador'd:

His Praise let ev'ry Angel sing,
And all the Nations own the LORD.]

LII. *Death dreadful or delightful.*

1 **D**Eath! 'tis a melancholy Day
To those that have no God,
When the poor Soul is forc'd away
To seek her last Abode.

2 In vain to Heav'n she lifts her Eyes;
But Guilt, a heavy Chain,
Still drags her downward from the Skies
To Darkness, Fire and Pain.

3 Awake and mourn, ye Heirs of Hell;
Lest unborn Sinners fear,
You must be driv'n from Earth, and dwell
A long for ever there.

See how the Pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your Face ;
And thou, my Soul, look Downward too,
And sing recov'ring Grace.
He is a God of sov'reign Love
That promis'd Heav'n to me,
And taught my Thoughts to soar above
Where happy Spirits be.
Prepare me, LORD, for thy right Hand,
Then come the joyful Day ;
Come, Death, and some celestial Band,
To bear my Soul away.

III. *The Pilgrimage of the Saints, or,
Earth and Heaven.*

LORD, what a wretched Land is this
That yields us no Supply,
No cheering Fruits, no wholesome Trees
Nor Streams of living Joy !
But pricking Thorns thro' all the Ground,
And mortal Poisons grow ;
And all the Rivers that are found,
With dang'rous Waters flow :
Yet the dear Path to thine Abode,
Lies thro' this horrid Land :

LORD ! we would keep the heav'nly Road,
And run at thy Command.

{ Our Souls shall tread the Desert thro'
With undiverted Feet,
And Faith and flaming Zeal subdue
The Terrors that we meet,
A thousand savage Beasts of Prey
Around the Forest roam ;
But Judah's Lion guards the Way,
And guides the Strangers Home.

6 [Long Nights and Darkness dwell below
With scarce a twinkling Ray;
But the bright World to which we go,
Is everlasting Day.

7 By glimm'ring Hope, and gloomy Fears
We trace the sacred Road,
Thro' dismal Deeps and dang'rous Snarcs
We make our Way to God.]

8. Our Journey is a thorny Maze,
But we march upwards still;
Forget these Troubles of the Way,
And reach at Zion's Hill.

9 [See the kind Angels at the Gates
Inviting us to come!

There Jesus the Forerunner waits,
To welcome Trav'lers home!]

10 There on a green and flow'ry Mount
Our weary Souls shall sit,
And with transporting Joys recount
The Labours of our Feet.

11 [No vain Discourse shall fill our Tongue,
Nor Trifles vex our Ear;
Infinite Grace shall fill our Song,
And God rejoice to hear.]

12 Eternal Glory to the King
That brought us safely through,
Our Tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless Praise renew.

LIV. *God's Presence is Light in Darkness.*

1 MY God! the Spring of all my Joys,
The Life of my Delights;
The Glory of my brightest Days,
And Comfort of my Nights!

- 1 In darkest Shades if he appear,
2 My Dawning is begun !
He is my Soul's sweet Morning Star,
And he my rising Sun.
3 The op'ning Heav'ns around me shine
With Beams of sacred Bliss,
While Jesus shews his Heart is mine,
And whispers, " I am his !"
4 My Soul would leave this heavy Clay
At that transporting Word,
Run up with Joy the shining Way
T' embrace my dearest LORD.
5 Fearless of Hell and ghastly Death,
I'd break thro' ev'ry Foe;
The Wings of Love, and Arms of Faith,
Should bear me Conqu'ror thro'.

LV. *Frail Life and succeeding Eternity.*

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal Frame,
What dying Worms are we.
2 [Our wasting Lives grow shorter still,
As Months and Days increase ;
And ev'ry beating Pulse we tell
Leaves but the Number less.
3 The Year rolls round and steals away
The Breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the Grave.
4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the Ground
To push us to the Tomb ;
And fierce Diseases wait around,
To hurry Mortals home.

- 5 Good God ! on what a slender Thread,
Hangs everlasting Things!
Th' eternal State of all the Dead,
Upon Life's feeble Strings.
- 6 Infinite Joy or endless Woe
Attends on ev'ry Breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the Brink of Death.
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy Sense,
To walk this dang'rous Road ;
And if our Souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

LVI. *The Misery of being without God
in this World : or, Vain Prosperity.*

- 1 NO, I shall envy them no more
Who grow profanely Great,
Tho' they increase their golden Store,
And rise to wond'rous Height.
- 2 They taste of all the Joys that grow
Upon this earthly Clod !
Well, they may search the Creature thro'
For they have ne'er a God.
- 3 Shake off the Thoughts of dying too,
And think your Life your own,
But Death comes hast'ning on to you,
To mow your Glory down.
- 4 Yes, you must bow your stately Head,
•way your Spirit flies,
And no kind Angel near your Bed
To hear it to the Skies.
- 5 Go now, and boast of all your Stores,
And tell how bright you shine :
Your Heaps of glitt'ring Dust are your's,
And my Redeemer's mine.

LVII. *The Pleasures of a good Conscience.*

- 1 LORD, how secure and blest are they
 Who feel the Joys of pardon'd Sin!
 Should Storms of Wrath shake Earth & Sea,
 Their Minds have Heav'n and Peace within.
- 2 The Day glides swiftly o'er their Heads,
 Made up of Innocence and Love;
 And soft and silent as the Shades,
 Their nightly Minutes gently move.
- 3 [Quick as their Thoughts their Joys come
 But fly not half so swift away; (on,
 Their Souls are ever bright as Noon,
 And calm as Summer Ev'nings be.
- 4 How oft they look to th' heav'nly Hills,
 Where Groves of living Pleasure grow!
 And longing Hopes, and chearful Smiles
 Sit undisturb'd upon their Brow.]
- 5 They scorn to seek our golden Toys,
 But spend the Day and share the Night,
 In numb'ring o'er the richer Joys
 That Heav'n prepares for their Delight.
- 6 While wretched we, like Worms and Moles
 Lie grov'ling in the Dust below;
 Almighty Grace, renew our Souls,
 And we'll aspire to Glory too.

LVIII. *The shortness of Life, and the Goodness of God.*

- 1 TIME! what an empty Vapour 'tis!
 And Days, how swift they are!
 Swift as an Indian Arrow flies,
 Or like a shooting Star.
- 2 [The present Moments just appear,
 Then slide away in haste,

- That we can never say, "They're here,"
 But only say, "They're past."
- 3 [Our Life is ever on the Wing,
 And Death is ever nigh;
 The Moment when our Lives begin,
 We all begin to die.]
- 4 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting Days
 Thy lasting Favours share,
 Yet with the Bounties of thy Grace
 Thou load'st the rolling Year.
- 5 'Tis sov'reign Mercy finds us Food,
 And we are cloath'd with Love:
 While Grace stands pointing out the Road
 That leads our Souls above.
- 6 His Goodness runs an endless Round;
 All Glory to the Lord!
 His Mercy never knows a Bound,
 And be his Name ador'd!
- 7 Thus we begin the lasting Song;
 And when we close our Eyes,
 Let the next Age thy Praise prolong,
 Till Time and Nature dies.

LIX. *Paradise on Earth.*

- 1 **G**LORY to God that walks the Sky
 And sends his Blessings thro';
 That tells his Saints of Joys on high,
 And gives a Taste below.
- 2 [Glory to God that stoops his Throne
 That Dust and Worms may see't;
 And bring a Glimpse of Glory down,
 Around his sacred Feet.
- 3 When CHRIST with all his Graces crown'd
 Sheds his kind Beams abroad,

'Tis a young Heaven on earthly Ground,
And Glory in the Bud.

A blooming Paradise of Joy
In this wild Desert springs,
And ev'ry Sense I straight employ
On sweet celestial Things.

White Lilies all around appear,
And each his Glory shows;
The Rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest Flow'r that blows.

Cheerful I feast on heav'nly Fruit,
And drink the Pleasures down,
Pleasures that flow hard by the Foot
Of the eternal Throne.

But ah! how soon my Joys decay!
How soon my Sins arise!

And snatch the heav'nly Scene away
From these lamenting Eyes.

When shall the Time, dear Jesus! when
The shining Day appear,
That I shall leave these Clouds of Sin
And Guilt and Darkness here?

Up to the Fields above the Skies,
My hasty Feet would go,
There everlasting Flow'rs arise,
And Joys unwith'ring grow.

*LX. The Truth of God the Promiser: or,
The Promises are our Security.*

PRaise, everlasting Praise, be paid
To him that Earth's Foundation laid,
Praise to the God, whose strong Decrees
Sway the Creation as he please.

- 2 Praise to the Goodness of the LORD,
Who rules his People by his Word,
And there, as strong as his Decrees,
He sets his kindest Promises.
- 3 [Firm are the Words his Prophets give:
Sweet Words on which his Children live:
Each of them is the Voice of God,
Who spoke and spread the Skies abroad,
- 4 Each of them pow'ful as that Sound
That bid the new made World go round;
And stronger than the solid Poles,
On which the Wheel of Nature rolls.]
- 5 Whence then should Doubts and Fears arise?
Why trickling Sorrows drown our Eyes?
Slowly, alas! our Mind receives
The Comforts that our Maker gives.
- 6 O for a strong and lasting Faith
To credit what the Almighty saith!
T' embrace the Message of his Son,
And call the Joys of Heav'n our own.
- 7 Then should the Earth's old Pillars shake
And all the Wheels of Nature break,
Our steady Souls would fear no more
Than solid Rocks when Billows roar.
- 8 Our everlasting Hopes arise
Above the ruinable Skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own Courts his Pow'r sustains.

LX!. *A Thought of Death and Glory.*

- 1 MY Soul, come meditate the Day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this House of Clay,
And fly to unknown Lands.

[And you, mine Eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping Tomb;

This gloomy Prison waits for you,
Whene'er the Summons come.]

O! could we die with those that die,

And place us in their Sread;

Then would our Spirit learn to fly

And converse with the Dead.

Then should we see the Saints above

In their own glorious Forms,

And wonder why our Souls should love

To dwell with mortal Worms.

[How we should scorn these clothes of Flesh,

These Fetters and this Load:

And long for Ev'ning to undress,

That we may rest with God.]

We should almost forsake our Clay

Before the Summons come,

And pray and wish our Souls away

To their eternal Home.

XII. *God the Thunderer: or, the last
Judgment and Hell**

SING to the LORD, ye heav'nly Hosts:

And thou, O Earth, adore;

Let Death and Hell thro' all their Coasts

Stand trembling at his Pow'r.

His sounding Chariot shakes the Sky;

He makes the Clouds his Throne,

There all his Stores of Light'ning lie

Till Veng'ance darts them down.

Made in a great sudden Storm of Thun-
der, August 20, 1697.

- 3 His Nostrils breathe out fiery Streams,
And from his awful Tongue,
His sov'reign Voice divides the Flames,
And Thunder roars along.
- 4 Think, O my Soul, the dreadful Day,
When this incensed God
Shall rend the Sky and burn the Sea,
And fling his Wrath abroad.
- 5 What shall the Wretch, the Sinner do?
He once defy'd the LORD :
But he shall dread the Thund'rer now
And sink beneath his Word.
- 6 Tempests of angry Fire shall roll
To blast the Rebel Worm,
And beat upon his naked Soul
In one eternal Storm.

LXIII. *A Funeral Thought.*

- 1 **H** Ark! from the Tombs a doleful Sound
My Ears, attend the Cry ;
“ Ye living Men, come view the Ground
“ Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 “ Princes, this Clay must be your Bed
“ In spite of all your Tow'rs !
“ The Tall, the Wise, the rev'rend Head,
“ Must lie as low as ours.”
- 3 Great God ! is this our certain Doom,
And are we still secure !
Still walking downward to our Tomb,
And yet prepare no more ?
- 4 Grant us the Pow'r of quick'ning Grace
To fit our Souls to fly ;
Then when we drop this dying Flesh,
We'll rise above the Sky.

LXIV. *God the Glory and the Defence of Zion.*

H Appy the Church, thou sacred Place,
The Seat of thy Creator's Grace;
Thy holy Courts are his Abode:
Thou earthly Palace of our God.

Thy Walls are Strength, and at thy Gates
A Guard of heav'nly Warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep Foundations move,
Fix'd on his Counsels and his Love.

Thy Foes in vain Designs engage,
Against his Throne in vain they rage:
Like rising Waves with angry Roar,
That dash and die upon the Shore.

Then let our Souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the Wrath of Rome and Hell:
His Arms embrace this happy Ground,
Like brazen Bulwarks built around.

God is our Shield, and God our Sun;
Swift as the fleeting Moments run:
On us he sheds new Beams of Grace,
And we reflect his brightest Praise.

LXV. *The Hopes of Heaven our Support under Trials on Earth.*

W HEN I can read my Title clear
To Mansions in the Skies,
I bid Farewell to ev'ry Fear,
And wipe my weeping Eyes.

Should Earth against my Soul engage,
And hellish Darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's Rage,
And face a frowning World.

- 3 Let Cares like a wild Deluge come,
And Storms of Sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my Home,
My God, my Heaven, my All!
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary Soul
In Seas of heavenly Rest,
And not a Wave of Trouble roll
Across my peaceful Breast.

LXVI. A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy

- 1 **T** Here is a Land of pure Delight
Where Saints immortal reign;
Infinite Day excludes the Night,
And Pleasures banish Pain.
- 2 There everlasting Spring abides,
And never with'ring Flowers:
Death, like a narrow Sea divides
This heavenly Land from ours.
- 3 Sweet Fields beyond the swelling Flood
Stand dress'd in living Green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous Mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow Sea,
And linger shiv'ring on the Brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O! could we make our Doubts remove,
Those gloomy Doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured Eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the Landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's Streams, nor Death's cold
Should fright us from the Shore. (1st load

LXVII. *God's eternal Dominion.*

- 1 **G**reat God! how infinite art thou!
 What worthless Worms are we!
 Let the whole Race of Creatures bow
 And pay their Praise to thee.
- 2 Thy Throne eternal Ages stood,
 Ere Seas or Stars were made;
 Thou art the ever-living God,
 Were all the Nations dead.
- 3 Nature and Time quite naked lie
 To thine immense Survey,
 From the Formation of the Sky,
 To the great burning Day.
- 4 Eternity with all its Years,
 Stands present in thy View:
 To Thee there's nothing old appears,
 Great God! there's nothing new.
- 5 Our Lives thro' various Scenes are drawn,
 And vex'd with trifling Cares,
 While thine eternal Thought moves on,
 Thine undisturb'd Affairs.
- 6 Great God! how infinite art thou!
 What worthless Worms are we!
 Let the whole Race of Creatures bow,
 And pay their Praise to thee.

LXVIII. *The humble Worship of Heaven.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, I long, I faint to see
 The Place of thine abode;
 I'd leave thine earthly Courts and flee
 Up to thy Seat, my God.
- 2 Here I behold thy distant Face,
 And 'tis a pleasing Sight,

- But to abide in thine Embrace
Is infinite Delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the Joys of Sense,
To gaze upon thy Throne:
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.
- 4 [There all the heav'nly Hosts are seen,
In shining Ranks they move,
And drink immortal Vigour in
With Wonder and with Love.
- 5 When at thy Feet with awful Fear
Th' adoring Armies fall:
With Joy they shrink to Nothing there
Before th' eternal All.
- 6 There I would vie with all the Host,
In Duty and in Bliss:
While less than Nothing I could boast
And Vanity confess.]
- 7 The more thy Glories strike mine Eyes
The humbler I shall lie:
Thus while I sink my Joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.
- * Isa. xl. 17.

LXIX. *The Faithfulness of GOD in the Promises.*

- B**egin my tongue some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless Thing
The mighty Works or mightier Name
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wond'rous Faithfulness,
And sound his Pow'r abroad,
Sing the sweet Promise of his Grace,
And the performing God.

Proclaim "Salvation from the Lord,
"For wretched dying Men;"

His Hand has writ the sacred Word
With an immortal Pen.

Engrav'd as in eternal Brass

The mighty Promise shines;

Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkness raise

Those everlasting Lines.]

[He that can dash whole Worlds to Death,

And make them when he please:

He speaks, and that Almighty Breath

Fulfils his great Decrees.

His very Word of Grace is strong

As that which built the Skies;

The Voice that rolls the Stars along,

Speaks all the Promises.

He said, "Let the wide Heav'n be spread:

And Heav'n was stretch'd abroad;

"Abrah'm, I'll be thy God," he said,

And he was Abraham's God.

O might I hear thy heav'nly Tongue

But whisper, "Thou art mine!"

Those gentle Words should raise my Song

To Notes almost divine.

How would my leaping Heart rejoice,

And think my Heav'n secure!

I trust the All-creating Voice,

And Faith desires no more.]

LXX. *God's Dominion over the Seas.*

Psalm cvii. 23, &c.

GOD of the Seas, thy thund'ring Voice

Makes all the roaring Waves rejoice

- And one soft Word of thy Command,
Can sink them silent in the Sand.
- 2 If but a Moses wave thy Rod,
The Sea divides and owns its God;
The stormy Floods their Maker knew,
And let his chosen Armies thro'.
- 3 The scaly Flocks amidst the Sea,
To thee, their LORD, a Tribute pay:
The meanest Fish that swims the Flood
Leaps up and means a Praise to God.
- 4 [The larger Monsters of the Deep,
On thy Commands Attendance keep;
By thy Permission sport and play,
And cleave along their foaming Way.
- 5 If GOD his Voice of Tempest rears
Leviathan lies still and fears;
Anon he lifts his Nostrils high,
And spouts the Ocean to the Sky.]
- 6 How is thy glorious Pow'r ador'd
Amidst those wat'ry Nations, LORD!
Yet the bold Men that trace the Seas,
Bold Men refuse their Maker's Praise.
- 7 | What Scenes of Miracles they see,
And never tune a Song to thee!
While on the Flood they safely ride,
They curse the hand that smooths the tide.
- 8 Anon they plunge in wat'ry Graves,
And some drink Death among the waves
Yet the surviving Crew blaspheme,
Nor own the GOD that rescu'd them.
- 9 O for some Signal of thine Hand!
Shake all the Seas, LORD, shake the Land.

Great Judge descend, lest Men deny
That there's a God that rules the Sky.

LXXI. *Praise to God from all Creatures.*

THE Glories of my Maker God
My joyful Voice shall sing,
And call the Nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

'Twas his right Hand that shap'd our Clay,
And wrought this human Frame;
But from his own immediate Breath
Our nobler Spirits came.

We bring our mortal Pow'rs to God,
And worship with our Tongues;
We claim some Kindred with the Skies,
And join th' angelic Songs.

Let grov'ling Beasts of ev'ry Shape,
And Fowls of ev'ry Wing,
And Rocks and Trees, and Fires and Seas,
Their various Tribute bring.

Ye Planets, to his Honour shine,
And Wheels of Nature roll,
Praise him in your unwearied Course,
Around the steady Pole.

The Brightness of our Maker's Name
The wide Creation fills,
And his unbounded Grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly Hills.

LXXII. *The Lord's Day; or, The Resurrection of CHRIST.*

Blest'd morning, whose young dawning
Beheld our rising God; (Rays

- That saw him triumph o'er the Dust,
And leave his last Abode.
- 2 In the cold Prison of a Tomb,
The dead Redeemer lay
Till the revolving Skies had brought
Th' third, th' appointed Day.
- 3 Hell and the Grave unite their Force
To hold our God in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble Chain.
- 4 To thy great Name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred Hours we pay,
And loud Hosannas shall proclaim
The Triumph of the Day.
- 5 [Salvation and immortal Praise
To our victorious King; (Seas,
Let Heav'n, and Earth, and Rocks and
With glad Hosannas ring.)

LXXIII. *Doubts scattered, &c.*

- 1 HENCE from my Soul, sad Thoughts, be
And leave me to my Joys; (gone,
My Tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful Noise.
- 2 Darkness and Doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my Head in Tears,
Till sov'reign Grace with shining Rays
Dispell'd my gloomy Fears.
- 3 O, what immortal Joys I felt,
And Raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me I was his,
And my Beloved mine!
- 4 In vain the Tempter frights my Soul,
And breaks my Peace in vain:

One Glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy Face,
Revives my Joys again.

LXXIV. *Repentance from a Sense of divine Goodness: or, A Complaint of Ingratitude.*

- 1 **I**S this the kind Return,
And these the Thanks we owe;
Thus to abuse eternal Love,
Whence all our Blessings flow?
- 2 To what a stubborn Frame
Has Sin reduc'd our Mind!
What strange rebellious Wretches we
And God as strangely kind!
- 3 [On us he bids the Sun
Shed his reviving Rays;
For us the Skies their Circles run
To lengthen out our Days.
- 4 The Brutes obey their God!
And bow their Necks to Men;
But we more base, more brutish Things,
Reject his easy Reign.]
- 5 Turn, turn us, mighty God!
And mould our Souls afresh;
Break, sov'reign Grace! these Hearts of
And give us Hearts of Flesh. (Stone,
- 6 Let past Ingratitude
Provoke our weeping Eyes,
And hourly as new Mercies fall,
Let hourly Thanks arise.

LXXV. *Spiritual and eternal Joy: or,
The beatific Sight of CHRIST.*

- 1 **F**rom thee, my God, my Joys shall rise,
And run eternal Rounds
Beyond the Limits of the Skies,
And all created Bounds.

- 2 The holy Triumphs of my Soul
Shall Death itself out-brave :
Leave dull Mortality behind,
And fly beyond the Grave.
- 3 There where my blessed Jesus reigns
In Heav'n's unmeasured Space,
I'll spend a long Eternity
In Pleasure and in Praise.
- 4 Millions of Years my wondering Eyes
Shall o'er thy Beauties rove,
And endless Ages I'll adore
The Glories of thy Love.
- 5 [Sweet Jesus! every Smile of thine
Shall fresh Endearments bring;
And thousand Tastes of new Delight
From all thy Graces spring.
- 6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my Soul
Up to thy bless'd Abode ;
Fly, for my Spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.]

LXXVI. *The Resurrection and Ascension*
of CHRIST.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of Light
That cloth'd himself in Clay ;
Enter'd the iron Gates of Death,
And tore the Bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the King of Dread,
Since our Immanuel rose :
He took the Tyrant's Sting away
And spoil'd our hellish Foes.
- 3 See how the Conq'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With Scars of Honour in his Flesh,
And Triumph in his Eyes.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters Blessings down;
Our JESUS fills the middle Seat
Of the celestial Throne.

[Raise your Devotion, mortal Tongues
To reach his bless'd Abode:
Sweet be the Accents of your Songs,
To our incarnate God.

Bright Angels, strike your loudest Strings,
Your sweetest Voices raise;
Let Heav'n and all created Things
Sound our Immanuel's Praise.]

LXXVII. *The Christian Warfare.*

STAND up, my Soul, shake off thy Fears,
And gird the Gospel Armour on;
March to the Gates of endless Joys,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

Hell and thy Sins, resist thy Course:
But Hell and Sin, are vanquish'd Foers;
Thy JESUS nail'd them to the Cross,
And sung the Triumph when he rose.

What tho' the Prince of Darkne's rage,
And waste the Fury of his Spite;
Eternal Chains confine him down
To fiery Deeps, and endless Night.

What tho' thine inward Lusts rebel;
'Tis but a struggling Gasp for Life;
The Weapons of victorious Grace,
Shall slay thy Sins, and end the Strife.

Then let my Soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly Gate;
There Peace and Joy eternal reign,
And glittering Robes for Conqu'rors wait.

6 There shall I wear a starry Crown,
And triumph in Almighty Grace;
While all the Armies of the Skies
Join in my glorious Leader's Praise.

LXXVIII. *Redemption by CHRIST.*

- 1 **W**HEN the first Parents of our Race
Rebell'd and lost their God,
And the Infection of their Sin
Had tainted all our Blood;
2 Infinite Pity touch'd the Heart
Of the eternal Son;
Descending from the heav'nly Court,
He left his Father's Throne.
3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine Array,
And wrapt his Godhead in a Veil
Of our inferior Clay.
4 His living Pow'r and dying Love
Redeem'd unhappy Men;
And rais'd the Ruins of our Race
To Life and God again.
5 To Thee, dear Lord, our Flesh and Soul
We joyfully resign;
Bless'd Jesus! take us for thine own,
For we are doubly thine.
6 Thine Honour shall for ever be
The Business of our Days,
For ever shall our thankful Tongues
Speak thy deserved Praise.

LXXIX. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 **P**Lung'd in a Gulph of dark Despair,
We wretched Sinners lay,
Without one cheerful Beam of Hope,
Or Spark of glimm'ring Day.

- 2 With pitying Eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless Grief;
He saw, and (O amazing Love)
He ran to our Relief.
- 3 Down from the shining Seats above
With joyful Haste he fled,
Enter'd the Grave in mortal Flesh,
And dwelt among the Dead.
- 4 He spoil'd the Pow'rs of Darkness thus,
And brake our iron Chains:
Jesus hath freed our captive Souls,
From everlasting Pains.
- 5 [In vain the baffled Prince of Hell
His cursed Projects tries;
We that were doom'd his endless Slaves,
Are rais'd above the Skies.]
- 6 O! for this Love, let Rocks and Hills
Their lasting Silence break,
And all harmonious human Tongues
The Saviour's Praises speak.
- 7 [Yes, we will praise Thee, dearest Lord,
Our Souls are all on Flame
Hosanna round the spacious Earth,
To thine adored Name.
- 8 Angels! assist our mighty Joys,
Strike all your Harps of Gold:
But when you raise your highest Notes,
His Love can ne'er be told.]
- LXXX. *God's awful Power and Goodness.*
- 1 O H! the Almighty Lord!
How matchless is his Pow'r!
Tremble, O Earth, beneath his Word,
While all the Heav'ns adore.

- 1 I et proud imperious Kings
Bow low before his Throne !
Crouch to his Feet, ye haughty Things,
Or he shall tread you down.
- 2 Above the Skies he reigns,
And with amazing Blows
He deals insufferable Pains
On his rebellious Foes.
- 3 Yet, everlasting God !
We love to speak thy Praise ;
Thy Scepter's equal to thy Rod,
The Scepter of thy Grace.
- 4 The Arms of mighty Love
Defend our Sion well,
And heav'nly Mercy walls us round
From Babylon and Hell.
- 5 Salvation to the King
That sits enthron'd above :
Thus we adore the God of Might,
And bless the God of Love.

LXXXI. *Our Sin the Cause of CHRIST'S
Death.*

- 1 **A**ND now the Scales have-levt mine
Now I begin to see : (Eyes,
O the curs'd Deeds my Sins have done,
What murd'rous Things they be !
- 2 Were these the Traitors, dearest LORD !
That thy fair Body tore ?
Monsters that stain'd those heav'nly limbs
With Floods of purple Gore !
Was it for Crimes that I had done !
My dearest LORD was slain,
When Justice seiz'd God's only Son,
And put his Soul to pain,

- 4 Forgive my Guilt, O Prince of Peace,
I'll wound my God no more!
Hence from my Heart ye Sins, be gone,
For JESUS I adore.
- 5 Furnish me, Lord, with heav'nly Arms,
From Grace's Magazine,
And I'll proclaim eternal War
With every darling Sin.

LXXXII. *Redemption and Protection from
spiritual Enemies.*

- 1 **A**RISE, my Soul, my joyful Pow'rs,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my Voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious Grace abroad.
- 2 He rais'd me from the Deep's of Sin,
The Gates of gaping Hell,
And fix'd my Standing more secure,
Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The Arms of everlasting Love,
Beneath my Soul be plac'd,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery Footsteps fast.
- 4 The City of my bless'd Abode
Is wall'd around with Grace;
Salvation for a Bulwark stands
To shield the sacred Place.
- 5 Satan may vent his sharpest Spite,
And all his Legion; roar;
Almighty Mercy guards my Life,
And bounds his raging Pow'r.
- 6 Arise, my Soul, awake my Voice,
And Tunes of Pleasure sing;
Loud Hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

LXXXIII. *The Passion and Exaltation of*
CHRIST.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Ruler of the Skies,
 "Awake my dreadful Sword;
 "Awake, my Wrath, and smite the Man,
 "My Fellow," saith the LORD.
- 2 Veng'ance receiv'd the dread Command,
 And armed, down she flies;
 Jesus submits to his Father's Hand,
 And bows his Head and dies.
- 3 But O! the Wisdom and the Grace
 That join'd with Veng'ance now;
 He dies to save our guilty Race,
 And yet he rises too.
- 4 A Person so divine was he,
 Who yielded to be slain,
 That he could give his Soul away,
 And take his Life again.
- 5 Live; glorious Lord! and reign on high,
 Let every Nation sing,
 And Angels sound with endless Joy
 The Saviour and the King.

LXXXIV. *The Same.*

- 1 **C**OME, all harmonious Tongues,
 Your noblest Music bring,
 'Tis CHRIST the everlasting GOD,
 And CHRIST the Man we sing.
- 2 Tell how he took our Flesh,
 To take away our Guilt,
 Sing the dear Drops of sacred Blood,
 That hellish Monsters spilt.
- 3 [Alas! the cruel Spear
 Went deep into his Side,

And the rich Flood of purple Gore
 Their murd'rous Weapons dy'd.
 The Waves of swelling Grief
 Did o'er his Bosom roll,
 And Mountains of Almighty Wrath
 Lay heavy on his Soul.]

Down to the Shades of Death
 He bow'd his awful Head ;
 Yet he arose to live and reign
 When Death itself is dead.

No more the bloody Spear,
 The Cross and Nails no more ;
 For Hell itself shakes at his Name,
 And all the Heav'ns adore.

There the Redeemer sits
 High on the Father's Throne ;
 The Father lays his Veng'ance by,
 And smiles upon his Son.

There his full Glories shine,
 With uncreated Rays,
 And bless his Saints and Angels Eyes
 To everlasting Days.

LXXXV. *Sufficiency of Pardon.*

1 **W**HY does your Face, ye humble Souls
 Those mournful Colours wear ?
 What doubts are these that waste your Faith
 And nourish your Despair ?

2 What tho' your num'rous Sins exceed
 The Stars that fill the Skies,
 And aiming at th' eternal Throne,
 Like pointed Mountains rise :

3 What tho' your mighty Guilt beyond
 The wide Creation swell,

And hath its curs'd Foundations laid
Low as the Deep's of Hell :

4 See here an endless Ocean flows
Of never-failing Grace ;

Behold a dying Saviour's Veins
The sacred Flood increase :

5 It rises high, and drowns the Hills,
Has neither Shore nor Bound ;

Now, if we search to find our Sins,
Our Sins can ne'er be found.

6 Awake, our Hearts, adore the Grace
That buries all our Faults,

And pard'ning Blood that swells above
Our Follies and our Thoughts.

LXXXVI. *Freedom from Sin and Misery
in Heaven.*

1 **O**UR Sins, alas! how strong they be,
And like a violent Sea,
They break our Duty, LORD, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The Waves of Trouble, how they rise!
How loud the Tempests roar!
But Death shall land our weary Souls
Safe on the heavenly Shore.

3 There to fulfil his sweet Commands,
Our speedy Feet shall move ;
No Sin shall clog our winged Zeal,
Or cool our burning Love.

4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The Wonders of his Grace,
Till heav'nly Raptures fire our Hearts,
And smile in ev'ry Face.

5 For ever his dear sacred Name
Shall dwell upon our Tongue,

H Y M N LXXXVIII: 183

And JESUS and Salvation be
The Close of ev'ry Song.

XXXVII. *The Divine Glories above our Reason.*

HOW wond'rous great, how glorious
Must our Creator be (bright
Who dwells amidst the dazzling Light
Of vast Infinity!

Our soaring Spirits upwards rise
Tow'r'd the celestial Throne:
Fain would we see the blessed Three,
And the Almighty One.

Our Reason stretches all its Wings
And climbs above the Skies;
But still how far beneath thy Feet
Our grov'ling Reason lies!

[LORD, here we bend our humble Souls,
And awfully adore:

For the weak Pinions of our Mind
Can stretch a Thought no more.]

Thy Glories infinitely rise
Above our lab'ring Tongue;
In vain the highest Seraph tries
To form an equal Song.

In humble Notes our Faith adores
The great mysterious King,
While Angels strain their nobler Pow'rs
And sweep th' immortal String.

LXXXVIII. *Salvation.*

SALVATION! Oh, the joyful Sound,
'Tis Pleasure to our Ears;
A sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,
A Cordial for our Fears,

2 Bury'd in Sorrow and in Sin,
At Hell's dark Door we lay;
But we arise by Grace divine
To see a heav'nly Day.

3 Salvation! let the Echo fly
The spacious Earth around,
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conspire to raise the Sound.

LXXXIX. CHRIST'S *Victory over Satan*

1 **H**osanna to our conquering King!
The Prince of Darkness flies,
His Troops rush headlong down to Hell
Like Light'ning from the Skies.

2 There bound in Chains, the Lions roar
And fright the rescu'd Sheep;
But heavy Bars confine their Pow'r
And malice to the Deep.

3 Hosanna to our conquering King!
All hail, incarnate Love!
Ten thousand Songs and Glories wait
To crown thy Head above.

4 Thy Vict'ries, and thy deathless Fame
Thro' the wide World shall run,
And everlasting Ages sing
The Triumphs thou hast won.

XC. *Faith in CHRIST for Pardon and
Sanctification.*

1 **H**OW sad our State by Nature is!
Our Sin how deep it stains;
And Satan binds our captive Minds
Fast in his slavish Chains.

But there's a Voice of sov'reign Grace
Sounds from the sacred Word ;

“ Ho! ye despairing Sinners, come
“ And trust upon the LORD.”

My Soul obeys th' Almighty Call,
And runs to this Relief :

I would believe thy Promise, LORD,
O! help my Unbelief.

[To the dear Fountain of thy Blood,
Incarnate GOD! I fly ;

Here let me wash my spotted Soul,
From Crimes of deepest Dye.

Stretch out thine Arm, victorious King!

My reigning Sins subdue,

Drive the old Dragon from his Seat,
With all his hellish Crew.

A guilty, weak, and helpless Worm,
On thy kind Arms I fall :

Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Jesus and my All.]

XCI. *The Glory of CHRIST in Heaven.*

O H, the Delights, the heavenly Joys,
The Glories of the Place,

Where JESUS sheds the brightest Beams
Of his o'erflowing Grace.

Sweet Majesty and awful Love,
Sit smiling on his Brow,

And all the glorious Ranks above
At humble Distance bow.

[Princes to his imperial Name

Bend their bright Scepters down,

Dominions, Thrones, and Powers rejoice
To see him wear the Crown,

- 4 Archangels sound his lofty Praise
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly Street,
And lay their highest Honours down
Submissive at his Feet.
- 5 Those soft, those blessed Feet of his
That once rude Iron tore,
High on a Throne of Light they stand
And all the Saints adore.
- 6 His Head, the dear majestic Head,
That cruel Thorns did wound,
See what immortal Glories shine,
And circle it around:}]
- 7 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we unseen adore:
But when our Eyes behold his Face,
Our Hearts shall love him more.
- 8 [LORD, how our Souls are all on Fire
To see thy bless'd Abode:
Our Tongues rejoice in Tunes of Praise
To our incarnate GOD!
- 9 And while our Faith enjoys this Sight,
We long to leave our Clay;
And with thy fiery Chariots, LORD,
To fetch our Souls away.]

XCII. *The Church saved and her Enemies
disappointed.*

Composed the 5th of November, 1694.

- 1 SHout to the LORD, and let our Joys
Thro' the whole Nations run;
Ye British Skies, resound the Noise
Beyond the rising Sun.
- 2 Thee, mighty GOD! our Souls admire
Thee our glad Voices sing,

And join with the celestial Choir
To praise th' eternal King.

Thy Pow'r the whole Creation rules,
And on the starry Skies,
Sits smiling at the weak Designs
Thine envious Foes devise.

Thy Scorn derides their feeble Rage,
And with an awful Frown
Flings vast Confusion on their Plots,
And shakes their Babel down.

[Their secret Fires in Caverns lay,
And we the Sacrifice :

But gloomy Caverns strove in vain
To 'scape all-searching Eyes.

Their dark Designs were all reveal'd,
Their Treasons all betray'd ;
Praise to the Lord, that broke the Snare
Their cursed Hands had laid.]

In vain the busy Sons of Hell
Still new Rebellions try,
Their Souls shall pine with envious Rage,
And vex away and die.

Almighty Grace defends our Land
From their malicious Pow'r :
Let Britain with united Songs
Almighty Grace adore.

XCIII. God *All, and in All*, Ps. lxxiii. 25.

MY God, my Life, my Love ;
To thee, to thee I call ;

I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art All in All.

[Thy shining Grace can cheer
This Dungeon where I dwell,

'Tis Paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis Hell.

3 The Smilings of thy Face,
How amiable they are!

'Tis Heav'n to rest in thine Embrace,
And no where else but there.

4 To Thee, and Thee alone,
The Angels owe their Bliss;
They sit around thy gracious Throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the Harps above
Can make a heav'nly Place,
If God his Residence remove,
Or but conceal his Face.]

6 Nor Earth, nor all the Sky,
Can one Delight afford;
No, not a Drop of real Joy,
Without thy Presence, LORD:

7 Thou art the Sea of Love,
Where all my Pleasures roll;
The Circle where my Passions move,
And Center of my Soul,

8 [To thee my Spirits fly
With infinite Desire;
And yet, how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.]

XCIV. God my only Happiness. Ps. lxxiii. 25.

1 MY God my Portion and my Love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in Heav'n above,
Or on this earthly Ball.

2 [What empty Things are all the Skies,
And this inferior Clod?

There's Nothing here deserves my Joys,
There's Nothing like my God.

In vain the bright, the burning Sun
Scatters his feeble Light:

'Tis thy sweet Beams create my Noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis Night.

And whilst upon my restless Bed,
Amongst the Shades I roll,

If my Redeemer shews his Head,
'Tis Morning with my Soul.

To thee we owe our Wealth and Friends,
And Health, and safe Abode:

Thanks to thy Name for meaner Things;
But they are not my God.

How vain a Toy is glitt'ring Wealth,
If once compar'd to Thee?

Or what's my Safety or my Health,
Or all my Friends to me?

Were I Possessor of the Earth,
And call'd the Stars my own:

Without thy Graces and thy Self,
I were a Wretch undone.

Let others stretch their Arms like Seas
And grasp in all the Shore;

Grant me the Visits of thy Face,
And I desire no more.

XCV. *Look on him whom they pierced
and mourn.*

INFINITE Grief! amazing Woe!

Behold my bleeding Lord!

Hell and the Jews conspir'd his Death

And us'd the Roman Sword.

2 O, the sharp Pangs of smarting Pain
My dear Redeemer bore!
When knotty Whips and ragged Thorns
His sacred Body tore!

3 But knotty Whips and ragged Thorns
In vain do I accuse;
In vain I blame the Roman Bands
And the more spiteful Jews.

4 'Twas you, my Sins, my cruel Sins
His chief Tormentors were;
Each of my Crimes became a Nail,
And Unbelief the Spear.

5 'Twas you that pull'd the Veng'anced down
Upon his guiltless Head;
Break, break, my heart! O, burst mine Eye
And let my Sorrows bleed.

6 Strike, mighty Grace, my flinty Soul,
Till melting Waters flow,
And deep Repentance drown mine Eye
In undissembled Woe.

*XCVI. Distinguishing Love: or, Angels
punished, and Men saved.*

1 **D**own headlong from their native Skies
The Rebel Angels fell,
And Thunderbolts of flaming Wrath
Pursu'd them deep to Hell.

2 Down from the Top of earthly Bliss
Rebellious Man was hurl'd;
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the Grave
To reach a sinking World.

3 O, Love of infinite Degree!
Unmeasurable Grace!

Must Heaven's eternal Darling die
To save a trait'rous Race?

Must Angels sink for ever down
And burn in quenchless Fire,
While God forsakes his shining Throne
To raise us Wretches high'r?

O, for this Love, let Earth and Skies
With Hallelujahs ring,
And the full Choir of human Tongues,
All Hallelujahs sing.

XC VII. *The same.*

From Heav'n the sinning Angels fell,
And Wrath and Darkness chain'd
them down;

But Man, vile Man, forsook his Bliss,
And Mercy lifts him to a Crown.

Amazing Work of sov'reign Grace,
That could distinguish Rebels so!
Our guilty Treasons call'd aloud
For everlasting Fetters too.

To Thee, to Thee, Almighty Love,
Our Souls, Ourselves, our All we pay:
Millions of Tongues shall sound thy Praise
On the bright Hills of heav'nly Day.

XC VIII. *Hardness of Heart complained of.*

MY Heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies!

Heavy and cold within my Breast,
Just like a Rock of Ice!

Sin, like a raging Tyrant, sits
Upon his stinty Throne,
And ev'ry Grace lies bury'd deep
Beneath this Heart of Stone.

- 3 How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the Joys above!
This Mountain presses down my Faith
And chills my flaming Love.
- 4 When smiling Mercy courts my Soul
With all its heav'nly Charms,
This stubborn, this relentless Thing,
Would thrust it from my Arms.
- 5 Against the Thunders of thy Word
Rebellious I have stood;
My Heart it shakes not at the Wrath
And Terrors of a God.
- 6 Dear Saviour, steep this Rock of mine
In thine own crimson Sea!
None but a Bath of Blood divine
Can melt the Flint away.

XCIX. *The Book of God's Decrees.*

- 1 **L**ET the whole Race of Creatures lie
Abas'd before their God;
Whate'er his lov'reign Voice has form'd
He governs with a Nod.
- 2 [Ten Thousand Ages e'er the Skies
Were into Motion brought;
All the long Years and Worlds to come
Stood present to his Thought.
- 3 There's not a Sparrow or a Worm,
But's found in his Decrees;
He raises Monarchs to their Thrones,
And sinks them as he please.]
- 4 If Light attend the Course I run,
'Tis he provides those Rays;
And 'tis his Hand that hides my Sun.
If Darkness cloud my Days.

Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see
The Volumes of his deep Decrees,
What Months are writ for me.

When he reveals the Book of Life,
O may I read my Name
Amongst the Chosen of his Love,
The Foll'wers of the Lamb!

C. *The Presence of CHRIST the Life of
the Soul.*

HOW full of Anguish is the Thought,
How it distracts and tears my Heart;
If God at last, my sov'reign Judge,
Should frown, and bid my Soul, "depart!"

LORD, when I quit this earthly Stage,
Where shall I fly, but to thy Breast?
For I have sought no other Home;
For I have learn'd no other Rest.

I cannot live contented here
Without some Glimples of thy Face;
And Heav'n, without thy Presence there,
Will be a dark and tiresome Place.

Then earthly Cares engross the Day,
And hold my Thoughts aside from Thee,
The shining Hours of cheerful Light
Are long and tedious Years to me.

And if no Evening Visit's paid
Between my Saviour and my Soul,
How dull the Night! how sad the Shade!
How mournfully the Minutes roll!

This Flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my Blood:

- To breathe, when vital Air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my Food :
- 7 [CHRIST is my Light, my Life, my Care,
My blessed Hope, my heav'nly Prize;
Dearer than all my Passions are,
My Limbs, my Bowels, or mine Eyes.
- 8 The Strings that twine about my Heart
Tortures and Racks may tear them off,
But they can never, never part
With their dear Hold of CHRIST my Love
- 9 My GOD ! and can an humble Child
That loves thee with a Flame so high,
Be ever from thy Face exil'd,
Without the Pity of thine Eye ?
- 10 Impossible !—For thine own Hands
Have ty'd my Heart so fast to thee,
And in thy Book the Promise stands,
That where thou art, thy friends must be

CL. *The World's three chief Temptations.*

- 1 **W**HEN in the Light of Faith divine
We look on Things below,
Honour, and Gold, and sensual Joy,
How vain and dang'rous too !
- 2 Honour's a Puff of noisy Breath;
Yet Men expose their Blood,
And venture everlasting Death
To gain that airy Good.
- 3 While Others starve the nobler Mind,
And feed on shining Dust,
They rob the Serpent of his Food;
To indulge a sordid Lust,

The Pleasures that allure our Sense
Are dang'rous Snares to Souls!
There's but a Drop of flatt'ring Sweet,
And dash'd with bitter Bowls.
God is my all-sufficient Good,
My Portion and my Choice;
In him my vast Desires are fill'd,
And all my Pow'rs rejoice.
In vain the World accosts my Ear,
And tempts my Heart anew;
I cannot buy your Bliss so dear,
Nor part with Heav'n for you.

CII. *A happy Resurrection.*

NO; I'll repine at Death no more,
But with a cheerful Gasp resign
To the cold Dungeon of the Grave,
These dying, with'ring Limbs of mine.
Let Worms devour my wasting Flesh,
And crumble all my Bones to Dust;
My God shall raise my Frame anew
At the Revivial of the Just.
Break, sacred Morning, thro' the Skies,
Bring that delightful dreadful Day;
Cut short the Hours, dear LORD, and come;
Thy ling'ring Wheels how long they stay.
[Our weary Spirits faint to see
The Light of thy returning Face,
And hear the Language of those Lips
Where God has shed his richest Grace.
Haste then upon the Wings of Love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping Clay,
That we may join in heav'nly Joys,
And sing the Triumph of the Day.]

CIII. CHRIST's *Commission*, John iii. 16, 17.

- 1 COME, happy Souls, approach your God
With new melodious Songs;
Come tender to Almighty Grace,
The Tribute of your Tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the Love
That pity'd dying Men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them Life again.
- 3 Thy Hands, dear JESUS, were not arm'd
With a revenging Rod,
No hard Commission to perform
The Veng'ance of a God.
- 4 But all was Mercy, all was mild,
And Wrath forsook the Throne,
When CHRIST on the kind Errand came,
And brought Salvation down.
- 5 Here, Sinners you may heal your Wounds
And wipe your Sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's Name,
And you shall never die.
- 6 See, dearest LORD, our willing Souls
Accept thine offer'd Grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's Love,
And give the Father Praise.

CIV. *Reconciliation.*

- 1 RAISE your triumphant Songs
To an immortal Tune,
Let the wide Earth resound the Deeds
Celestial Grace hath done.
- 2 Sing how eternal Love
Its chief-Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched Race
From their Abyss of Woes.

- 3 His Hand no Thunder bears,
Nor Terror clothes his Brow,
No Bolts to drive our guilty Souls
To fiercer Flames below.
- 4 'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,
And Wrath stood silent by,
When CHRIST was sent with Pardon down
To Rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now Sinners dry your Tears,
Let hopeless Sorrow cease;
Bow to the Scepter of his Love,
And take the offer'd Peace.
- 6 LORD, we obey thy Call;
We lay an humble Claim
To the Salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy Name.

CV. *Repentance flowing from the Patience of
GOD.*

- 1 **A**ND are we Wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing Love,
That bears us up from Hell!
- 2 The Burden of our weighty Guilt
Would sink us down to Flames,
And threat'ning Veng'ance rolls above,
To crush our feeble Frames.
- 3 Almighty Goodness cries, 'Forbear';
And strait the Thunder stays:
And dare we now provoke his Wrath,
And weary out his Grace?
- 4 LORD, we have long abus'd thy Love,
Too long indulg'd our sin:
Our aching Hearts e'en bleed to see
What Rebels we have been. K3

5 No more, ye Lusts, shall ye command;
 No more will we obey:
 Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand
 And drive thy Foes away.

CVI. Repentance at the Cross.

1 **O**H, if my Soul was form'd for Woe
 How would I vent my Sighs!
 Repentance should like Rivers flow
 From both my streaming Eyes.

2 'Twas for my Sins, my dearest Load
 Hung on the cursed Tree,
 And groan'd away a dying Life,
 For thee, my Soul, for thee.

3 O! how I hate those Lusts of mine
 That crucify'd my GOD:
 Those Sins that pierc'd and nail'd his Flesh
 Fast to the fatal Wood!

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
 My Heart has so decreed;
 Nor will I spare the guilty Things
 That made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilst with a melting broken Heart
 My murder'd LORD I view,
 I'll raise Revenge against my Sins,
 And slay the Murd'ers too.

*CVII. The everlasting Absence of GOD
 intolerable.*

1 **T**HAT awful Day will surely come,
 Th' appointed Hour makes haste,
 When I must stand before my Judge,
 And pass the solemn Test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my Joys,
 Thou sov'reign of my Heart,
 How could I bear to hear thy Voice
 Pronounce the Sound, "Depart!"

- 3 [The Thunder of that dismal Word,
Would so torment my Ear,
'Twill tear my Soul asunder, LORD,
With most tormenting Fear.]
- 4 What to be banish'd from my Life,
And yet forbid to die?
To linger in eternal Pain,
Yet Death for ever fly!
- 5 O wretched State of deep Despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful Station where
I must not taste his Love.
- 6 JESUS! I throw my Arms around,
And hang upon thy Breast;
Without a gracious Smile from thee,
My Spirit cannot rest.
- 7 O tell me that my worthless Name
Is graven on thy Hands;
Shew me some Promise in thy Look,
Where my Salvation stands
- 8 [Give me one kind assuring Word,
To sink my Fears again,
And cheerfully my Soul shall wait
Her threescore Years and ten.]

CVIII. *Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator.*

- 1 COME, let us lift our joyful Eyes
Up to the Courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a Throne of Love.
- 2 Once 'twas a Seat of dreadful Wrath,
And shot devouring Flame;
Our GOD appear'd *consuming Fire*,
And Veng'ance was his Name.

- 3 Rich were the Drops of JESU'S Blood,
That calm'd his frowning Face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning Throne,
And turn'd the Wrath to Grace.
- 4 Now we may bow before his Feet,
And venture near the LORD;
No fiery Cherub guards his Seat,
Nor double flaming Sword.
- 5 The peaceful Gates of heavenly Bliss
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raise our Notes of Praise,
And reach th' Almighty Throne.
- 6 To thee ten thousand Thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high!
And Glory to th' eternal King
That lays his Fury by.

CIX. *The Darknefs of Providence.*

- 1 LORD, we adore thy vast Designs,
Th' obscure Abyfs of Providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal Lines,
Too dark to view with feeble Sense.
- 2 How thou array'st thine awful Face
In angry Frowns without a Smile;
We thro' the Cloud, believe thy Grace,
Secure of thy Compassion still.
- 3 Thro' Seas and Storms of deep Distress,
We sail by Faith, and not by Sight;
Faith guides us in the Wilderness
Thro' all the Briars, and the Night.
- 4 Dear Father, if thy lifted Rod
Resolve to scourge us here below
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine Arm shall bear us safely through.

CX. *Triumph over Death in Hope of the Resurrection.*

- 1 **A**ND must this Body die?
 This mortal Frame decay;
 And must these active Limbs of mine
 Lie mould'ring in the Clay?
 2 Corruption, Earth and Worms,
 Shall but refine this Flesh,
 Till my triumphant Spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.
 3 GOD my Redeemer lives,
 And often from the Skies
 Looks down, and watches all my Dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.
 4 Array'd in glorious Grace
 Shall these vile Bodies shine,
 And ev'ry Shape, and ev'ry Face
 Look heav'nly and divine.
 5 These lively hopes we owe
 To JESUS' dying Love:
 We would adore his Grace below,
 And sing his Pow'r above.
 6 Dear LORD, accept the Praise
 Of these our humble Songs,
 Till Tunes of nobler Sounds we raise
 With our immortal Tongues.

CXI. *Thanksgiving for Victory.*

- 1 **Z**ION rejoice, and Judah sing,
 The LORD assumes his Throne;
 Let Britain own the heav'nly King,
 And make his Glories known.
 2 The Great, the Wicked and the Proud,
 From their high Seats are hurl'd;

- JEHOVAH rides upon a Cloud,
And thunders thro' the World.
- 3 He reigns upon th' eternal Hills,
Distributes mortal Crowns,
Empires are fix'd beneath his Smiles,
And totters at his Frowns.
- 4 Navies that rule the Ocean wide
Are vanquish'd by his Breath:
And Legions arm'd with Pow'r and Pride,
Descend to wat'ry Death.
- 5 Let Tyrants make no more Pretence
To vex our happy Land;
JEHOVAH's Name is our Defence,
Our Buckler is his Hand.
- 6 [Long may the King our Sov'reign live
To rule us by his Word;
And all the Honours we can give
Be offer'd to the LORD,]

CXII. *Angels ministering to CHRIST and
the Saints.*

- 1 **G**REAT GOD! to what a glorious Height
Hast thou advanc'd the LORD thy Son!
Angels in all their Robes of Light,
Are made the Servants of his Throne.
- 2 Before his Feet thine Armies wait,
And swift as Flames of Fire they move,
To manage his affairs of State,
In Works of Vengeance and of Love.
- 3 His Orders run thro' all the Hosts:
Legions descend at his Command
To guard and shield the British Coasts
When foreign Rage invades our Land.

- 4 Now they are sent to guide our Feet
Up to the Gates of thine Abode,
Thro' all the Dangers that we meet
In travelling the heav'nly Road.
- 5 LORD, when I leave this mortal Ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise and come,
Send a beloved Angel down
Safe to conduct my Spirit home.

CXIII. *The same.*

- 1 **T**HE Majesty of Solomon :
How glorious to behold !
The Servants waiting round his Throne,
Th' Iv'ry and the Gold !
- 2 But, mighty GOD, thy Palace shines,
With far superior Beams ;
Thine Angel-Guards are swift as Winds,
Thy Ministers are Flames.
- 3 [Soon as thine only Son had made
His Entrance on the Earth,
A shining Army downward fled
To celebrate his Birth.
- 4 And when oppress'd with Pain and Fears,
On the cold Ground he lies !
Behold a heav'nly form appears,
T' allay his Agonies.]
- 5 Now to the Hands of CHRIST our King,
Are all their Legions giv'n,
They wait upon his Saints and bring
His chosen Heirs to Heav'n.
- 6 Pleasure and Praise run thro' their Host,
To see a Sinner turn ;
Then Satan has a Captive lost,
And CHRIST a Subject born.

7 But there's an Hour of brighter Joy,
When he his Angels sends
Obstinate Rebels to destroy,
And gather in his Friends.

8 O ! could I say without a Doubt,
There shall my Soul be found ;
Then let the great Archangel shout,
And the last Trumpet sound.

CXIV. *CHRIST's Death, Victory, and Dominion.*

1 **I** sing my Saviour's wond'rous Death!
He conquer'd when he fell ;
'Tis *Finish'd*, said his dying Breath,
And shook the Gates of Hell.

2 'Tis *Finish'd*, our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful Work is done ;
Hence shall his sov'reign Throne arise,
His Kingdom is begun.

3 His Cross a sure Foundation laid
For Glory and Renown,
When thro' the Regions of the Dead
He pass'd to reach the Crown

4 Exalted at his Father's Side
Sits our victorious LORD :
To Heav'n and Hell his Hands divide
The Vengeance or Reward.

5 The Saints from his propitious Eye
Await their sev'ral Crowns ;
And all the Sons of Darkness fly
The Terror of his frowns.

CXV. *GOD the Avenger of his Saints.*

1 **H**IGH as the Heav'ns above the Ground,
Reigns th Creator, GOD:

Wide as the whole Creation's Bound,
Extends his awful Rod.

- 2 Let Princes of exalted State
To him ascribe their Crown ;
Render their Homage at his feet,
And cast their Glories down.
- 3 Know, that his Kingdom is supreme ;
Your lofty Thoughts are vain ;
He calls you Gods, that awful Name,
But ye must die like Men.
- 4 Then let the Sov'reigns of the Globe,
Nor dare to vex the Just ;
He puts on Veng'ance like a Robe,
And treads the Worms to Dust.
- 5 Ye Judges of the Earth, be wise,
And think of Heaven with Fear ;
The meanest Saint that you despise
Has an Avenger there.

CXVI. *Mercies and Thanks.*

- 1 **H**OW can I sink with such a Prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the Earth's huge Pillars up,
And spreads the Heav'ns abroad ?
- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the Dead ?
Pardon and Grace my Soul receives
From mine exalted Head.
- 3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine ;
Whate'er my Duty bids me give,
My cheerful Hands resign.
Yea, if I might make some Reserve,
And Duty did not call,

I love my GOD with Zeal so great
That I should give him All.

CXVII. *Living and Dying with GOD present*

- 1 **I** Cannot bear thine Absence, LORD,
My Life expires if thou depart ;
Be thou, my Heart, still near my GOD,
And thou, my GOD, be near my Heart.
- 2 I was not born for Earth or Sin,
Nor can I live on Things so vile :
Yet I will stay my Father's Time,
And hope and wait for Heav'n awhile.
- 3 Then, dearest LORD, in thine Embrace,
Let me resign my fleeting Breath ;
And, with a Smile upon my Face
Pass the important Hour of Death.

CXVIII. *The Priesthood of CHRIST.*

- 1 **B**lood has a Voice to pierce the Skies,
Revenge, the Blood of Abel cries :
But the dear Stream when CHRIST was slain
Speaks Peace as loud from every Vein.
- 2 Pardon and Peace from GOD on high ;
Behold he lays his Veng'ance by ;
And Rebels that deserve his Sword,
Become the Fav'rites of the LORD.
- 3 To JESUS let our Praises rise,
Who gave his Life a Sacrifice :
Now he appears before his GOD,
And for our Pardon pleads his Blood.

CXIX. *The Holy Scriptures.*

- 1 **L**ADEN with Guilt and full of Fears,
I fly to thee, my LORD !
And not a Glimpse of Hope appears
But in thy written Word.

- The Volume of my Father's Grace,
Does all my Grief assuage :
Here I behold my Saviour's Face
Almost in ev'ry Page.
- This is the Field where hidden lies
The Pearl of Price unknown ;
That Merchant is divinely wise
Who makes that Pearl his own.
- Here consecrated Water flows
To quench my Thirst of Sin ;
Here the fair Tree of Knowledge grows,
Nor Danger dwells therein.
- This is the Judge that ends the Strife,
Where Wit and Reason fail ;
My Guide to everlasting Life
Thro' all this gloomy Vale.
- O ! may thy Counsels, mighty God,
My roving Feet command :
Nor I forsake the happy Road,
That leads to thy right Hand.

CXX. *The Law and Gospel joined in Scripture.*

- T**HE LORD declares his Will,
And keeps the World in Awe ;
Amidst the Smoak on Sinai's Hill,
Breaks out his fiery Law.
- The LORD reveals his Face,
And smiling from above,
Sends down the Gospel of his Grace,
Th' Epistles of his Love.
- These sacred Words impart
Our Maker's just Commands :
The Pity of his melting Heart,
And Vengeance of his Hand.

- 4 [Hence we awake our Fears,
We draw our Comfort hence;
The Arms of Grace are treasur'd here,
And Armour of Defence.
- 5 We learn CHRIST crucify'd,
And here behold his Blood:
All Arts and Knowledges beside
Will do us little Good.]
- 6 We read the heav'nly Word,
We take the offer'd Grace,
Obey the Statutes of the LORD,
And trust his Promises.
- 7 In vain shall Satan rage
Against a Book divine, (Page,
Where Wrath and Light'ning guards the
There Beams of Mercy shine.

CXXL The Law and Gospel distinguished.

- 1 **T**HE law commands and makes us know
What Duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the Gospel must reveal
Where lies our Strength to do his Will.
- 2 The Law discovers Guilt and Sin,
And shews how vile our Hearts have been;
Only the Gospel can express
Forgiving Love and cleansing Grace.
- 3 What Curses doth the Law denounce
Against the Man that fails but once!
But in the Gospel CHRIST appears,
Pard'ning the Guilt of num'rous Years.
- 4 My Soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy Life and Comfort from the Law;
Fly to the Hope the Gospel gives;
The Man that trusts the Promise lives.

CXXII. *Retirement and Meditation.*

- 1 **M**Y God, permit me not to be
 A Stranger to myself and thee ;
 Amidst a thousand Thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest Love.
- 2 Why should my Passions mix with Earth,
 And thus debase my heav'nly Birth ?
 Why should I cleave to Things below,
 And let my God, my Saviour go ?
- 3 Call me away from Flesh and Sense ;
 One sov'reign Word can draw me thence ;
 I would obey thy Voice divine,
 And all inferior Joys resign.
- 4 Be Earth with all her Scenes withdrawn,
 Let Noise and Vanity be gone :
 In secret Silence of the Mind,
 My Heav'n, and there my God I find.

CXXIII. *The Benefit of public Ordinances.*

- 1 **A**WAY from ev'ry mortal Care,
 Away from Earth our Souls retreat :
 We leave this worthless World afar,
 And wait and worship near thy Seat.
- 2 LORD, in the Temple of thy Grace
 We see thy Feet, and we adore :
 We gaze upon thy lovely Face,
 And learn the Wonders of thy Pow'r.
- 3 While here our various Wants we mourn
 United Groans ascend on high :
 And Prayer bears a quick Return
 Of Blessings in Variety.
- 4 [If Satan rage and Sin grows strong,
 Here we receive some cheering Word ;

We gird the Gospel Armour on,
To fight the Battles of the LORD.

3 Or if our Spirit faints and dies,
(Our Conscience gall'd with inward Sting)
Here doth the righteous SUN arise
With healing Beams beneath his Wings.

6 Father ! my Soul would still abide
Within thy Temple, near thy Side ;
But if my Feet must thence depart,
Still keep thy Dwelling in my Heart.

CXXIV. *Moses, Aaron, and Joshua.*

1 'TIS not the Law of Ten Commands
On holy Sinai giv'n,
Or sent to Men by Moses' Hands,
Can bring us safe to Heav'n.

2 'Tis not the Blood which Aaron spilt,
Nor Smoke of sweetest Smell,
Can buy a Pardon for our Guilt,
Or save our Souls from Hell.

3 Aaron the Priest resigns his Breath
At God's immediate Will ;
And in the Desert yields to Death
Upon the appointed Hill.

4 And thus, on Jordan's yonder Side
The Tribes of Isr'el stand,
While Moses bow'd his Head and dy'd
Short of the promis'd Land.

5 Isr'el rejoice, now Joshua * leads,
He'll bring your Tribes to rest ;
So far the Saviour's Name exceeds
The Ruler and the Priest.

* Joshua, the same with Jesus, and signifies
Saviour.

CXXV. *Unbelief and Impenitence.*

- 1 **L**IFE and immortal Joys are giv'n
 To Souls that mourn the Sins
 they've done ;
 Children of Wrath made Heirs of Heav'n
 By Faith in God's eternal Son.
- 2 Wo to the Wretch who never felt
 The inward Pangs of pious Grief,
 But adds to all his crying Guilt
 The stubborn Sin of Unbelief.
- 3 The Law condemns the Rebel dead,
 Under the Wrath of God he lies :
 He seals the Curse on his own Head,
 And with a double Veng'ance dies.

CXXVI. *God glorified in the Gospel.*

- 1 **T**HE LORD descending from above,
 Invites his Children near : (Love,
 While Pow'r, and Truth, and boundless
 Display their Glories here.
- 2 Here in thy Gospel's wondrous Frame
 Fresh Wisdom we pursue;
 A thousand Angels learn thy Name,
 Beyond whate'er they knew.
- 3 Thy Name is writ in fairest Lines,
 Thy Wonders here we trace :
 Wisdom thro' all the Myst'ry shines,
 And shines in JESU'S Face.
- 4 The Law its best Obedience owes
 To our incarnate God !
 And thy revenging Justice shows,
 Its Honours in his Blood.

- 5 But still the Lustre of thy Grace
 Our warmer Thoughts employs,
 Gilds the whole Scene with brighter Rays
 And more exalts our Joys.

CXXVI. *Circumcision and infant Baptism*

(Written only for those who practice
 Baptism of Infants.)

- 1 **T**HUS did the Sons of Abra'm pass
 Under the bloody Seal of Grace;
 The young Disciples bore the Yoke,
 Till CHRIST the painful Bondage broke,
 2 By milder Ways doth JESUS prove
 His Father's Cov'nant and his Love;
 He seals to Saints his glorious Grace,
 And not forbids their infant Race.
 3 Their Seed is sprinkled with his Blood,
 Their Children set apart for God;
 His Spirit on their Offspring shed,
 Like Water pour'd upon the Head.
 4 Let ev'ry Saint with cheerful Voice
 In this large Covenant rejoice:
 Young Children in their early Days
 Shall give the God of Abra'm Praise.

CXXVII. *Corrupt Nature from Adam.*

- 1 **B**LESS'D with the Joys of Innocence
 Adam, our Father stood,
 Till he debas'd his Soul to Sense,
 And eat unlawful Food.
 2 Now we are born a sensual Race,
 To sinful Joys inclin'd;

Reason hath lost its native Place,
And Flesh enslaves the Mind.
While Flesh, and Sense, and Passion reigns
Sin is the sweetest Good ;
We fancy Music in our Chains,
And so forget the Load.
Great God ! renew our ruin'd Frame,
Our broken Pow'rs restore ;
Inspire us with a heav'nly Flame,
And Flesh shall reign no more.
Eternal Spirit ! write thy Law
Upon our inward Parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our Hearts.

CXXIX. *Walking by Faith not by Sight.*

'TIS by the Faith of Joys to come
We walk thro' Deserts dark as
Night,
Till we arrive at Heav'n our Home,
Faith is our Guide, and Faith our Light.
The Want of Sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly Gates appear,
Far into distant Worlds she pries,
And brings eternal Glories near.
Cheerful we tread the Desert thro',
While Faith inspires a heav'nly Ray,
Tho' Lions roar, and Tempests blow,
And Rocks and Dangers fill the Way.
So Abrah'm by divine Command,
Left his own House to walk with God,
His Faith beheld the promis'd Land,
And fir'd his Zeal along the Road.

CXXX. *The New Creation.*

- 1 **A**T TEND, while GOD's exalted Son
Doth his own Glories shew:
"Behold, I sit upon my Throne,
"Creating all Things new.
- 2 "Nature and Sin are pass'd away,
"And the old Adam dies;
"My Hands a new Foundation lay;
"See the new World arise!
- 3 "I'll be a Sun of Righteousness
"To the new Heav'ns I make;
"None but the new-born Heirs of Grace
"My Glories shall partake."
- 4 Mighty Redeemer, set me free
From my old State of Sin:
O, make my Soul alive to thee;
Create new Pow'rs within.
- 5 Renew mine Eyes, and form mine Ears,
And mould my Heart afresh;
Give me new Passions, Joys and Fears,
And turn the Stone to Flesh.
- 6 Far from the Regions of the Dead,
From Sin, and Earth, and Hell;
In the new World that Grace has made
I would for ever dwell.

CXXXI. *The Excellency of the Christian Religion.*

- 1 **L**ET everlasting Glories crown
Thy Head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy Hands have brought Salvation down,
And writ the Blessings in thy Word.
- 2 What if we trace the Globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan,

There shall be no Religion found
 So just to GOD, so safe to Man.]
 In vain the trembling Conscience seeks
 Some solid Ground to rest upon:
 With long Despair the Spirit breaks,
 Till we apply to CHRIST alone.
 How well thy blessed Truths agree!
 How wise and holy thy Commands!
 Thy Promises, how firm they be!
 How firm our Hope and Comfort stands.
 [Not the feign'd Fields of heath'nish Bliss
 Could raise such Pleasures in the Mind;
 Nor does the Turkish Paradise
 Pretend to Joys so well refin'd.]
 Should all the Forms that Men devise
 Assault my Faith with treach'rous Art,
 I'd call them Vanity and Lies,
 And bind the Gospel to my Heart.

CXXXII. *The Offices of CHRIST.*

WE bless the Prophet of the LORD,
 That comes with Truth and Grace;
 JESUS, thy Spirit and thy Word
 Shall lead us in thy Ways.

We rev'rence our High-Priest above
 Who offer'd up his Blood,
 And lives to carry on his Love,
 By pleading with our God.

We honour our exalted King,
 How sweet are his Commands!
 He guards our Souls from Hell and Sin
 By his Almighty Hands.
 Hosanna to his glorious Name,
 Who saves by different Ways;

His Mercies lay a sov'reign Claim
To our immortal Praise.

CXXXIII. *The Operations of the Holy Spirit*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the Wonders of thy Grace;
Thy Pow'r conveys our Blessings down
From God the Father and the Son:
- 2 Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly Ray,
Our Shades and Darkness turn to Day;
'Thine inward Teaching makes us know
Our Danger and our Refuge too.
- 3 Thy Pow'r and Glory works within,
And breaks the Chain of reigning Sin;
Doth our imperious Lusts subdue;
And forms our wretched Hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled Conscience knows thy Voice
Thy cheering Words awake our Joys;
Thy Words allay the stormy Wind,
And calm the Surges of the Mind.

CXXXIV. *Circumcision abolished.*

- 1 **T**HE Promise was divinely free,
Extensive was the Grace;
"I will the God of Abrah'm be,
"And of his num'rous Race."
- 2 He said, and with a bloody Seal
Confirm'd the Words he spoke;
Long did the Sons of Abrah'm feel
The sharp and painful Yoke.
- 3 Till God's own Son, descending low,
Gave his own Flesh to bleed;
And Gentiles taste the Blessings now,
From the hard Bondage freed.

4 The God of Abrah'm claims our Praise,
His Promises endure;
And CHRIST, the LORD, in gentler Ways
Makes the Salvation sure.

CXXXV. *Types and Prophecies of Christ.*

1 **B**Ehold the Woman's promis'd Seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the Prophets all agreed
To give him the superior Room.

2 Abrah'm, the Saint, Rejoic'd of Old
When Visions of the LORD he saw;
Moses, the Man of God, foretold
This great Fulfiller of his Law.

3 The Types bore Witness to his Name,
Obtain'd their chief Design and ceas'd;
The Incense and the bleeding Lamb,
The Ark, the Altar, and the Priest.

4 Predictions in Abundance meet
To join their Blessings on his Head:
Jesus, we worship at thy Feet,
And Nations own the promis'd Seed.

CXXXVI. *Miracles at the Birth of Christ.*

1 **T**HE King of Glory sends his Son
To make his Entrance on this Earth;
Behold the Midnight bright as Noon,
And heav'nly Hosts declare his Birth.

2 About the young Redeemer's Head
What Wonders and what Glories meet:
An unknown Star arose and led
The Eastern Sages to his Feet.

3 Simeon and Anna both conspire
The infant Saviour to proclaim;

Inward they felt the sacred Fire,
And blest the Babe and own'd his Name.

- 4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy Child with Scorn,
Our Souls adore th' eternal God
Who condescended to be born.

CXXXVII. *Miracles in the Life, Death
and Resurrection of CHRIST.*

- 1 **B**Ehold the Blind their Sight receive
Behold the Dead awake and live!
The Dumb speak Wonders, and the Lame
Leap like the Hart, and bless his Name.
- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And Seal the Mission of the Son,
The Father vindicates his Cause;
While he hangs bleeding on the Cross.
- 3 He dies! the Heav'ns in mourning stood
He rises, and appears a God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.
- 4 Hence and for ever from my Heart,
I bid my Doubts and Fears depart;
And to those Hands my Soul resign
Which bear Credentials so divine.

CXXXVIII. *The Power of the Gospel.*

- 1 **T**HIS is the Word of Truth and Love
Sent to the Nations from above;
JEHOVAH here resolves to shew
What his Almighty Grace can do.
- 2 This Remedy did Wisdom find,
To heal Diseases of the Mind;
Th' his sov'reign Balm, whole Virtues can
Restore the ruin'd Creature, Man.

- 3 The Gospel bids the Dead revive;
Sinners obey the Voice, and live:
Dry Bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afresh,
And Hearts of Stone are turn'd to Flesh.
- 4 [Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,
The Gospel strikes a heav'nly Light;
Our Lust its wond'rous Pow'r controuls
And calms the Rage of angry Souls.]
- 5 [Lions and Beasts of savage Name
Put on the Nature of the Lamb;
While the wide World esteems it strange,
Gaze and admire, and hate the Change.]
- 6 May but this Grace my Soul renew:
Let Sinners gaze and hate me too;
The Word that saves me does engage
A sure Defence from all their Rage.

CXXXIX. *The Example of CHRIST.*

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer and my LORD!
I read my Duty in thy Word;
But in thy Life the Law appears
Drawn out in living Characters.
- 2 Such was thy Truth, and such thy Zeal,
Such Defence to thy Father's Will,
Such Love and Meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold Mountains and the Midnight Air
Witness'd the Fervor of thy Prayer;
The Desert thy Temptations knew,
Thy Conflict and thy Vict'ry too.
- 4 Be thou my Pattern: make me bear
More of thy gracious Image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my Name
Amongst the Followers of the Lamb.

CXL. *The Example of CHRIST and the Saints.*

- 1 **G**IVE me the Wings of Faith to rise
Within the Veil, and see
The Saints above, how great their Joys,
How bright their Glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their Couch with Tears;
They wrestled hard as we do now,
With Sins, and Doubts and Fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their Vict'ry came,
They with united Breath,
Ascribe their Conquest to the Lamb,
Their Triumph to his Death.
- 4 They mark'd the Footsteps that he trod,
(His Zeal inspir'd their Breast:)
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promis'd Rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our Praise
For his own Pattern giv'n,
While the long Cloud of Witnesses
Shew the same Path to Heav'n.

CXLI. *Faith assisted by Sense; or, Preaching, Baptism, and the LORD's Supper.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour GOD, my sov'reign Prince
Reigns far above the Skies!
But brings his Graces down to Sense,
And helps my Faith to rise.
- 2 My Eyes and Ears shall bless his Name,
They read and hear his Word:
My Touch and Taste shall do the same,
When they receive the LORD.

- 3 Baptismal Water is design'd
To seal his cleansing Grace,
While at his Feast of Bread and Wine,
He gives his Saints a Place.
- 4 But not the Waters of a Flood,
Can make my Flesh so clean,
As by his Spirit and his Blood,
He'll wash my Soul from Sin.
- 5 Not choicest Meats or noblest Wines,
So much my Heart refresh,
As when my Faith goes thro' the Signs,
And feeds upon his Flesh.
- 6 I love the LORD who stoops so low
To give his Word a Seal;
But the rich Grace his Hands bestow,
Exceeds the Figures still.

CXLII. *Faith in CHRIST our Sacrifice.*

- 1 **N**OT all the Blood of Beasts,
On Jewish Altars slain,
Could give the guilty Conscience Peace,
Or wash away the Stain.
- 2 But CHRIST the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our Sins away;
A Sacrifice of nobler Name,
And richer Blood than they.
- 3 My Faith would lay her Hand
On that dear Head of thine,
While like a Penitent I stand,
And there confess my Sin.
- 4 My Soul looks back to see,
The Burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed Tree,
And hopes her Guilt was there.

- 5 Believing, we rejoice,
To see the Curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful Voice,
And sing his bleeding Love.

CXLIII. *Flesh and Spirit.*

- 1 **W**Hat diff'rent Pow'rs of Grace and
Attend our mortal State! (Sin
I hate the Thoughts that work within,
And do the Works I hate.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While Sin and Satan reign:
Now raise my Songs of Triumph high,
For Grace prevails again.
- 3 So Darkness struggles with the Light,
Till perfect Day arise;
Water and Fire maintain the Fight,
Until the Weaker dies.
- 4 Thus will the Flesh and Spirit strive,
And vex and break my Peace;
But I shall quit this mortal Life,
And Sin for ever cease.

CXLIV. *The Effusion of the SPIRIT; and,
The Success of the Gospel.*

- 1 **G**REAT was the Day, the Joy was great
When the divine Disciples met;
Whilst on their Heads the SPIRIT came
And sat like Tongues with cloven Flame.
- 2 What Gifts, what Miracles he gave!
And Pow'r to kill, and Pow'r to save!
Furnish'd their Tongues with wond'rous
Words,
Instead of Shields and Spears and Swords,

Thus arm'd he sent the Champions forth
 "From East to West, from South to North
 "Go, and assert your Saviour's Cause:
 "Go, spread the Mystery of his Cross."

These Weapons of the holy War,
 Of what Almighty Force they are
 To make our stubborn Passions bow,
 And lay the proudest Rebel low.

Nations, the Learned and the Rude,
 Are by these heav'nly Arms subdu'd;
 While Satan rages at his Loss,
 And hates the Doctrine of the Cross.

Great King of Grace! my Heart subdued:
 I would be led in Triumph too,
 A willing Captive to my Lord,
 And sing the Vict'ries of his Word.

CXLV. *Light through a Glass, and Face to Face.*

I Love the Windows of thy Grace,
 Thro' which my Lord is seen,
 And long to meet my Saviour's Face
 Without a Glass between.

O that the happy Hour were come,
 To change my Faith to Sight!
 I shall behold my Lord at Home,
 In a diviner Light.

Haste, my Beloved, and remove
 These interposing Days;
 Then shall my Passions all be Love,
 And all my Pow'rs be Praise.

CXLVI. *No Rest on Earth.*

- 1 **M**AN has a Soul of vast Desires,
He burns within with restless Fires:
Tost to and fro, his Passions fly
From Vanity to Vanity.
- 2 In vain on Earth we hope to find
Some solid Good to fill the Mind:
We try new Pleasures, but we feel
The inward Thirst and Torment still.
- 3 So when a raging Fever burns,
We shift from Side to Side by Turns;
And 'tis a poor Relief we gain,
To change the Place, but keep the Pain.
- 4 Great God! subdue this vicious Thirst
This Love for Vanity and Dust;
Cure the vile Fever of the Mind,
And feed our Souls with Joys refin'd.

CXLVII. *The Creation of the World.*
Gen. i.

- 1 "N**O**W let a spacious World arise,"
Said the Creator LORD;
At once the obedient Earth and Skies
Rose at his sov'reign Word.
- 2 [Dark was the Deep; the Waters lay
Confus'd, and drown'd the Land:
He call'd the Light; the new-born Day
Attends on his Command.
- 3 He bids the Clouds ascend on high;
The Clouds ascend and bear
A wat'ry Treasure to the Sky,
And float on softer Air.

- 4 The liquid Element below
Was gather'd by his Hand;
The rolling Seas together flow,
And leave the solid Land.
- 5 With Herbs and Plants (a flow'ry Birth
The naked Globe he crown'd,
Ere there was Rain to bless the Earth
Or Sun to warm the Ground.
- 6 Then he adorn'd the upper Skies;
Behold the Sun appears,
The Moon and Stars in Order rise,
To mark out Months and Years.
- 7 Out of the Deep th' Almighty King,
Did vital Beings frame,
The painted Fowls of ev'ry Wing,
And Fish of ev'ry Name.]
- 8 He gave the Lion and the Worm,
At once their wond'rous Birth,
And grazing Beasts of various Form,
Rose from the teeming Earth.
- 9 Adam was fram'd of equal Clay,
Tho' Sov'reign of the rest,
Design'd for nobler Ends than they,
With God's own Image bless'd.
- 10 Thus glorious in the Maker's Eye,
The young Creation stood;
He saw the Building from on High,
His Word pronounc'd it good.
- 11 LORD, while the Frame of Nature stands!
Thy Praise shall fill my Tongue;
But the new World of Grace demands
A more exalted Song.

CXLVIII. *God reconciled in CHRIST.*

- 1 **D**Earest of all the Names above,
My JESUS, and my GOD,
Who can resist thy heav'nly Love,
Or trifle with thy Blood?
- 2 'Tis by the Merits of thy Death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding Breath
The Spirit dwells with Men.
- 3 Till God in human Flesh I see,
My Thoughts no Comfort find;
The Holy, Just, and sacred Three,
Are Terrors to my Mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's Face appear,
My Hope, my Joy begins:
His Name forbids my slavish Fear,
His Grace removes my Sins.
- 5 While Jews on their own Law rely,
And Greeks of Wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my Trust.

CXLIX. *Honour to Magistrates: or, Government from God.*

- 1 **E**Ternal Sov'reign of the Sky,
And LORD of all below,
We Mortals to thy Majesty,
Our first Obedience owe.
- 2 Our Souls adore thy Throne supreme,
And bless thy Providence,
For Magistrates of meaner Name,
Our Glory and Defence.
- 3 [The Crowns of British Princes shine,
With Rays above the rest,

Where Laws and Liberties combine
To make the Nation bless'd.]

- 4 Kingdoms on firm Foundations stand,
While Virtue finds Reward;
And Sinners perish from the Land
By Justice and the Sword.

- 5 Let Cæsar's due be ever paid
To Cæsar and his Throne;
But Consciences and Souls were made,
To be the LORD's alone.

CL. *The Deceitfulness of Sin.*

- 1 **S**IN has a thousand treach'rous Arts
To practise on the Mind;
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts
But leaves a Sting behind.
- 2 With Names of Virtue she deceives
The Aged and the Young;
And while the heedless Wretch believes,
She makes his Fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the Joys she brings,
And gives a fair Pretence;
But cheats the Soul of heavenly Things,
And chains it down to Sense.
- 4 So on a Tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden Food:
Our Mother took the Poison there,
And tainted all her Blood.

CL I. *Prophecy and Inspiration.*

- 1 **I**T was by an Order from the LORD,
The ancient Prophets spoke his Word;

- His Spirit did their Tongues inspire,
 And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.
 2 The Works and Wonders which they
 wrought,
 Confirm'd the Messages they brought;
 The Prophet's Pen succeeds his Breath,
 To save the holy Words from Death.
 3 Great God! mine Eyes with Pleasure look
 On the dear Volume of thy Book;
 There my Redeemer's Face I see
 And read his Name who dy'd for me.
 4 Let the false Raptures of the Mind
 Be lost and vanish'd in the Wind:
 Here I can fix my Hopes secure;
 This is the Word and must endure.

CLII. *Sinai and Sion*, Heb. xii. 18, &c.

- 1 NOT to the Terrors of the Lord,
 The Tempest, Fire and Smoke;
 Not to the Thunder of that Word
 Which God on Sinai spoke.
 2 But we are come to Sion's Hill,
 The City of our God,
 Where milder Words declare his Will,
 And spread his Love abroad.
 3 Behold th' innumerable Host
 Of Angels cloath'd in Light!
 Behold the Spirits of the Just,
 Whose Faith is turn'd to Sight!
 4 Behold the bless'd Assembly there,
 Whose Names are writ in Heav'n!
 And God, the Judge of all, declare
 Their vilest Sins forgiv'n.

- 5 The Saints on Earth, and all the Dead
But one Communion make;
All join in CHRIST the living Head,
And of his Grace partake.
- 6 In such Society as this
My weary Soul would rest:
The Man that dwells where JESUS is
Must be for ever blest.

CLIII. *The Distemper, Folly, and Madneſs
of Sin.*

- 1 **S**IN, like a venemous Diſeaſe,
Infects our vital Blood,
The only Balm is ſov'reign Grace,
And the Phyſician, GOD.
- 2 Our Beauty and our Strength are fled,
And we draw near to Death;
But CHRIST the LORD recalls the Dead,
With his Almighty Breath.
- 3 Madneſs by Nature reigns within,
The Paſſions burn and rage,
Till GOD's own Son with Skill divine
The inward Fire aſſuage.
- 4 [We lick the Duſt, we graſp the Wind
And ſolid Good deſpiſe:
Such is the Folly of the Mind,
Till JESUS makes us wiſe.
- 5 We give our Souls the Wounds they feel,
We drink the poiſ'nous Gall,
And ruſh with Fury down to Hell,
But Heav'n prevents the Fall.
- 6 The Man poſſeſs'd among the Tombs
Cuts his own Fleſh and cries;

He foams and raves till Jesus comes,
And the foul Spirit flies.]

CLIV. *Self-Righteousness insufficient.*

1 "WHERE are the Mourners *?"
saith the LORD,

"That wait and tremble at my Word?

"That walk in Darkness all the Day?

"Come make my name your trust and stay.

2 ["No Works nor Duties of your own

"Can for the smallest Sin atone;

"& The Robes that Nature may provide

"Will not your least Pollution hide.

3 "The softest Couch that Nature knows

"Can give the Conscience no Repose:

"Look to my Righteousness and live,

"Comfort and Peace are mine to give.]

4 "Ye Sons of Pride that kindle Coals

"With your own Hands to warm your
Souls,

"Walk in the Light of your own Fire,

"Enjoy the Sparks that ye desire.

5 "This is your Portion at my Hands,

"Hell waits you with her iron Bands;

"Ye shall lie down in Sorrow there,

"In Death, in Darkness and Despair."

* Isa. l. 10. 11. § Isa. xxviii. 20.

CLV. *CHRIST our Passover.*

1 LO, the destroying Angel flies

To Pharaoh's stubborn Land!

The Pride and Flow'r of Egypt dies

By his vindictive Hand.

- 2 He pass'd the Tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor pour'd the Wrath divine;
He saw the Blood on every Door,
And bless'd the peaceful Sign.
- 3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed,
To break th' Egyptian Yoke;
Thus Israel is from Bondage freed,
And 'scapes the Angel's Stroke.
- 4 LORD, if my Heart were sprinkled too,
With Blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty Soul of mine.
- 5 Jesus our Passover was slain,
And has at once procur'd
Freedom from Satan's heavy Chain,
And God's avenging Sword.

CLVI. *Presumption and Despair:*

- 1 **I** Hate the Tempter and his Charms,
I hate his flatt'ring Breath;
The Serpent takes a thousand Forms,
To cheat our Souls to Death.
- 2 He feeds our Hopes with airy Dreams
Or kills with slavish Fear;
And holds us still in wide Extremes,
Presumption or Despair.
- 3 Now he persuades, "How easy 'tis
"To walk the Road to Heav'n;"
Anon he swells our Sins, and cries
"They cannot be forgiv'n."
- 4 [He bids young Sinners "Yet forbear
"To think of God or Death;

- “ For Prayer and Devotion are
 “ But melancholy Breath.”
- 5 He tells the Aged, “ They must die,
 “ And 'tis too late to pray :
 “ In vain for Mercy now they cry,
 “ For they have lost their Day.”]
- 6 Thus he supports his cruel Throne
 By Mischief and Deceit,
 And drags the Sons of Adam down
 To Darkness and the Pit.
- 7 Almighty God, cut short his Pow'r,
 Let him in Darkness dwell ;
 And, that he vex the Earth no more,
 Confine him down to Hell.

CLVII. *Satan's Devices.*

- 1 **N**OW Satan comes with dreadful roar
 And threatens to destroy ;
 He worries whom he can't devour
 With a malicious Joy.
- 2 Ye Sons of God, oppose his Rage,
 Resist and he'll be gone ;
 Thus did our dearest Lord engage,
 And vanquish him alone.
- 3 Now he appears almost divine,
 Like Innocence and Love ;
 But the old Serpent lurks within
 When he assumes the Dove.
- 4 Fly from the false Deceiver's Tongue,
 Ye Sons of Adam fly :
 Our Parents found the Snare too strong,
 Nor should the Children try.

CLVIII. *The utmost Christian, and Apostate.*

- 1 **B** Road is the Road that leads to Death,
 And Thousands walk together there;
 But Wisdom shews a narrower Path,
 With here and there a Traveller.
- 2 "Deny thyself, and take thy Cross;"
 Is the Redeemer's great Command!
 Nature must count her Gold but Dross,
 If she would gain the heav'nly Land.
- 3 The fearful Soul that tires and faints,
 And walks the Ways of God no more
 Is but esteem'd almost a Saint,
 And makes his own Destruction sure.
- 4 **L**ORD, let not all my Hopes be vain;
 Create my Heart entirely new;
 Which Hypocrites could ne'er attain:
 Which false Apostates never knew.

CLIX. *Human degeneracy.*

- 1 [**G**reat King of Glory and of Grace!
 We own with humble Shame,
 How vile is our degen'rate Race,
 And our first Father's Name.
- 2 From Adam flows our tainted Blood,
 The Poison reigns within;
 Makes us averse to all that's Good,
 And willing Slaves to Sin.
- 3 Daily we break thy holy Laws,
 And then reject thy Grace;
 Engag'd in the old Serpent's Cause
 Against our Maker's Face.]

- 4 We live estrang'd afar from God,
And love the Distance well;
With Haste we run the dang'rous Road
That leads to Death and Hell.
- 5 And can such Rebels be restor'd!
Such Natures made divine!
Let Sinners see thy Glory, Lord,
And feel this Pow'r of thine.
- 6 We raise our Father's Name on High,
Who his own Spirit sends
To bring rebellious Strangers nigh,
And turn his Foes to Friends.

CLX. *Custom in Sin.*

- 1 **L**ET the wild Leopards of the Wood
Put off the Spots that Nature gives!
Then may the Wicked turn to God,
And change their Tempers and their lives.
- 2 As well might Ethiopian Slaves
Wash out the Darkness of their Skin;
The Dead as well may leave their Graves,
As old Transgressors cease to sin.
- 3 Where Vice has held its Empire long,
'Twill not endure the least Controul;
None but a Pow'r divinely strong
Can turn the Current of the Soul.
- 4 Great God! I own thy Pow'r divine,
That works to change this Heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bless
The Wonders of creating Grace.

CLXI. *The Difficulty of Religion.*

- 1 **S**TRAIT is the Way, the Door is strait
That leads to Joys on High,

- 'Tis but a Few that find the Gate,
 While Crouds mistake and die.
 Beloved Self must be deny'd,
 The Mind and Will renew'd,
 Passion suppress'd, and Patience try'd,
 And vain Desires subdu'd.
- [Flesh is a dangerous Foe to Grace,
 Where it prevails and rules;
 Flesh must be humbled, Pride abas'd,
 Lest they destroy our Souls.]
- 4 The Love of Gold be banish'd hence
 (That vile Idolatry)
 And every Member, every Sense,
 In sweet Subjection lie.
- 5 The Tongue, that most unruly Pow'r,
 Requires a strong Restraint:
 We must be watchful ev'ry Hour,
 And pray, but never faint.]
- 6 Lord! can a feeble helpless Worm
 Fulfil a Task so hard?
 Thy Grace must all my Work perform
 And give the free Reward.

CLXII. *Meditation on Heaven.*

- 1 MY Thoughts surmount the lower skies
 And look within the Veil;
 There Springs of endless Pleasure rise,
 The Waters never fail.
- 2 There I behold with sweet Delight
 The blessed Three in One;
 And strong Affections fix my Sight
 On God's incarnate Son.

- 3 His Promise stands for ever firm;
His Grace shall ne'er depart;
He binds my Name upon his Arm,
And seals it on his Heart.
- 4 Light are the Pains that Nature brings,
How short our Sorrows are!
When with eternal future Things,
The Present we compare.
- 5 I would not be a Stranger still
To that celestial Place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell,
Near my Redeemer's Face.

CLXII. *Complaint of Desertion and
Temptation.*

- 1 **D**EAR Lord! behold our sore Distress,
Our Sins attempt to reign;
Stretch out thine Arm of conq'ring Grace
And let thy Foes be slain.
- 2 [The Lion with his dreadful Roar
Affrights thy feeble Sheep;
Reveal the Glory of thy Pow'r,
And chain him to the Deep.
- 3 Must we indulge a long Despair?
Shall our Petitions die?
Our Mournings never reach thine Ear,
Nor Tears affect thine Eye?]
- 4 If thou despise a mortal Groan,
Yet hear a Saviour's Blood;
An Advocate so near the Throne,
Pleads and prevails with God.
- 5 He brought the Spirit's pow'ful Sword
To slay our deadly Foes:
Our Sins shall die beneath thy Word,
And Hell in vain oppose,

How boundless is our Father's Grace,
 In Height, in Depth, and Length!
 He made his Son our Righteousness,
 His Spirit is our Strength.

CLXIV. *The End of the World.*

WHY should this Earth delight us so?
 Why should we fix our Eyes
 On these low Grounds where Sorrow
 And ev'ry Pleasure dies. (grows
 While Time his sharpest Teeth prepares
 Our Comforts to devour,
 There is a Land above the Stars,
 And Joys above his Pow'r.
 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
 The Sun must end his Race,
 The Earth and Sea for ever fly
 Before my Saviour's Face.
 When will that glorious Morning rise,
 When the last Trumper's Sound,
 And call the Nations to the Skies
 From underneath the Ground?

CLXV. *Unfruitfulness, lamented.*

LONG have I sat beneath the Sound
 Of thy Salvation, LORD,
 But still how weak my Faith is found,
 And Knowledge of thy Word!
 Oft I frequent thy holy Place,
 And hear almost in vain;
 How small a Portion of thy Grace
 My Mem'ry can retain,

- 3 [My dear Almighty, and my God!
How little art thou known
By all the Judgments of thy Rod,
And Blessings of thy Throne.
- 4 How cold and feeble is my Love!
How negligent my Fear!
How low my Hope of Joys above!
How few Affections there!
- 5 Great God! thy sov'reign Pow'r impart
To give thy Word success:
Write thy Salvation in my Heart,
And make me learn thy Grace.]
- 6 How my forgetful Feet the Way
That leads to Joys on High;
There Knowledge grows without Decay
And Love shall never die.]

CLXVI. *The Divine Perfections.*

- 1 **H**OW shall I praise th' eternal God
That Infinite Unknown?
Who can ascend his high Abode,
Or venture near his Throne?
- 2 [The great Invisible! He dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling Light;
But his all-searching Eye reveals
The Secrets of the Night.
- 3 Those watchful Eyes that never sleep,
Survey the World around;
His Wisdom is a boundless Deep
Where all our Thoughts are drown'd]
- 4 Speak we of Strength? his Arm is strong
To save or to destroy;
Infinite Years his Life prolong,
And endless is his Joy.

- 5 [He knows no Shadow of a Charge,
Nor alters his Decrees;
Firm as a Rock his Truth remains
To guard his Promises.]
- 6 [Sinners before his Presence die:
How holy is his Name!
His Anger and his Jealousy
Burn like devouring Flame.]
- 7 Justice upon a dreadful Throne
Maintains the Rights of God;
While Mercy sends her Pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's Blood.
- 8 Now to my Soul, immortal King!
Speak some forgiving Word;
Then 'twill be double Joy to sing
The Glories of my Lord.

CLXVII. *The Same.*

- 1 Great God! thy Glories shall employ
My holy Fear, my humble Joy;
My Lips in Songs of Honour bring
Their Tribute to th' eternal King.
- 2 [Earth and the Stars and Worlds unknown
Depend precarious on his Throne,
All Nature hangs upon his Word,
And Grace and Glory own their Lord.
- 3 His sov'reign Pow'r what Mortal knows!
If he command, who dares oppose?
With Strength he girds himself around,
And treads the Rebels to the Ground.
- 4 Who shall pretend to teach him Skill,
Or guide the Counsels of his Will?

- His Wisdom, like a Sea divine,
Flows deep and high beyond our Line.
- 5 [His Name is holy, and his Eye
Burns with immortal Jealousy;
He hates the Sons of Pride, and sheds
His fiery Veng'ance on their Heads.
- 6 The Beamings of his piercing Sight
Bring dark Hypocrisy to Light;
Death and Destruction naked lie,
And Hell uncover'd to his Eye.]
- 7 [Th' eternal Law before him stands:
His Justice with impartial Hands
Divides to all their due Reward,
Or by the Sceptre or the Sword.]
- 8 [His Mercy like a boundless Sea,
Washes our Load of Guilt away;
While his own Son came down and dy'd
T' engage his Justice on our Side.
- 9 [Each of his Words demands my Faith
My Soul can rest on all he saith:
His Truth inviolably keeps
The largest Promise of his Lips.]
- 10 O tell me with a gentle Voice,
"Thou art my God," and I'll rejoice
Fill'd with thy Love, I dare proclaim
The brightest Honours of thy Name.

CLXVIII. *God's Greatness and Goodness*

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, his Throne is high
His Robes are Light and Majesty
His Glory shines with Beams so bright
No Mortal can sustain the Sight.
- 2 His Terrors keep the World in Awe;
His Justice guards his holy Law;

His Love reveals a smiling Face,
His Truth and Promise seal the Grace:
Thro' all his Works his Wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep Designs;
His Pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil
The noblest Counsels of his Will.
And will this glorious LORD descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my Songs with Angels join;
Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

CLXIX. *The same as the cxlviiith Psalm.*

THE LORD JEHOVAH reigns,
His Throne is built on high;
The Garments he assumes
Are Light and Majesty:
His Glories shine
With Beams so bright,
No mortal Eye
Can bear the Sight:

The Thunders of his Hand
Keep the wide World in Awe;
His Wrath and Justice stand
To guard his holy Law;
And where his Love
Resolves to bless,
His Truth confirms
And seals the Grace.

Thro' all his ancient Works
Surprising Wisdom shines,
Confounds the Pow'rs of Hell,
And breaks their curst Designs:

Strong is his Arm,
And shall fulfil
His great Decrees,
His sov'reign Will.

- 4 And can this mighty King
Of Glory condescend?
And will he write his Name,
“ My Father and my Friend?”
I love his Name!
I love his Word!
Join, all my Pow'rs,
And praise the LORD,

CLXX. GOD *Incomprehensible and sovereign*

- 1 CAN Creatures to Perfection find*
Th' eternal uncreated Mind?
Or can the largest stretch of Thought
Measure and search his Nature out?
- 2 'Tis high as Heav'n, 'tis deep as Hell
And what can Mortals know or tell?
His Glory spreads beyond the Sky,
And all the shining Worlds on high.
- 3 But Man, vain Man, would fain be wise
Born like a wild young Colt he flies
Thro' all the Follies of his Mind,
And smells and snuffs the empty Wind.
- 4 God is a King of Pow'r unknown,
Firm are the Orders of his Throne:
If he resolves, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does?

* Job xi. 7.

- 5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the Tempest of the Soul:
When he shuts up in long Despair,
Who can remove the heavy Bar?
- 6 *He frowns, and Darkness veils the Moon,
The fainting Sun grows pale at Noon:
†The Pillars of Heaven's starry Roof
Tremble and start at his Reproof.
- 7 He gave the vaulted Heav'n its Form,
The crooked Serpent and the Worm;
He breaks the Billows with his Breath,
And smites the Sons of Pride to Death.
- 8 These are a Portion of his Ways;
But who shall dare describe his Face?
Who can endure his Sight, or stand
To hear the Thunders of his Hand?
- * Job xxv. 5. † Job xxvi. 11, &c.

THE END of the SECOND BOOK.

H Y M N S

AND

Spiritual Songs.

B O O K III.

Prepared for the holy Ordinance of the
LORD'S SUPPER.

I. *The LORD'S SUPPER instituted,*
1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

- 1 'T Wason that dark, that doleful Night,
When Powers of Earth and Hell arose
Against the Son of Gov's Delight,
And Friends betray'd him to his Foes.
- 2 Before the mournful Scene began,
He took the Bread and bless'd and brake,
What Love thro' all his Actions ran!
What wond'rous words of grace he spake!
- 3 "This is my Body, broke for Sin;
"Receive and eat the living Food;
Then took the Cup and bless'd the Wine,
"'Tis the new Cov'nant in my Blood."

- 4 [For us his Flesh with Nails was torn,
He bore the Scourge, he felt the Thorn;
And Justice pour'd upon his Head,
Its heavy Veng'ance in our Stead,
- 5 For us his vital Blood was spilt,
To buy the Pardon of our Guilt;
When, for black Crimes of biggest Size,
He gave his Soul a Sacrifice.]
- 6 " Do this, (he cry'd) 'till Time shall end
" In Mem'ry of your dying Friend;
" Meet at my Table, and record
" The Love of your departed LORD."

7 [JESUS! thy Feast we celebrate,
We shew thy Death, we sing thy Name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The Marriage-Supper of the Lamb.]

II. *Communion with CHRIST, and with
Saints. 1 Cor. x. 16, 17.*

JESUS invites his Saints

To meet around his Board;
Here pardon'd Rebels sit and hold
Communion with their LORD.

For Food he gave his Flesh;
He bids us drink his Blood:
Amazing Favour, matchless Grace
Of our descending God!

This holy Bread and Wine
Maintains our fainting Breath,
By Union with our living LORD,
And Int'rest in his Death.

Our heav'nly Father calls
CHRIST and his Members one;
We the young Children of his Love,
And he the first-born Son.

- 5 We are but sev'ral Parts
Of the same broken Bread;
One Body hath its sev'ral Limbs,
But JESUS is the Head.
- 6 Let all our Powers be join'd
His glorious Name to raise:
Pleasure and Love fill every Mind,
And ev'ry Voice be Praise.

III. *The New Testament in the Blood of
CHRIST: or, The New Covenant
sealed.*

- 1 **T**HE Promise of my Father's Love
"Shall stand for ever good:"
He said, and gave his Soul to Death,
And seal'd the Grace with Blood.
- 2 To this dear Cov'nant of thy Word
I set my worthless Name;
I seal th' Engagement of the LORD,
And make my humble Claim.
- 3 The Light, and Strength, and pard'ning
And Glory shall be mine; (Grace,
My Life and Soul, my Heart and Flesh,
And all my Pow'rs are thine.
- 4 I call that Legacy my own
Which JESUS did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying Groan,
And ratify'd in Death.
- 5 Sweet is the Mem'ry of his Name
Who bless'd us in his Will,
And to his Testament of Love
Made his own Life the Seal.

IV. CHRIST's dying Love: or, Our Pardon
bought at a dear Price.

1 **H**OW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our Mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly Mind,
And Pity brought him down.

2 [When Justice, by our Sins provok'd,
Drew forth his dreadful Sword,
He gave his Soul up to the Stroke,
Without a murm'ring Word.

3 He sunk beneath our heavy Woes,
To raise us to his Throne:
There's ne'er a Gift his Hand bestows
But cost his Heart a Grone.]

4 This was Compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The Price of Pardon was his Blood,
His Pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now tho' he reigns exalted high,
His Love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary;
Nor let his Saints forget.

6 [Here we behold his Bowels roll,
As kind as when he dy'd,
And see the Sorrows of his Soul
Bleed thro' his wounded Side.

7 Here we receive repeated Seals
Of Jesus' dying Love;
Hard is the Wretch that never feels
One soft Affection move.]

8 Here let our Hearts begin to melt,
While we his Death record,

And, with our Joy for pardon'd Guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the LORD.

V. *CHRIST the Bread of Life*, John vi.
31, 35, 39.

- 1 **L**ET us adore th' eternal Word,
'Tis he our Souls hath fed:
Thou art our living Stream, O LORD,
And thou the immortal Bread.
- 2 [The Manna came from lower Skies,
But JESUS from Above,
Where the fresh Springs of Pleasure rise,
And Rivers flow with Love.
- 3 The Jews, the Fathers, dy'd at last,
Who eat that heav'nly Bread;
But these Provisions which we taste
Can raise us from the Dead.]
- 4 Bless'd be the LORD, that gives his Flesh
To nourish dying Men;
And often spreads his Table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.
- 5 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath
While JESUS finds Supplies:
Nor shall our Graces sink to Death,
For JESUS never dies.
- 6 [Daily our mortal Flesh decays,
But CHRIST our Life shall come;
His unresisted Pow'r shall raise
Our Bodies from the Tomb.]

VI. *The Memorial of our absent LORD*, John
xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

- 1 **J**ESUS is gone above the Skies,
Where our weak Senses reach him not,

- And carnal Objects court our Eyes,
 To thrust our Saviour from our Thoughts;
 He knows what wand'ring Hearts we have;
 Apt to forget his lovely Face;
 And, to refresh our Minds, he gave
 These kind Memorials of his Grace.
- 3 The LORD of Life this Table spread
 With his own Flesh and dying Blood;
 We on the rich Provision feed,
 And taste the Wine, and bless the God.
- 4 Let sinful Sweets be all forgot,
 And Earth grow less in our Esteem;
 CHRIST and his Love fill ev'ry Thought,
 And Faith and Hope be fix'd on him.
- 5 While he is absent from our Sight,
 'Tis to prepare our Souls a Place,
 That we may dwell in heav'nly Light,
 And live for ever near his Face.
- 6 Our Eyes look upwards to the Hills
 Whence our returning LORD shall come;
 We wait thy Chariot's awful Wheels
 To fetch our longing Spirits home.]

VII. *Crucifixion to the World by the Cross*
of CHRIST, Gal. vi. 14.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous Cross,
 On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
 My richest Gain I count my Loss,
 And pour Contempt on all my Pride.
- 2 Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast,
 Save in the Death of CHRIST my God;
 All the vain Things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his Blood.

- 3 See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet,
Or Thorns compose a richer Crown!
- 4 [His dying Crimson, like a Robe,
Spreads o'er his Body on the Tree;
Then am I dead to all the Globe,
And all the Globe is dead to me.]
- 5 Were the whole Realm of Nature mine;
That were a Present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

VIII. *The Tree of Life.*

- 1 [COME let us join a joyful Tune,
To our exalted LORD,
Ye Saints on High around his Throne,
And we around his Board.
- 2 While once upon this lower Ground,
Weary and faint ye stood,
What dear Refreshment here ye found,
From this immortal Food!]
- 3 The Tree of Life that near the Throne,
In Heaven's high Garden grows,
Laden with Grace, bends gently down
In ever smiling Bows!
- 4 [Hovering amongst the leaves, there stands
The sweet celestial Dove,
And Jesus on the Branches hangs
The Banner of his Love.
- 5 'Tis a young Heaven of pure Delight,
While in his Shade we sit;
His Fruit is pleasing to the Sight,
And to the Taste as sweet.

New life it spreads through dying hearts,
 And cheers the drooping Mind;
 Vigour and Joy the Juice imparts
 Without a Sting behind.

Now let the flaming Weapon stand
 And guard all Eden's Trees:
 There's ne'er a Plant in all that Land
 That bears such Fruit as these.

Infinite Grace our Souls adore,
 Whose wond'rous Hand has made
 This living Branch of sovereign Power
 To raise and heal the Dead.

IX. *The Spirit, the Water, and the Blood.*
 John v. 6.

1 **L**ET all our Tongues be one
 To praise our God on High,
 Who from his Bosom sent his Son
 To fetch us Strangers nigh.

2 Nor let our Voices cease
 To sing the Saviour's Name;
 Jesus, the Ambassador of Peace,
 How cheerfully he came.

3 It cost him Cries and Tears
 To bring us near to God;
 Great was our Debt, and he appears
 To make the Payment good.

4 [My Saviour's pierced Side
 Pour'd out a double Flood;
 By Water we are purify'd,
 And pardon'd by the Blood.]

5 Infinite was our Guilt,
 But he our Priest atones;
 On the cold Ground his Life was spilt,
 And offer'd with his Groines.]

- 6 Look up, my Soul, to him,
Whose Death was thy Desert,
And humbly view the living Stream
Flow from his breaking Heart.
- 7 There on the cursed Tree
In dying Pangs he lies,
Fulfil his Father's great Decree,
And all our Wants supplies,
- 8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By Water and by Blood;
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his Witness good.
- 9 While the Eternal Three
Bear their Record above,
Here I believe he dy'd for me,
And seal my Saviour's Love.
- 10 [LORD, cleanse my Soul from Sin;
Nor let thy Grace depart:
Great Comforter, abide within,
And witness to my Heart.]

X. CHRIST *crucified, the Wisdom and
Power of God.*

- 1 NATURE with open Volume stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad,
And every Labour of his Hands
Shews something worthy of a God.
- 2 But in the Grace that rescu'd Man,
His brightest Form of Glory shines;
Here on the Cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious Blood and crimson Lines.
- 3 Here his whole Name appears complete;
Nor Wit can guess, nor Reason prove,
Which of the Letters best is writ,
The Pow'r, the Wisdom, or the Love.

- 4 Here I beheld his inmost Heart,
 Where Grace and Veng'ance strangely join,
 Piercing his Son with sharpest Smart,
 To make the purchas'd Pleasures mine.
- 5 O! the sweet Wonders of that Cross,
 Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
 Her noblest Life my Spirit draws
 From his dear Wounds and bleeding Side.
- 6 I would for ever speak his Name,
 In Sounds to mortal Ears unknown;
 With Angels join to praise the Lamb,
 And worship at his Father's Throne.

XI. *Pardon brought to our Senses.*

- 1 LORD, how divine thy Comforts are!
 How heav'nly is the Place
 Where JESUS spreads the sacred Feast
 Of his redeeming Grace!
- 2 There the rich Bounties of our God,
 And sweetest Glories shine;
 There JESUS says, that "I am his,
 "And my Beloved's mine."
- 3 "Here," (says the kind redeeming LORD,
 And shews his wounded Side)
 "See here the Spring of all your Joys,
 That open'd when I dy'd!"
- 4 [He smiles and cheers my mournful heart,
 And tells of all his Pain:
 "All this," (says he,) I bore for thee;
 And then he smiles again.]
- 5 What shall we pay our heav'nly King
 For Grace so vast as this?
 He brings our Pardon to our Eyes,
 And seals it with a Kiss.

- 6 [Let such amazing Loves as these
Be founded all abroad;
Such Favours are beyond Degree,
And worthy of a God.]
- 7 To him that wash'd us in his Blood
Be everlasting Praise;
Salvation, Honour, Glory, Pow'r,
Eternal as his Days.]

XII. *The Gospel Feast*, Luke xiv. 16, &c.

- 1 **H**OW rich are thy Provisions, LORD,
Thy Table furnish'd from above,
The Fruits of Life o'erspread the Board,
The Cup o'erflows with heav'nly Love.
- 2 Thine ancient Family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the Feast:
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy Salvation taste.
- 3 We are the Poor, the Blind, the Lame;
And Help was far, and Death was nigh;
But at the Gospel Call we came,
And every Want receiv'd Supply.
- 4 From the Highway that leads to Hell,
From Paths of Darkness and Despair,
LORD, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy Presence here.]
- 5 [What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left the Heav'n of his Abode,
And to this wretched Earth came down,
To bring us Wand'ers back to God.]
- 6 It cost him Death to save our Lives;
To buy our Souls it cost his own:
And all the unknown Joys he gives,
Were bought with Agonies unknown.

- 7 Our everlasting Love is due
 To him that ransom'd Sinners lost;
 And pity'd Rebels, when he knew
 The vast Expence his Love would cost.]

XIII. *Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in the Guests, Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.*

- 1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the Place
 With CHRIST within the Doors,
 While everlasting Love displays
 The choicest of her Stores!
- 2 Here ev'ry Bowel of our God
 With soft Compassion rolls;
 Here peace and pardon bought with Blood
 Is Food for dying Souls.
- 3 [While all our Hearts and all our Songs
 Join to admire the Feast,
 Each of us cry with thankful Tongues,
 "LORD, why was I a Guest?"
- 4 "Why was I made to hear thy Voice,
 "And enter while there's Room;
 "When thousands make a wretched choice
 "And rather starve than come?"
- 5 'Twas the same Love that spread the Feast
 That sweetly forc'd us in;
 Else we had still refus'd to taste,
 And perish'd in our Sin.
- 6 [Pity the Nations, O our God!
 Constrain the Earth to come;
 Send thy victorious Word abroad,
 And bring the Strangers home.]

- 7 We long to see thy Churches full,
That all the chosen Race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming Grace.]

XIV. *The Song of Simeon, Luke ii. 28. or,
A Sight of CHRIST, makes Death easy.*

- 1 **N**ow have our hearts embrac'd our God
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die as Simeon wou'd,
With his young Saviour in his Arms.
- 2 Our Lips should learn that joyful Song,
Were but our Hearts prepar'd like his;
Our Souls still willing to be gone,
And at thy Word depart in Peace.
- 3 Here we have seen thy Face, O LORD,
And view'd Salvation with our Eyes,
Tasted and felt the living Word,
The Bread descending from the Skies.
- 4 Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb,
Hast set his Blood before our Face,
To teach the Terrors of thy Name,
And shew the Wonders of thy Grace.
- 5 He is our Light; our Morning Star
Shall shine on Nations yet unknown;
The Glory of thine Isr'el here,
And Joy of Spirits near thy Throne.

XV. *Our LORD JESUS at his own Table.*

- 1 **T**HE Mem'ry of our dying LORD
Awakes a thankful Tongue:
How rich he spread his royal Board,
And bles'd the Food and sung:

- 2 Happy the Men that eat this Bread ;
But doubly blest'd was he
That gently bow'd his loving Head,
And lean'd it, LORD, on thee.
- 3 By Faith the same Delight we taste
As that great Fav'rite did,
And sit and lean on Jesus' Breast,
And take the heav'nly Bread.]
- 4 Down from the Palace of the Skies,
Hither the King descends:
" Come, my Beloved, eat," (he cries)
" And drink Salvation, Friends.
- 5 [" My Flesh is Food and Phyfic too,
" A Balm for all your Pains:
" And the red Streams of Pardon flow
" From these my pierced Veins,"]
- 6 Hosanna to his bounteous Love
For such a Feast below,
And yet he feeds his Saints above
With nobler Blessings too.
- 7 [Come, the dear Day, the glorious Hour
That brings our Souls to Rest!
Then we shall need these Types no more
But dwell at th' heav'nly Feast.]

XVI. *The Agonies of CHRIST.*

- 1 **N**OW let our Pains be all forgot,
Our Hearts no more repine ;
Our Suff'rings are not worth a Thought,
When, LORD, compar'd with thine.
- 2 In lively Figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of Love ;
Each of us hopes he dy'd for me,
And then our Grievs remove.

- 3 [Our humble Faith here takes her rise,
While sitting round his Board ;
And back to Calvary she flies,
To view her groaning LORD.
- 4 His Soul, what Agonies it felt
When his own GOD withdrew:
And the large Load of all our Guilt
Lay heavy on him too !
- 5 But the Divinity within
Supported him to bear :
Dying he conquer'd Hell and Sin,
And made his Triumph here.
- 6 Grace, wisdom, justice join'd and wrought
The Wonders of that Day :
No mortal Tongue, nor mortal Thought,
Can equal Thanks repay.
- 7 Our hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our Voices raise ;
Yet, LORD, our Hearts shall all be Love,
And all our Lives be Praise.

XVII *Incomparable Food: or, the Flesh
and Blood of CHRIST.*

- 1 WE sing the amazing Deeds
That Grace divine performs !
Th' eternal GOD comes down and bleeds
To nourish dying Worms.
- 2 This Soul-reviving Wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy Blood :
We thank that sacred Flesh of thine
For this immortal Food.
- 3 The Banquet that we eat
Is made of heav'nly Things ;

Earth has no Dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.

4 In vain had Adam sought,
And search'd his Garden round;
For there was no such blessed Fruit
In all that happy Ground.

5 Th' angelic Host above
Can never taste this Food;
They feast upon a Maker's Love,
But not a Saviour's Blood.

6 On us th' Almighty LORD
Bestows this matchless Grace,
And meets us with some cheering Word
With Pleasure in his Face.

7 Come, all ye drooping Saints,
And banquet with the King;
This wine will drown your sad complaints,
And tune your Voice to sing.

8 Salvation to the Name
Of our adored CHRIST:
Thro' the wide earth his Grace proclaim
His Glory in the High'st.

XVIII. *The same.*

1 JESUS! we bow before thy Feet:
Thy Table is divinely stor'd;
Thy sacred Flesh our Souls have eat,
'Tis living Bread, we thank thee, LORD.

2 And here we drink our Saviour's Blood,
We thank thee, LORD, 'tis gen'rous wine,
Mingled with Love; the Fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding Heart of thine.

- 3 On Earth is no such Sweetness found,
For the Lamb's Flesh is heav'nly Food:
In vain we search the Globe around
For Bread so fine, or Wine so good.
- 4 Carnal Provisions can at best
But cheer the Heart, or warm the Head!
But the rich Cordial that we taste
Gives Life eternal to the Dead.
- 5 Joy to the Master of the Feast;
His Name our Souls for ever bless;
To God the King, and God the Priest,
A loud Hosanna round the Place.

XIX. *Glory in the Cross: or, Not ashamed
of CHRIST crucified.*

- 1 AT thy Command, our dearest LORD;
Here we attend thy dying Feast;
Thy Blood like Wine adorns thy Board,
And thine own Flesh feeds every Guest.
- 2 Our Faith adores thy bleeding Love;
And trusts for Life in one that dy'd;
We hope for heav'nly Crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucify'd.
- 3 Let the vain World pronounce it Shame,
And fling their Scandals on thy Cause!
We come to boast our Saviour's Name,
And make our Triumphs in his Cross.
- 4 With Joy we tell the scoffing Age,
He that was dead has left his Tomb;
He lives above their utmost Rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

XX. *The Provisions for the Table of our LORD;
or, The Tree of Life, and the River of Love.*

- 1 LORD we adore thy bounteous Hand,
And sing the solemn Feast,
Where sweet celestial Dainties stand
For ev'ry willing Guest.
- 2 [The Tree of Life adorns the Board,
With rich immortal Fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming Sword
To guard the Passage to 't.
- 3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice,
The Fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming for our Use,
In Rivulets of Love.]
- 4 The Food's prepar'd by heavenly Art,
The Pleasures well refin'd;
They spread new Life thro' ev'ry Heart,
And cheer the drooping Mind.
- 5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's Love,
Ye Saints that taste his Wine,
Join with your kindred Saints above,
In loud Hosannas join.
- 6 A thousand Glories to the God
That gives such Joy as this;
Hosannah! let it sound abroad,
And reach where JESUS is.

XXI. *The triumphal Feast for CHRIST'S
Victory over Sin, and Death, and Hell.*

[COME, let us lift our Voices high,
High as our Joys arise,
And join the Songs above the Sky,
Where Pleasure never dies.

- 2 JESUS, the GOD that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell;
That rose, and at his Chariot Wheels
Dragg'd all the Pow'r's of Hell.]
- 3 JESUS, the GOD, invites us here
To this triumphal Feast,
And brings immortal Blessings down
For each redeemed Guest.
- 4 THE LORD! how glorious is his Face!
How kind his Smiles appear!
And O! what melting Words he says
To ev'ry humble Ear!
- 5 "For you, the Children of my Love,
"It was for you I dy'd;
"Behold my Hands, behold my Feet,
"And look into my Side.
- 6 "These are the Wounds for you I bore,
"The Tokens of my Pains,
"When I came down to free your Souls
"From Misery and Chains.
- 7 ["Justice unsheath'd its fiery Sword,
"And plung'd it in my Heart;
"Infinite Pangs for you I bore,
"And most tormenting Smart.
- 8 "When Hell and all its spiteful Pow'rs
"Stood dreadful in my Way,
"To rescue those dear Lives of yours,
"I gave my own away.
- 9 "But while I bled, and groan'd, and dy'd,
"I ruin'd Satan's Throne;
"High on my Cross I hung and spy'd,
The Monster tumbling down.
- 10 "Now you must triumph at my Feast
"And taste my Flesh, my Blood,

- 10 And live eternal Ages blest'd;
 " For 'tis immortal Food."
- 11 Victorious God! what can we pay
 For Favours so divine?
 We would devote our Hearts away
 To be for ever thine
- 12 We give thee, Lord, our highest Praise,
 The Tribute of our Tongues;
 But Themes so infinite as these
 Exceed our noblest Songs.

XXII. *The Compassion of a dying CHRIST.*

- 1 OUR Spirits join t'adore the Lamb,
 O that our feeble Lips could move
 In Strains immortal as his Name,
 And melting as his dying Love!
- 2 Was ever equal Pity found?
 The Prince of Heav'n resigns his Breath;
 And pours his Life out on the Ground
 To ransom guilty Worms from Death.
- 3 [Rebels, we broke our Maker's Laws;
 He from the Threat'nings set us free,
 Bore the full Veng'ance on his Cross,
 And nail'd the Curses to the Tree.
- 4 The Law proclaims no Terrors now,
 And Sinai's Thunder roars no more;
 From all his wounds new blessings flow,
 A Sea of Joy without a Shore
- 5 Here we have wash'd our deepest Stains,
 And heal'd our Wounds with heav'nly
 Blood;
 Blest Fountain! springing from the Veins
 Of Jesus, our incarnate God.]

In vain our mortal Voices strive
 'To speak Compassion so divine:
 Had we a thousand Lives to give,
 A thousand Lives should all be thine.

XXIII. *Grace and Glory by the Death of*
 CHRIST.

- 1 [Sitting around our Father's Board,
 We raise our tuneful Breatn;
 Our Faith beholds her dying LORD,
 And dooms our Sins to Death.]
- 2 We see the Blood of Jesus shed,
 Whence all our Pardons rise;
 The Sinner views the Atonement made
 And loves the Sacrifice.
- 3 Thy cruel Thorns, thy shameful Cross
 Procure us heav'nly Crowns;
 Our highest Gain springs from thy Loss,
 Our Healing from thy Wounds.
- 4 O! 'tis impossible that we
 Who dwell in feeble Clay,
 Should equal Suff'rings bear for thee,
 Or equal Thanks repay.

XXIV. *Pardon and Strength from* CHRIST.

- 1 FATHER, we wait to feel thy Grace,
 To see thy Glories shine!
 The LORD will his own Table bless,
 And make the Feast divine.
- 2 We touch, we taste the heav'nly Bread,
 We drink the sacred Cup:
 With outward Forms our Sense is fed,
 Our Souls rejoice in Hope.
- 3 We shall appear before the Throne
 Of our forgiving God,

Dress'd in the Garments of his Son,
And sprinkled with his Blood.

- 4 We shall be strong to run the Race;
And climb the upper Sky:

CHRIST will provide our Souls with
He bought a large Supply. (Grace)

- 5 [Let us indulge a chearful Frame,
For Joy becomes a Feast;
We love the Mem'ry of his Name
More than the Wine we taste.]

XXV. *Divine Glories and Graces.*

- 1 **H**OW are thy Glories here display'd,
Great God! how bright they shine!
While at thy word we break the Bread
And pour the flowing Wine.

- 2 Here thy revenging Justice stands,
And pleads it's dreadful Cause;
Here saving Mercy spreads her Hands,
Like Jesus on the Cross.

- 3 Thy Saints attend with ev'ry Grace
On this great Sacrifice;
And Love appears with chearful Face,
And Faith with fixed Eyes.

- 4 Our Hope in waiting Posture sits
To Heav'n directs her Sight:
Here ev'ry warmer Passion-meets,
And warmer Pow'rs unite.

- 5 Zeal and Revenge perform their Part,
And rising Sin destroy:
Repentance comes with aching Heart,
Yet not forbids the Joy.

6 Dear Saviour, change our Faith to Sight,
 Let Sin for ever die;
 When shall our Souls be all Delight,
 And ev'ry Tear be dry.

I Cannot persuade myself to put a full Period to these DIVINE HYMNS, till I have addressed a special Song of Glory to GOD the FATHER, the SON, and the HOLY SPIRIT. Though the Latin Name of it, *Gloria Patri*, be retained in our Nation from the Roman Church; and though there may be some Excesses of superstitious Honour paid to the Words of it, which may have wrought some unhappy Prejudices in weaker Christians; yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest Parts of Christian Worship. The Subject of it is the Doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar Glory of Divine Nature, that our LORD JESUS CHRIST has so clearly revealed unto Men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The Action is Praise, which is one of the most complete and exalted Parts of heavenly Worship. I have cast the Song into a Variety of Forms, and have fitted it by a plain Version, or a larger Paraphrase, to be sung either alone, or at the Conclusion of another HYMN. I have added also a few Hosannas, or Ascriptions of Salvation to CHRIST in the same Manner and for the same End,

DOXOLOGIES.

A Song of Praise to the ever blessed Trinity
 GOD THE FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT.

XXVI. First Long Metre.

- 1 **B**less'd be the Father and his Love,
 To whose celestial Source we owe
 Rivers of endless Joys above,
 And Rills of Comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great SON of GOD,
 From whose dear wounded Body rolls
 A precious Stream of vital Blood,
 Pardon and Life for dying Souls.
- 3 We give thee, sacred SPIRIT, Praise,
 Who in our Hearts of Sin and Woe
 Makes living Springs of Grace arise,
 And into boundless Glory flow.
- 4 Thus GOD the Father, GOD the SON,
 And GOD the Spirit, we adore:
 Th' Seat of Life and Love unknown,
 Without a Bottom or a Shore.

XXVII. First Common Metre.

- 1 **G**LORY to GOD the Father's Name
 Who from our sinful Race
 Chose out his Fav'rites to proclaim
 The Honours of his Grace.
- 2 Glory to GOD the Son, be paid,
 Who dwelt in humble Clay,
 And to redeem us from the Dead,
 Gave his own Life away.
- Glory to GOD the Spirit, give;
 From whole Almighty Pow'r,

Our Souls their heav'nly Birth derive,
And bless the happy Hour.

- 4 Glory to God that reigns above,
Th' Eternal Three in One,
Who by the Wonders of his Love,
Has made his Nature known.

XXVIII. First Short Metre.

- 1 **L**ET God the Father live
For ever on our Tongues:
Sinners from his first Love derive
The Ground of all their Songs.
- 2 Ye Saints employ your Breath
In Honour to the Son,
Who bought your Souls from Hell and
By off'ring up his own. (Death
- 3 Give to the Spirit Praise
Of an immortal Strain,
Whose Light, and Pow'r, and Grace
Salvation down to Men. (conveys
- 4 While God the Comforter,
Reveals our pardon'd Sin,
O may the Blood and Water bear
The same Record within.
- 5 To the great One in Three,
That seal'd this Grace in Heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal Glory giv'n.

XXIX. Second Long Metre.

- 1 **G**LORY to God the Trinity,
Whose Name has mysteries unknown,

In Essence One, in Person Three;
A social Nature, yet alone.

- 2 When all the noblest Pow'rs are join'd
The Honours of thy Name to raise,
Thy Glories over-match our Mind,
And Angels faint beneath the Praise.

XXX. *Second Common Metre.*

- 1 **T**HE God of Mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our Souls from Death;
Who saves by his redeeming Word,
And new-creating Breath.
- 2 To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One;
Let Saints and Angels join.

XXXI. *Second Short Metre.*

- 1 **L**ET God the Maker's Name,
Have Honour, Love, and Fear,
To God the Saviour pay the same,
And God the Comforter.
- 2 Father of Lights above,
Thy Mercy we adore,
The Son, of thine eternal Love,
And Spirit of thy Power.

XXXII. *Third Long Metre.*

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be Honour, Praise, and Glory giv'n
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n.

XXXIII. *Or Thus.*

ALL Glory to thy wond'rous Name,
Father of Mercy, God of Love;

70 HYMN XXXVIII. BKIII.

Thus we exalt the LORD the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heav'nly Dove.

XXXIV. Third Common Metre.

NOW let the Father and the Son
And Spirit be ador'd, (known,
Where there are Works to make him
Or Saints to love the LORD.

XXXV. Or thus:

HONOUR to th' Almighty Three,
And everlasting One;
All Glory to the Father be;
The Spirit and the Son.

XXXVI. Third Short Metre.

YE Angels round the Throne,
And Saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

XXXVII. Or thus:

GIVE to the Father, Praise,
Glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his Grace
Be equal Honour done.

XXXVIII. A Song of Praise to the Blessed
Trinity. The First as the cxlviiith Psalm.

I Give immortal Praise
To God the Father's Love,
For all my Comforts here,
And better Hopes above:
He sent his own
Eternal Son
To die for Sins
That Man had done;

2 To god the Son belongs
Immortal Glory too,
Who bought us with his Blood
From everlasting Woe:

And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the Fruit
Of all his Pains.

3 To god the Spirit's Name
Immortal Worship give,
Whose new creating Pow'r
Makes the dead Sinner live:

His Work completes
The great Design,
And fills the Soul
With Joy divine.

4 Almighty god! to thee
Be endless Honour done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:

Where Reason fails
With all her Pow'rs,
There Faith prevails,
And Love adores.

XXXIX. The Second as the cxlviiith Psalm

1 **T**O Him that chose us first,
Before the World began;
To him that bore the Curse
To save rebellious Man;
To him that form'd
Our Hearts anew
Is endless Praise,
And Glory due.

2 The Father's Love shall run
Thro' our immortal Songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our Tongues:
Our Lips address
The Spirit's Name
With equal Praise,
And Zeal the same.

3 Let ev'ry Saint above,
And Angels round the Throne,
For ever bless and love
The Sacred Three in One:
Thus Heaven shall raise
His Honours high
When Earth and Time
Grow old and die.

XL. *The Third as the cxlviiith Psalm.*

TO God the Father's Throne,
Perpetual Honours raise
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit Praise:
And while our Lips
Their Tribute bring,
Our Faith adores
The Name we sing.

XLI. *Orthus:*

TO our Eternal God,
The Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
Three Mysteries in One,
Salvation, Power,
And Praise be given,
By all on Earth
And all in Heaven.

The HOSANNA, or Salvation ascribed
to CHRIST.

XLII. Long Metre.

- 1 HOSANNA to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior Throne;
We bless the Prince of heav'nly Birth,
Who brings Salvation down to Earth.
- 2 Let ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Age,
In this delightful Work engage;
Old Men and Babes in Sion sing
The growing Glories of her King;

XLIII. Common Metre.

- 1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Grace
Sion, behold thy King:
Proclaim the Son of David's Race,
And teach the Babes to sing.
- 2 Hosanna to th' Incarnate Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe Salvation to the LORD,
With Blessings on his Name.

XLIV. Short Metre.

- HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of Pardon down
And bought it with his Blood:
- 2 To CHRIST th' anointed King
Be endless Blessings giv'n;
Let the whole Earth his Glory sing
Who made our Peace with Heav'n

XLV. *As the cxlviiith Psalm.*

HOSANNA to the King
Of David's ancient Blood:
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving Grace from God:
Let Old and Young
Attend his Way
And at his Feet
Their Honours lay.

Glory to God on High;
Salvation to the Lamb;
Let Earth and Sea and Sky
His wond'rous Love proclaim,
Upon his Head
Shall Honours rest,
And ev'ry Age
Pronounce him blest.

F I N I S



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